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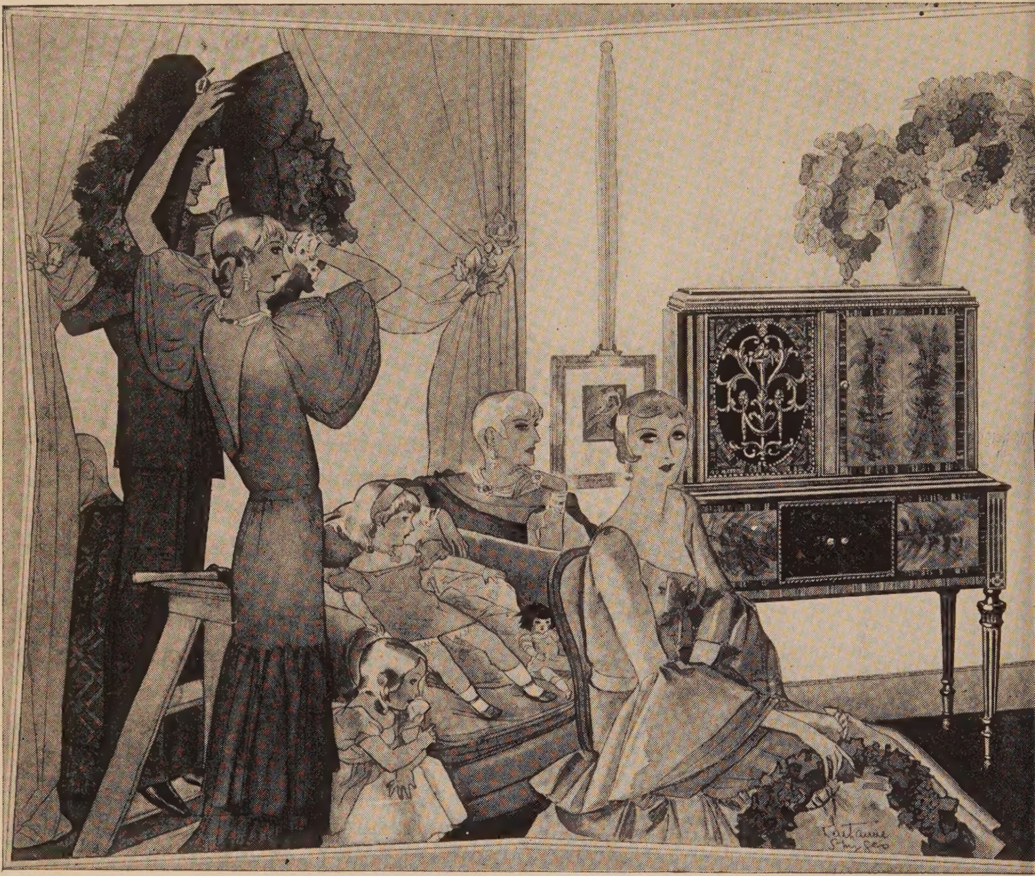

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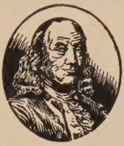

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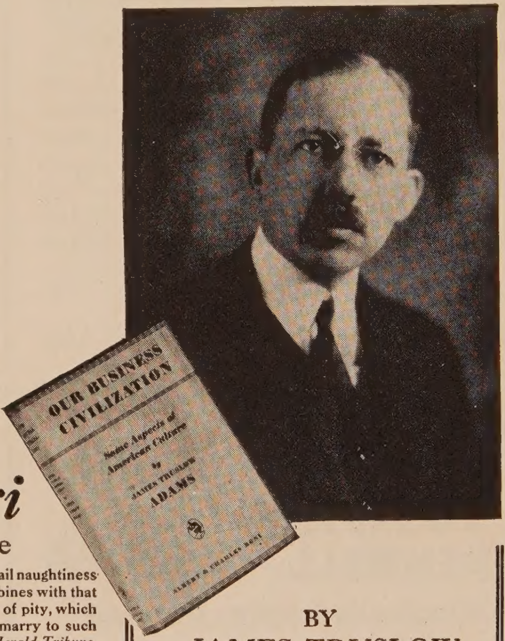

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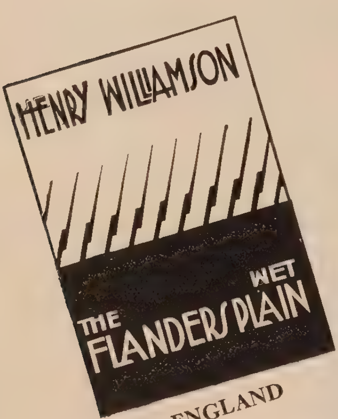

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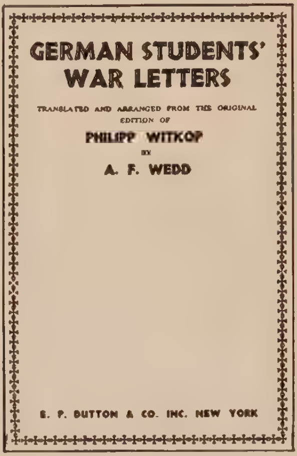
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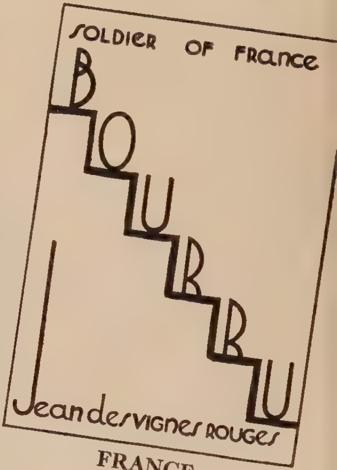

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mais oui . . . . **may we**
(but, yes)

few words appearing above illustrate the Hugo key to pronunciation. It is impos- o mispronounce a French word if that key is ed. And every other phase of Hugo's NCH-AT-SIGHT is just as clearly and marked, just as easy to master.

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CHECK LIST *of* NEW BOOKS

CRITICISM

ADVENTUROUS AMERICA. *A Study of Contemporary Life & Thought.*
By Edwin Mims. *Charles Scribner's Sons*
$2.50 7⅜ x 5⅛; 304 pp. *New York*

Professor Mims is convinced, albeit on somewhat shaky evidence, that pessimism is the hallmark of the modern movement in American letters. He confesses frankly that there is a certain ground for this pessimism, but opposes it as a Christian and a patriot. The future, he believes, is reassuring. As in the past, Americans will continue to experiment, and the fruit of their experimentation will be human progress. Even today he sees signs of it. The chautauqua has become intellectual. In California Professor Robert A. Millikan has reconciled science and religion, and so put an end to a war that began 10,000 years ago. In Nashville, Tenn., there is a symphony orchestra and a replica of the Parthenon, and poets sit up all night to discuss their art. The favorite authors of the president of the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company are Shelley and Anatole France. The president of the University of Kentucky has "taken up landscape painting as a sideline." In New York Dr. Fosdick and Dr. Cadman are broadcasting "prophetic words." And in other fields valuable work is being done by Owen D. Young, Christopher Morley, Waldo Frank, William Allen White and Mrs. Katharine Fullerton Gerould, not to mention Dr. Hoover. The dangerous fellows are James Branch Cabell, Carl Sandburg, Edgar Lee Masters, Sinclair Lewis, Carl Van Vechten and company. Dr. Mims is professor of English at Vanderbilt University. He was born in Arkansas and took his Ph.D. at Cornell. He is a member of Phi Beta Kappa and of the Joint Hymn Book Committee of the Methodist Episcopal Church. His book is well documented and has a good index.

COLERIDGE ON LOGIC & LEARNING.
By Alice D. Snyder. *The Yale University Press*
$3 9½ x 6; 169 pp. *New Haven*

Coleridge left a huge pile of unpublished MSS. on logic, metaphysics, education, psychology and theology, and the tradition has been that most of them were not worth putting into print. Dr. Snyder, who is associate professor of English at Vassar, has made a thorough study of those dealing with reasoning and learning, and here presents numerous extracts from them, together with her criticisms. She has achieved a competent piece of research. It proves once more that outside the field of poetry criticism Coleridge usually made a sorry spectacle. He prided himself on his great insight into logic and the learning process, but he was really very ignorant of both. When writing about them he was generally either banal or unintelligible. He boasted to his friends that in all his philosophical thinking he was "strictly methodical" and scientific, but he was nothing of the sort. As Dr. Snyder says, "The excitement that he derived from thinking out the limitless implications cf an idea was such that he must have found the ordinary processes of disinterested verification tedious, and he sometimes shirked them." He borrowed a great deal from Kant, Fichte and Herder, but it was only their rubbish. He never seemed to be able to grasp what they were trying to say. His comments on "The Critique of Pure Reason" and "The Critique of Practical Reason" are among the biggest jokes of philosophical literature. There are five illustrations and an index of personal names.

THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR. *A Study in Littera Inhumaniores.*
By Norman Foerster. The University of North Carolina Press
$1 8⅞ x 5¾; 67 pp. *Chapel Hill, N. C.*

With this excellent essay Dr. Foerster, who is professor of English literature at the University of North Carolina, proves once more that he is one of the most intelligent of the academic guardians of the national letters. It is a mighty blast against that greatest curse of contemporary American literary scholarship, the accumulation of insignificant facts. What is needed, he says, is less of this so-called knowledge and more critical thought. "Only by the integration of history and criticism, the temporary and the permanent, motion and rest, can the literary scholar really escap from the superficiality and futility that appear t crown all his labors." He also throws in a good whack at the spurious science that has crept into recen literary biography: "Amateurs and dabblers of al sorts have made a hasty study of both psychology an literature and written biographies and criticism which are professedly science and actually buncombe." He believes that things could be greatl improved if the teaching system in the universitie were more sensible. But this is a vain hope. The lat Stuart P. Sherman spotted the reason long ago whe he said that the good men almost never enter upo graduate literary study, thus eliminating themselve from academic careers, and that it is the most unfi who become doctors of philosophy and "go forth an reproduce their kind."

Continued on page xvi

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

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Nunnally Johnson, Brooklyn Eagle.
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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xiv

OUR SINGING STRENGTH. *An Outline of American Poetry. 1620–1930.*
By Alfred Kreymborg. *Coward-McCann*
$5 9¼ x 6; 643 pp. *New York*

This is probably the most comprehensive survey of American poetry in print. It deals with every important poet in the history of the United States, and has a large number of exemplary quotations, though perhaps not enough of them. Mr. Kreymborg's criticisms are generally sound, but many people will differ with the high rating he gives to Emerson. He says of him that "he wrote poetry rarely equaled or surpassed by later Americans." As for his discussion of the moderns, to whom he devotes about half the book, he probably finds more merit in them than there actually is. He says nice things about even Cummings and Conrad Aiken. Anyway, all the boys and girls who have ever published a poem will find their names here, and very few of them will note any cause for complaint. There is an index, but no bibliography.

RELIGION

ECONOMIC CAUSES OF THE REFORMATION IN ENGLAND.
By Oscar Albert Marti. *The Macmillan Company*
$2.50 7¾ x 5⅜; 254 pp. *New York*

What Dr. Marti has to say here is not often new, but he has at least arranged a mass of scattered facts in an orderly manner and so given them a new force. It cannot be sufficiently emphasized that the great schism of the Sixteenth Century was only partly theological in origin and character. True enough, some of its salient leaders were professional theologians, but what moved most plain men, including most politicians and rulers, to sympathy with it was not discontent with Roman doctrine but discontent with Roman political and economic polity. The church, always ultra-conservative, hung on to feudalism long after the rest of Europe had begun to abandon it, and in the end that fidelity came near wrecking it. Dr. Marti describes at length the condition of affairs in England. Fully a third of the property of the nation was in ecclesiastical hands, and the influence of churchmen upon domestic administration and foreign policy was out of all proportion to their fitness for affairs. An explosion was inevitable, and when it came it was ruinous. The book is well documented and has a useful bibliography, but there is no index.

THE VAMPIRE IN EUROPE.
By Montague Summers. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$5 9⅜ x 6¼; 330 pp. *New York*

Dr. Summers, who is a clergyman of the Church of England, has devoted himself for some years past to reviving and defending the old Christian belief in demons, witches and other such shapes. In the present work, as in "The History of Witchcraft" and "The Vampire: His Kith and Kin," he carries on that work with great ardor and a vast display of learning. He proves that all the great doctors of Holy Church believed in vampires, and that they had before them a formidable body of evidence in support of that belief. Theologically, the soundness of his position may be admitted. To this day, indeed, the reality of demoniacal possession is a cardinal article of Christian doctrine, and no important branch of the church challenges it. Dr. Summers presents a great mass of curious matter, much of it gathered from sources not easily accessible, and in addition he describes some experiences of his own, chiefly in Greece. His book is elaborately documented and has a good index.

HISTORY

SOME FORERUNNERS OF THE NEWSPAPER IN ENGLAND, 1476–1622.
By Matthias A. Shaaber.
The University of Pennsylvania Press
$4 9⅛ x 5⅞; 368 pp. *Philadelphia*

Newspapers were nearly a century old in Germany before the first appeared in England, but that is not saying that the English were without printed news. They had, indeed, a vast literature of broadsides, ballads, news-letters and other such things, some of them purely hortatory or polemical in purpose, but all of them containing more or less news. This literature Mr. Shaaber explores at great length, sorting it into categories in the best academic manner, and giving an account of its contents. His work plainly represents a formidable amount of labor. He adds a bibliography and an index.

NEW YORK IN THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.
By Wilbur C. Abbott. *Charles Scribner's Sons*
$3.50 9 x 5⅞; 302 pp. *New York*

The New York of the Revolutionary Period was one of the most interesting of the Thirteen Colonies, and a tremendous monograph literature has been written on it. Dr. Abbott, who is professor of history at Harvard has here brought together all of this research, and thus achieved a real contribution to American historica scholarship. In 1763–1783 New York City was still relatively small, and its population was less than tha of Philadelphia, but it was already an important commercial centre. Commerce, indeed, was its chief vocation. Its people cared little for cultural matters, and

Continued on page xx

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▲

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Continued from page xvi

on that account were held in contempt by the Bostonians. John Adams said of their society: "There is little good breeding to be found. . . . At their entertainments there is no conversation that is agreeable; there is no modesty, no attention to one another. They talk very loud, very fast and altogether." Nevertheless, they were singularly liberal in religious matters, and did not drive people out for their opinions. They played an important part in the Revolution, and their land was the centre of some of the great military operations of the war. There are fourteen illustrations, an extensive bibliography and an index.

VIRGINIA & THE FRENCH & INDIAN WAR.
By Hayes Baker-Crothers. The University of Chicago Press
$2 7⅛ x 5¼; 179 pp. *Chicago*

Dr. Baker-Crothers, who is professor of history at the University of Maryland, has written an excellent monograph. He proves conclusively that the old notion that the immediate cause of the French and Indian War was a desire for land on the part of both contestants is wrong. There was plenty of waste land in Virginia, the centre of the ensuing hostilities, and in the neighboring Colonies, Pennsylvania, Maryland and the Carolinas. The real cause of the conflict was a desire for the monopoly of the Indian trade, which was "the foundation of the prosperity and very existence of New France," and of almost equal importance to the economic well-being of the British settlements. Dr. Baker-Crothers piles up a great deal of documentary evidence in favor of his thesis, and makes out a convincing case. There is a good bibliography, and also an index.

THE RESTORATION & THE JULY MONARCHY.
By J. Lucas-Dubreton. G. P. Putnam's Sons
$4.50 9⅛ x 5⅞; 381 pp. *New York*

This book belongs to the National History of France Series. The discussion of the politics of the time is admirable. The sections on Louis XVIII, Charles X, and Louis-Philippe leave nothing to be desired, and neither do those on Talleyrand and Richelieu. But the treatment of the cultural temper of the period is too scanty. Those were the great days of Balzac, Berlioz, Lamartine, Hugo, and Sainte-Beuve. They were surely as important in the shaping of modern France as were the politicians, but M. Lucas-Dubreton does little more than mention them. He dismisses Berlioz with three brief references, and Balzac with only six. There are bibliographies at the ends of the chapters, and an index.

EARLY AMERICAN COSTUME.
By Edward Warwick & Henry C. Pitz.
The Century Compa
$4 8 x 5¼; 319 pp. *New Yo*

The authors begin with the European backgroun
describe at length the clothing worn by the ear
colonists, North and South, and then bring the
narrative down to the beginning of the Jackson e
and then advance into the West. Their descriptions a
very full and their illustrations miss no detail. The
work profits by the earlier books of Alice Morse Ear
and Elizabeth McClellan, but is better organized a
hence more useful than either. In addition to fort
four full page plates there are scores of illustrations
the text. At the end there are excellent bibliographi
and a good index.

JULY '14.
By Emil Ludwig. G. P. Putnam's Sc
$3.50 8¾ x 6; 378 pp. *New Yo*

This is a sort of popularization of the revisioni
stand on the origins of the World War. Dr. Ludw
has dug up no material that such historians as Fa
Barnes and Scott have not brought to light befor
His general attitude in the main agrees with theirs. H
thinks that "while exact calculations of relative r
sponsibility are impossible, one can say that Vien
and Petersburg stand first; Berlin and Paris, the
seconds, follow them, although at very different i
tervals; London comes a long way after." The m
jority of the European peoples were against the wa
"which was in no way destined or inevitable. . . . Ca
able statesmen could . . . have achieved what the m
jority desired." Dr. Ludwig writes here in his usu
omniscient manner, prying into everybody's though
and feelings, but on the whole he sticks pretty close
the facts. There are sixteen illustrations, but
bibliography or index. The translation is by C.
Macartney.

BIOGRAPHY

FOURSQUARE. *The Story of a Fourfold Life.*
By John Rathbone Oliver. The Macmillan Compa
$2.50 8½ x 5⅝; 305 pp. *New Yo*

Dr. Oliver is a man of most unusual career. Born
Albany in 1872 as the son of an Army officer and
member of one of the oldest of New England famili
he took his A.B. at Harvard and then became a clerg

Continued on page xxii

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Continued from page xx

man in the Protestant Episcopal Church. After three years of service in Philadelphia he resigned his orders and prepared to enter an Anglican order in England. But he was diverted to Rome, and presently found himself at Innsbruck in the Tyrol, preparing to enter the Roman Catholic priesthood. There he suffered another change of heart, and, transferring to the medical faculty, took his M.D. degree at the local university. In 1914 he joined the Austrian Army as a medical officer and served until illness forced him to resign his commission. Then he returned to America, and has been here ever since. In twelve years he has managed to take his Ph.D. at the Johns Hopkins, majoring in Greek, to establish himself in medical practise as a psychiatrist, to gain a wide reputation as a criminologist, to reënter the Protestant Episcopal Church as a priest, and to write two very successful books, one of which came within an ace of winning the Pulitzer prize last year. He is now chief medical officer to the Supreme Bench of Baltimore, warden of Alumni Memorial Hall at the Johns Hopkins, professor of the history of medicine at the University of Maryland, and (at least on two days a week) an active clergyman. Such time as remains to him he devotes to his medical practise and his writing. He tells his story simply and well. It is surely one of the most extraordinary stories ever heard of.

MY UNCLE, KING GEORGE V.

By C. G. Gordon Haddon. *The Harhill Press*
$3.50 9 x 5¾; 256 pp. *New York*

This is an English match for "The President's Daughter." The author claims that his father was the Duke of Clarence, whose death in 1892 left the succession to the throne to his younger brother, now George V. The Duke went to India in 1889 and there met Mary Jane Haddon, the wife of a colonel in the Royal Engineers. They fell in love and spent much time together in India. Their son, the present chronicler, was born in 1890 in London, whither Mrs. Haddon had followed her royal lover. When he died she entered upon an alliance with a Lieut. Rogers, and in 1893 her husband divorced her. Thereafter she married twice more, took to drink, and sank to the lowest depths. Year after year she travelled from port to port in the English colonies of the East, harassing their officials with her demands for money and her scandalous mode of life. Finally she disappeared, and her son believes that she is dead. His story sounds plausible enough, but his telling of it is not likely to win any sympathy for him. His career, save for a brief period during the war, has been that of a rolling stone, wandering from one third-rate job to another. He has lived in India, Ceylon, China, South America, South Africa, and th
Near East, always on the verge of want and alway
demanding help from the British government. H
offers no proof of his claims. All the documentary evi
dence, he says, was stolen from him, and he hints tha
government agents had a hand in the theft. At the en
of his book he prints some letters showing his vai
efforts to get money out of King George.

AUDACIOUS AUDUBON.

By Edward A. Muschamp. *Brentano'*
$3.50 8¼ x 5½; 312 pp. *New Yor*

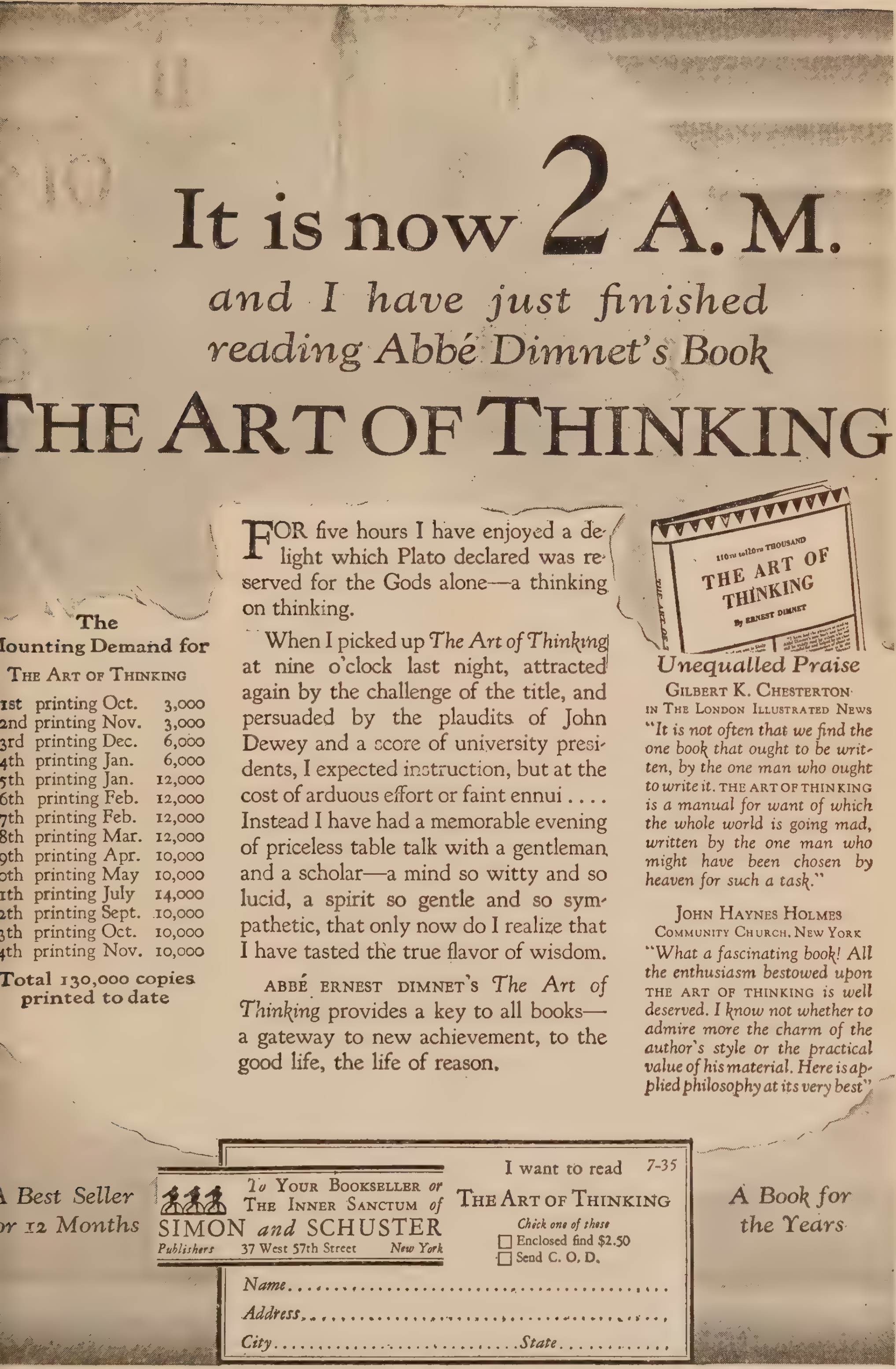
John James Audubon was born in France on Ma
5, 1780, and died in this country on January 27, 185
His father tried to make a soldier and an engineer ou
of him, but John liked loafing better, and when h
landed in New York at the age of eighteen was a
determined as ever to keep on doing nothing. But soo
he fell in love with Lucy Bakewell, a New York girl
and her father would not consent to the marriag
unless he promised to earn a living. Then began hi
long and disastrous career as a merchant, clerk, mille
and taxidermist, in the course of which he went int
bankruptcy several times and also spent a while i
jail. He had always been fond of painting birds, s
now, to save his wife and children from starvation, h
tried his hand at painting portraits, landscapes, stree
signs and animals. He was an enormous success, an
before long was well fixed financially. He therefor
went back to his birds, and in a short time produce
his two masterpieces, "Ornithological Biographies
and "The Birds of America," which won him instan
fame in both America and Europe, and secured for hi
an eminent place in the history of science. Darwi
refers to him frequently in "The Origin of Species
and "The Descent of Man." Mr. Muschamp tells hi
story in a straightforward and interesting manne
There are five illustrations and a brief bibliographic
note, but an index is lacking.

THE LETTERS OF DISRAELI.

Edited by Lawrence Dundas. *D. Appleton & Compan*
$10 9¼ x 6⅛; 2 vols.; 426 + 410 pp. *New Yo*

"Except upon business," said Disraeli, "ma
society is not much to my taste. . . . I require sym
pathy; but male sympathy does not suit me, and I a
fastidious as to the other sex." Thus when he wa
made a widower at the age of seventy he was ver
miserable. But before long he found consolation in th
company of two lovely sisters, the Countess of Cheste
field and the Countess of Bradford. Both were gran
mothers at the time. The first was two years his seni
and the second fifteen years his junior. The latt

Continued on page xxiv



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A Book for the Years

CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xxii

appealed to him more at first. He immediately set to winning her love, but failed. She was generally bored with him, and would not even do him the honor of reading his books. He therefore tackled the second, and was somewhat more successful with her, but apparently never as much as he wanted to be. Anyway, he wrote some 1600 letters to both of them—500 to Lady Chesterfield and 1100 to Lady Bradford. They are all very dignified in tone, and full of material of the greatest biographical value. All sorts of political gossip are in them, and also long confessional passages that throw much light on the inner workings of the man. He was apparently very lonely, even at the height of his glory, and whoever would listen to his woes, especially if it was a charming woman, won his instant affection. Most of the letters are published in the present volumes for the first time. The editor's explanatory notes throughout are excellent, and so is his introduction. There are many fine illustrations. André Maurois contributes a brief foreword. There is an index at the end of Volume II.

A CURIOUS LIFE.
By George Wehner. *Horace Liveright*
$2.50 8 x 5⅜; 402 pp. *New York*

Mr. Wehner was born in Detroit with a caul or veil. His first psychic experiences, he says, came when he was a child and as a result of his intense love for his mother. At these times he saw the misty form of an Indian, White Cloud, his guardian or control, behind her. Later, he was able to communicate with "the elementary sprites of Nature"—elves, pixies and gnomes—who lacked wings but traveled rapidly through the air astride bees and butterflies. He experienced, at such times, a strange sensation in his head—a feeling under the skin, as if a tissue were being drawn out, a veil being subtly extracted. Years later, on the occasion of his first trance, he felt nauseated, and this he explains as due to the chemical changes the spirit guides had to make in his physical being before he could be used as a medium. Since then he has given sittings for the American Society for Psychical Research, the Duc and Duchess of Richelieu, Miss Edna Ferber, Mrs. Harry Bamberger, Mrs. Oliver Harriman, Miss Sophie Irene Loeb, Mrs. Rudolph Valentino (Natacha Rambova), and others. At a sitting for Miss Margaret Woodrow Wilson, the spirit of her late father appeared, giving as his name one known only to the family; at another séance in the Mormon Tabernacle at Salt Lake City, he whispered personal messages from Brigham Young and Joseph Smith. An obviously sincere performance, but full of comedy. Talbot Mundy has done the evangelic
foreword.

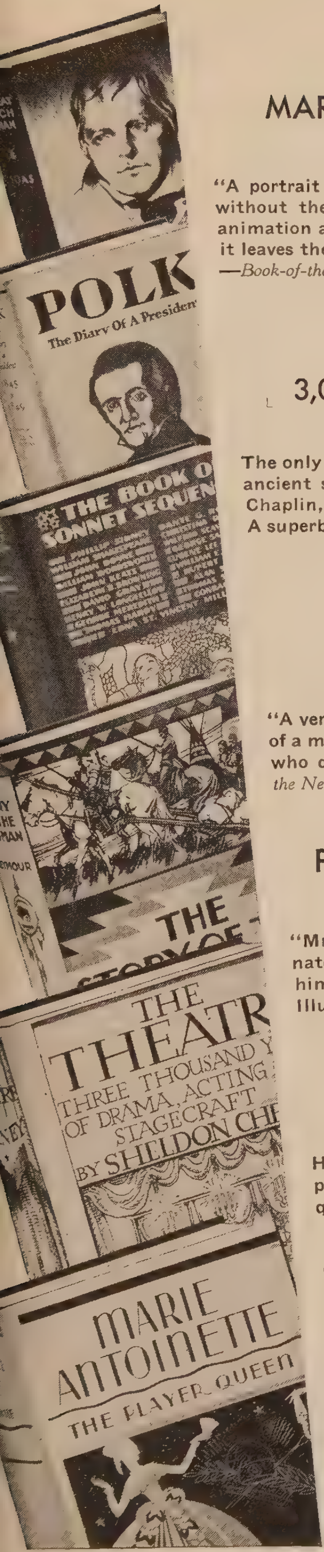
FOCH. *My Conversations with the Marshal.*
By Raymond Recouly. *D. Appleton & Compan*
$3 8⅜ x 5½; 320 pp. *New Yor*

M. Recouly became a personal friend of the Marsha
shortly after the World War, and enjoyed his conf
dence from then on almost till his death. In that tim
he used to visit him regularly twice a month, an
sometimes oftener. The present book is a report of th
conversations he had with him. It deals almost wholl
with military affairs, and has great biographical im
portance. Foch, it now appears, was convinced tha
the Allies could have ended the war in 1917. He sai
to M. Recouly: "Toward the end of 1916 and the be
ginning of 1917 Germany was at the end of her tethe
A well-planned series of maneuvres would have ove
thrown her completely." Of Ludendorff he did nc
think so much. He said: "He was an excellent sta
officer, nothing more nor less. He was a typica
Prussian officer, and had all the typical good and ba
qualities. He was merely a machine for leading so
diers. He lacked the inner flame of Blücher, York an
their companions. He was born a century too lat
he should have lived under Frederick II." Of German
as a whole he spoke thus: "The Prussian Army has n
ideals, no true spiritual strength; neither has th
whole nation. All they have is gross materialism." A
everybody knows, he was extremely religious, and wa
intolerant of unbelievers. Of a certain prominer
politician he said: "He is a skeptic. He believes i
nothing. So he will come to nothing." M. Recoul
thinks that Foch was "the greatest military leader c
our time and of all times." The translation is by Joyc
Davis.

BARRIE. *The Story of a Genius.*
By J. A. Hammerton. *Dodd, Mead & Compan*
$5 9½ x 6⅛; 500 pp. *New Yor*

The Barrie fans will be grateful to Mr. Hammerto
for this book. There is very little criticism in it, bu
the amount of information is staggering. Mr. Hamme
ton piles it up with little discrimination; he gives te
of pages to such relatively trivial things as the adve
tisements of Barrie's early novels, his letters of e
dorsement of certain brands of tobacco, the manner i
which some of his plays were filmed, and his youthf
and none too successful attempts at verse. But th
worshippers of the author of "Peter Pan" will gobb
it all up. There are thirty-five illustrations, and a
index.

Continued on page xxvi



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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xxiv

POLK. *The Diary of a President.*
Edited by Allan Nevins. Longmans, Green & Company
$5 9½ x 6¼; 412 pp. *New York*

President Polk was one of the three occupants of the White House who kept a diary while in office. The other two were Rutherford B. Hayes and J. Q. Adams. Historically, Polk's diary is perhaps the most important of the lot, since his administration covered the Mexican War, the acquisition of Oregon, and the conquest of California and the Southwest. The present book is made up of selections from "The Diary of James K. Polk During his Presidency, 1845 to 1849," in four volumes, edited and annotated by Milo Milton Quaife and published in 1910 by the Chicago Historical Society. There is a good introduction by Mr. Nevins, in which he points out that Polk was really not as bad as Hayes or Coolidge. He did not read much, nor did he have any interest in the arts, but he "was certainly also incapable of deceit and double-dealing." He worked so hard at his job that he survived his presidency by only a few months. There are twenty illustrations and an index.

EMERSON. *The Wisest American.*
By Phillips Russell. *Brentano's*
$5 9½ x 6¼; 320 pp. *New York*

The sub-title of this book fits in very well with its general character. It is a superficial job. Mr. Russell does little more than give the bare facts of Emerson's life, with an occasional sigh here and there in the best manner of the "imaginative" school of modern biography. The one time he attempts criticism, in the last chapter, he makes a sorry spectacle. "In literature," he says, "Emerson was our only Olympian, and all criticisms of his precepts must appear somewhat niggardly in the light of his personal splendor. . . . The man himself," he adds, "was a whole," whatever that may mean. There are eight illustrations.

CARLYLE. *To Threescore-and-Ten.*
By David Alec Wilson. E. P. Dutton & Company
$6 8⅞ x 5¾; 604 pp. *New York*

This is Volume V in the projected six-volume biography of the Sage of Chelsea. Like its predecessors, it is admirably written and full of fresh material. It covers the period 1853–1865, the twelve years it took Carlyle to write his "History of Frederick the Great," his last major work. Mr. Wilson says of it: "It is as vivid as Homer and as wise as Tacitus, and while it is as readable as Voltaire's histories, it is as accurate as anything written in any language." This is going a little too far. It is a commonplace of modern historical scholarship that "Frederick" is full of errors of omission and of commission. There was so much her worship in Carlyle that he was unable to write wholly accurate biography or history. His "Fren Revolution" has long been discredited. There a seven portraits and an index.

A GREAT RICH MAN.
By Louise Schutz Boas. Longmans, Green & Compa
$3.50 8¾ x 5¾; 224 pp. *New Yo*

Another one of those "imaginative" biographie with lots of "psychological interpretation." M Boas quotes no authorities and uses dates and oth facts sparingly. She relies mainly on her imaginatio the chief tool of the new and horrible art. This, course, does not deter her from writing omniscientl She knows that when Scott once met his first swee heart, the beautiful Williamina Stuart, "he kissed h hand; she blushed, and withdrew her fingers from grasp; but she did not chide him." She knows th when the girl's father heard of the love-affair, he sa to his wife, "Pshaw! 'Tis only puppy love. He'll g over it. Ye're sure our Willie hasna lost her heart him?" She knows that when Scott was once sick, wife Charlotte "hovered by his bed, smoothing pillow, administering draughts, sympathetic ov pain, happy when it was finally relieved. She kne how to make a patient comfortable." And she al knows that after Scott's wife died "he slept i dreaming that she was beside him." Mrs. Boas shou be able to write a very interesting biography of Ada

IBSEN THE MASTER BUILDER.
By A. E. Zucker. Henry Holt & Compa
$3.50 8½ x 5⅜; 312 pp. *New Y*

Dr. Zucker does not attempt a critical appraiseme of Ibsen's plays; he confines himself as strictly as p sible to the life of the man. His laborious inquiries Norway and Germany have brought forth a gre deal of unfamiliar matter, and he presents it simp and effectively. On his very first page he lays an err that has haunted all discussions of Ibsen since Henr Jaeger's pioneer biography was printed in 1888—t error, to wit, that Ibsen "had not a drop of N wegian blood in his veins." Dr. Zucker shows th he was actually 229/256 Norwegian. For the rest, was 1/256 Scotch and 8/256 German. The chapters the dramatist's early days are especially rich in ne material. The author tells the sad story of the ban ruptcy and collapse of Ibsen *père*, and of the subseque decay of the family. Of the four brothers, only Henr was ever heard of in the world. The eldest, Joha came to America in 1849 and died in the Califor gold rush. Nicolai died as a sheepherder in Iowa. O

Continued on page xxviii

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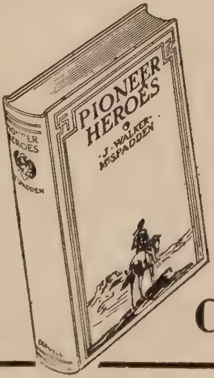

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Continued from page xxvi

the youngest, became a lighthouse-keeper in Norway. The sister, Hedvig, did a bit better. She married a ship captain, one Stousland, and turned agnostic in middle age, after a pious youth. One of her sons, Captain John Ibsen Stousland, now lives at Rutherford, N. J. Dr. Zucker's book is well documented. It will displace all other biographies of Ibsen, nine-tenths of which are trash. The author is an Indianan, and since 1923 has been professor of modern languages and comparative literature at the so-called University of Maryland.

THE MYSTERY MAN OF EUROPE. *Sir Basil Zaharoff.*

By Richard Lewinsohn. *The J. B. Lippincott Company*
$3 8¾ x 5¾; 241 pp. *Philadelphia*

The subject of this biography was born as Zacharias Basileios Zaharoff on October 6, 1846, in Mughla, a Greek village in Asia Minor. After one of the periodical Turkish massacres he fled with his family to Odessa. Soon he tired of the city, and went to Constantinople. He was very poor, so he did anything at all to earn a living. He learned all the languages of the Balkans, could speak French well, and had a useful knowledge of English, but he was still a man without a home and without money. He went into business with an uncle, but that only brought trouble. The uncle accused him of theft, and the government was after him for murder. Zaharoff now maintains that he was innocent of both charges; nevertheless, at the time, he fled to London. He couldn't do a thing there, so he took a chance and returned to Constantinople. Then, in 1877, by a stroke of pure luck, he was appointed Eastern representative of the Nordenfeldt armament firm, with headquarters in London. He was now in his element. Fortunately, Greece and Turkey were soon at war, and he sold munitions to both, "though he was patriotic enough to make the first offer" of the first submarine to his native country. "There is no room," says Dr. Lewinsohn, who is financial editor of the *Vossiche Zeitung*, "for sentimental patriotism in this most international of all industries." Zaharoff traveled constantly from country to country, making friends with cabinet ministers and high army officers, and fostering "patriotism" everywhere. He made sure that "when a government policy did not result in sufficient orders, that policy was changed." In the Boer War he sold arms to both England and the Boers, though his company, "the firm of Vickers Maxim, demonstrated its patriotism by doubling the zeal with which it supplied guns to fight the Boers." This firm, incidentally, had among its shareholders "sixty members of the aristocracy, eight members of Parliament, and five bishops." The World War was "a great time" for Zaharoff, naturally. He was the friend of Lloyd George, Viviani, and Briand, and thus was well stocked with orders. In 1918 he was awarded the Grand Cross of the Order of the British Empire and was also made a Grand Officer of the Legion of Honor by the President of France. To demonstrate his gratitude, he endowed a chair of French literature at Oxford and a chair of English literature at the Sorbonne. The Oxford chair received the name of Marshal Foch, and the Sorbonne one that of Field Marshal Haig. Oxford recognized Zaharoff's gift by making him a D. C. L. In 1924, at the age of seventy-eight, this international public servant married Mme. Maria del Pilar Antonia-Patrocinio-Simona de Muquiro y Beruete, the widowed Duchesse de Villafranca de los Caballeros. She died eighteen months later. Zaharoff now lives in Monte Carlo, from where he sends out contributions every now and then in behalf of French athletics and the underfed animals in the Paris zoo. There are eight illustrations.

THE MAKING OF NEW GERMANY.

By Philipp Scheidemann. *D. Appleton & Company*
$10 9¼ x 6⅛; 2 vols.; 367 + 372 pp. *New York*

Scheidemann was born in Cassel on July 26, 1865, the son of a master carpenter, paperhanger and upholsterer. His father died when he was only a boy, and he had to go to work. For the first few years life was extremely harsh to him. He went without food or shelter for days on end, and for a while had to resort to begging to keep from starving. Then he grabbed an opportunity to learn the printing trade, and traveled all over the country as a tramp printer. Finally he settled in Marburg, married, and joined the labor movement, editing and publishing innumerable Socialist pamphlets and broadsides. He was a powerful speaker and agitator, and in 1903 achieved membership in the Reichstag. Eight years later he was elected to the executive committee of the Social Democratic party, and by 1914 was the leader of the radical movement in Germany. In that capacity he was on intimate terms with such Marxian whales as Bebel, Karl and William Liebknecht, Kautsky, Rosa Luxemburg, Clara Zetkin, Ebert and Bernstein. He actively supported the government during the war, thereby earning for himself the everlasting contempt of the Communists and the left wing Socialists, though he caused the Kaiser a lot of worry with his persistent, even if half-hearted, talk of peace. Anyway, he was one of the leaders of the Revolution, and was Chancellor in the Provisional Government of 1919. Soon Hindenburg and Stresemann came into power, and he

Continued on page xxx

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xxviii

was pushed into the background, where he has been ever since. His present book is rather disappointing. The first 250 pages of Volume I, dealing with his career before the World War, are very readable because of their purely biographical interest, though there is little discussion in them of the fundamental economic and political movements of pre-war Germany. The remainder of Volume I and the whole of Volume II deal with the history of the country through the war to the establishment of the Ebert government. There is little in them that is not known to every newspaper reader. There are seventeen illustrations, and an index at the end of Volume II. The translation is by J. E. Michell.

THE SCIENCES

THE SCIENCE OF LIVING.
By Alfred Adler. *Greenberg*
$3.50 8¼ x 5⅜; 264 pp. *New York*

Dr. Adler, professor of psychology at the Institute of Vienna, is the generalissimo of all the armies of individual psychologists. He is, in fact, the founder of the new science, which "begins and ends with the problem of inferiority," and which, in turn, is "the basis for all our problems of psychological maladjustment." In the present book he considers such matters as old remembrances, the hated and petted child and what they usually end up as in later years, female biological envy, male biological envy, the varieties of dreams, and the place of sex in the normally integrated life. What he says about all these problems is not especially profound. His remarks, indeed, are so superficial that the followers of Freud or of Jung or of Ferenczi will find nothing to disagree with. He does not grapple with fundamentals, and is plainly addressing people with almost no previous knowledge of psychopathology. For a foreword there is a thirty-page essay by M. Phillipe Mairet on Dr. Adler and his work, in which he says of the doctor that "if the Occidental world is not too far gone to make use of his service he may well come to be known as the Confucius of the West." There is no bibliography or index.

PETROLEUM & COAL. *The Keys to the Future.*
By W. T. Thom, Jr. *The Princeton University Press*
$2.50 8⅞ x 5⅞; 223 pp. *Princeton*

Dr. Thom, who is associate professor of geology at Princeton, discusses the origin, composition and classification of coal and oil; their various uses and geographic occurrence; and the conditions and probable futures of the two industries. He does not deal with the labor problems involved. As for the future he says this: "With unrestricted trade, the world situation as regards coal warrants thrift but no fear of shortage, and the petroleum situation is such that if research be adequately supported, and if sane and just policies be pursued, civilization may earn its way as it goes, in so far as oil supplies are concerned, for very many years to come." There are many illustrations and a bibliography.

LET'S BE NORMAL.
By Fritz Künkel. *Ives Washburn*
$3 8¼ x 5⅝; 299 pp. *New York*

Dr. Künkel, one of the leading German psychologists of the Adlerian school, has here written a popular discussion of some of the more common psychic disturbances, such as egocentricity, irritability, excessive sociability, the abnormal desire for solitude, miserliness, and the various sex fears. As an individual psychologist, he tries to explain almost everything in terms of infantile inferiority or superiority, but in the present book at least he is not fanatic about it. Toward the end are four interesting case histories. There is a brief bibliography, and also an index. The translation is by Eleanore Jensen.

ESSAYS

FRED NEWTON SCOTT PAPERS.
The University of Chicago Press
$5 9½ x 6¼; 319 pp. *Chicago*

Dr. Scott was professor of English literature at the University of Chicago from 1888 to 1926, when he retired. The present book, made up of fourteen papers by former students of his, was recently presented to him "in celebration of his . . . distinguished service" in the university. Dr. Scott probably felt greatly honored, because the essays are in line with his own notions of what literary criticism should be, but viewed coldly they make very sad reading. They are all badly written and deal with matters that are not worth writing about. Dr. George Bion Denton, "professor of technical writing" at Northwestern University, is concerned with "the facts explaining the discrepancy between the treatment in the first fifty-seven paragraphs of [Spencer's] 'Philosophy of Style' and that in the last paragraph." Dr. Ernest Sutherland Bates, associate editor of the Dictionary of National Biography, deals with the juvenile works of Shelley, which he admits were bad. Dr. Charles C. Fries, professor of English at the University of Michigan, lets the world know that there are "practically no cases in which the English translators of the 1611 Bible use the descriptive attributive adjective from choice." And so on. At the end there is a bibliography of Dr. Scott's works.

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OBBS-MERRILL BOOKS—BOBBS-MERRILL BOOKS

A Life of Sam Houston

The Raven

By Marquis James

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xxx

IN THE EVENING OF MY THOUGHT.

By Georges Clemenceau. The Houghton Mifflin Company
$12.50 9¾ x 6¼; 2 vols.; 482 + 525 pp. *Boston*

This is a collection of essays on almost every branch of human thought. M. Clemenceau writes on psychology, anthropology, paleontology, astronomy, politics, religion, metaphysics and literature with sure and vast knowledge, and what he has to say about them is nearly always fresh. He has no use whatever for religion, especially Christianity, and puts all his trust in science. "God," he says, "is nothing but a word, bearing no relation to fact. . . . Experimental proof is established as the only criterion of truth." Christianity is no better than other religions; if anything, it is worse, since it has brought a great deal more woe to the world. As "specimens of human greatness Buddha, Socrates and many others were no whit inferior to Jesus." Freedom of the will is no more than "an illusory sensation," and we have no reason whatever for believing in immortality. "The only basis of human morality . . . is man himself." It is foolish to look for ethical principles from above. The plain fact is that we all "have more foresight and kind-heartedness than Divinity." Man is helpless, more often than not, before the forces of nature. "He is subservient to the ends of the universe. . . . At best, life is the implacable law which requires us to atone for our emotional pleasures. It is a series of favors diversely felt and diversely paid for." Nevertheless, there is tremendous drama in it, and the better we understand it the more enjoyable is the spectacle. With this knowledge man can transform his life into "a rich idealism that would make him the equal of the gods, did not the pangs of following out his own destiny already make him superior to them." The translation is by Charles Minor Thompson and John Heard, Jr. For a frontispiece to Volume I there is an excellent portrait of the Tiger.

PUBLIC QUESTIONS

HUMANITY UPROOTED.

By Maurice Hindus. Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith
$3 8¾ x 5⅝; 369 pp. *New York*

Mr. Hindus was born in a Russian village, and did not see a railroad train or an electric light till he was fourteen, when he left for the United States. He returned to Russia in 1923 for a rather lengthy visit, and since then has made trips there almost annually. The present book is the result of these visits. It is an unusually sober and ably written account of the religious, moral, and politico-economic affairs of the land. The chapter on the changes in the sex *mores* is exceptionally good. The fact is, says Mr. Hindus, that the "free life" was much easier of realization in Russia than, probably, in any other country. "Neither chivalry nor Puritanism had secured the clutch on Russia that they had on other lands." The relations of the sexes was "always close, simple, unaffected." He might have added that the same was and still is true of all other Slavic countries. As for the economic condition of the land, he says that "at present the Russians themselves admit that on the economic side their collectivism can boast of no successes which private enterprise is achieving, neither in the province of production nor distribution." His general conclusion is this: "Agony there is in Russia, more, I am sure, than in any land in the world. Rapture also, the highest man ever has tasted." Dr. John Dewey contributes an introduction, and Arthur Hawkins, Jr., a number of fine drawings.

THIS AVIATION BUSINESS.

By Ernest W. Dichman. Brentano's
$3.50 8¾ x 5½; 274 pp. *New York*

Mr. Dichman has been an aviator for fourteen years. In this book he presents a brief survey of the history of aviation, and discusses some of its present problems. He writes very well, and is extremely sober, for a man of his profession, in his predictions about the future. He warns the public about "a false sense of security about aviation," and adds: "To say that passenger airplanes are at present as safe as passenger trains is to ignore plain facts." He thinks that if aviation "develops no faster than railroads, it will be near the year 2000 before aërial transport will generally be used." There are many illustrations, a glossary and an index.

SMALL TOWNS. *An Estimate of Their Trade and Culture.*

By Walter Burr. The Macmillan Company
$2.50 7⅜ x 4¾; 267 pp. *New York*

Dr. Burr, who is professor of rural sociology at the University of Missouri, says that the whole complexion of rural life in America has changed within the past few years. The small farm is going out, destroyed by its own inefficiency, and agriculture is rapidly taking on factory characteristics. In the South and elsewhere, to be sure, tenant farmers survive miserably, but they are no more typical of the new farming class than slum-dwellers are typical of city folk. Dr. Burr believes that nearly all the politicians who promise to help the farmers with legislation are mountebanks. The remedies they offer simply cannot stem the tide of natural forces, and they know it. Farming is being reorganized, and when the process is complete the

Continued on page xxxiv

he Emotional Epoch

s represented by its greatest idol . . . .

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ly complete symbol of the nation between 1860 and 1925; he interprets
m brilliantly, sympathetically, as the product of his age.

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by **Herbert Gorman**

is great romantic biography has won the applause of critics everywhere.
arry Hansen, of the *New York World,* called it "tremendously entertain-
g"; *The New Yorker* says it's "the best reading of its kind since *Henry*
VIIIth."

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t rings with excitement, it sweeps
ead on the wave of a great enthusi-
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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xxxii

old-time one-horse farmer will be eliminated. The author discusses at length the effects of these changes upon the small towns. He believes that they, too, must reorganize themselves. At present, aping the cities, they pursue chimeras. The book shows wide information and is thoughtfully written.

ANTHOLOGIES

SO SAY THE WISE.
Edited by Hazel Cooley and Norman L. Corwin.
George Sully & Company
$2 7½ x 5⅛; 275 pp. *New York*

The editors have here assembled about 1300 epigrams and apothegms from modern sages, most of them still alive. Some of these sayings are mere wheezes and wise-cracks; others pretend to a more solemn wisdom. The persons levied on number 650, and include Mr. Hoover, Lady Astor, Bernarr Macfadden, Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, Rabindranath Tagore, Admiral von Tirpitz, the Prince of Wales, Grover Whalen, Jimmy Walker, Al Smith, Ezra Pound, Adolph S. Ochs, Christopher Morley, Judge Ben B. Lindsey, Otto H. Kahn, Will Rogers, Elinor Glyn, Texas Guinan, Senator Borah, Mr. Justice Brandeis, Charlie Chaplin, Bugs Baer and Rebecca West.

THE GRUB STREET BOOK OF VERSE, 1929.
Edited by Henry Harrison. *Henry Harrison*
$3 9⅜ x 6; 79 pp. *New York*

The editor of this anthology, which presents 121 poems by 99 poets, is the present captain-general of Greenwich Village, and his selections exhibit pretty well what is going on there at the moment. Obviously enough, the Golden Age is over. His poets, in the main, write very conventionally, and some of them get little beyond the prettiness of high-school bards. Perhaps the best poem in the collection is "In a Strange City," by Shaemus O'Sheel. What it has to say has been said before, but there is a certain eloquence in it. Most of the other poets simply twitter. There are a number of full-page illustrations by Charles Cullen.

NEW EDITIONS

MEN & WOMEN.
By Havelock Ellis. *The Houghton Mifflin Company*
$5 8¾ x 5½; 495 pp. *Boston*

The first edition of this standard text-book of secondary and tertiary sexual differences appeared in 1894 as a sort of prolegomenon to the author's "Studies in the Psychology of Sex." Its value was recognized at once, and since then it has passed through many editions and has been translated into most civilized languages. Now it appears "remolded and put into more popular form," but without any sacrifice o essentials. It is a thorough and excellent piece of work. The author's chief observations are that women are more variable than men, and more precocious. They represent, so to speak, an earlier form of *Homo sapiens*, and in many ways, both physical and psychic, are more like children than like adult men. "The differences may be often of a slight or subtle character, but they are none the less real, and they extend to the smallest details of organic constitution. . . . When women differ from men, it is the latter who have diverged, leaving women nearer to the child-type." The book is well documented and has a good index.

THE STORISENDE EDITION OF THE WORKS OF JAMES BRANCH CABELL.
Robert McBride & Company
$180 9 x 6; 18 vols.; average of 300 pp. *New York*

Mr. Cabell has now reached Vol. XV of this elaborate revision of all his books: it is devoted to "The Eagle's Shadow." He speaks somewhat sadly in his preface of the changes that time has brought. "Only in 'The Cream of the Jest' and in its temporal successors," he says, "have I had any sense of dealing with my own work." The earlier books were "written by persons who are to me, nowadays, comparative strangers." "The Eagle's Shadow" was first published in October, 1904, after first running as a serial in—of all magazines!—the *Saturday Evening Post*. The sale of the first edition stopped at 2871 copies. In his preface to "The Rivet in Grandfather's Neck," which forms Vol. XIV of the new edition, Mr. Cabell recounts how it was entered in a prize competition in 1913, and beaten by a book called "Diane of the Green Van," by one Leona Dalrymple. Thereafter the MS. was rejected by fully a score of publishers, and when it was finally accepted by McBride it turned out a complete failure. Vol. XIII is given over to the author's verse and to his only play, "The Jewel Merchants". The earliest of the verses go back to 1895; not a few of them, as the author says, have been "a little prinked and titivated." The remaining three volumes of the Storisende Edition will be published in March.

FICTION

THE GOLDEN WIND.
By Takahi Ohta & Margaret Sperry. *Charles Bon*
7⅛ x 4¾; 269 pp. *New Yor*

This is the first volume of Mr. Boni's series of Pape Books, offered to subscribers at $5 for twelve monthl

Continued on page xxxvi

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RED CAVALRY.
By I. Babel. *Alfred A. Kn*
$2.50 7⅝ x 5⅜; 213 pp. *New Y*

Babel was born in Odessa in 1894, the son of Jew parents, and twenty years later took his degree at University of Saratov. He was, of course, a revo tionist, but somehow always managed to keep out the Czarist jails, though he was indicted on seve occasions. With the aid of false passports he mo about freely all over the land, and for a time e lived in Petrograd, which was forbidden territory all save a few Jews. In 1920 he joined General Buden Cossacks, who, before the Revolution, were a not ous band of murderers and anti-Semites, but since t have done good service for the Bolsheviks. In present book Babel gives thirty-four sketches of life of these simple, ignorant, savage and somew sentimental warriors. They are all extremely v done, but perhaps the best of the lot is "Treaso It is the story of three badly wounded Cossacks, w have just been brought to hospital, and are du founded when a doctor orders them to chuck off t clothes and arms, "as if we were already conque . . . We can see through treason easy enough." T

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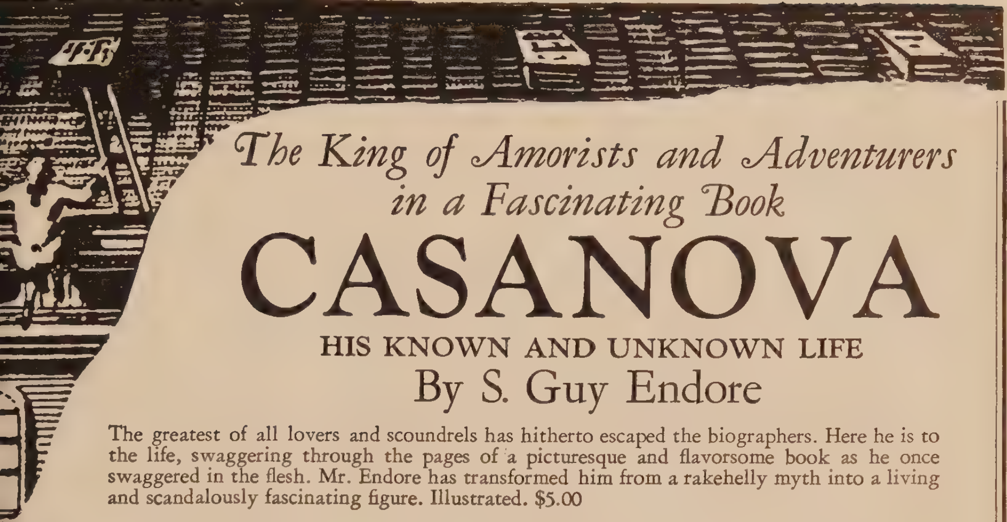

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or sheer diversion we recommend *ross Word Puzzles from Judge*, with s wayward definitions; Rube oldberg's uproarious little book *There a Doctor in the House?* and wo books on bridge: *Contract*, by eorge Reith of the *Knickerbocker Vhist Club* and *Advanced Auction nd Contract Bridge*, by Ada Campell Kelley.

inally we recommend three ooks of poems: Leonie Adams' xquisite *High Falcon;* Heredia's *rophies*, newly and now comletely translated into English; nd William Griffith's pungent *reek Gestures*.

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Continued from page xxxvi

can't make out the smiling of the nurses and the q ness of the other soldiers, "sitting about on made playing draughts." They lose their heads and rus into the square in front of the hospital. "Treason blinking at us from the windows and making gan the common proletariat." The translation from Russian is by Nadia Helstein.

THE METHODIST FAUN.
By Anne Parrish. *Harper & Br*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 334 pp. *New*

Clifford Hunter, the son of a sanctimonious Me dist mother and a mild, easy-going father—a s town photographer—, is completely in revolt ag his native Pine Hill. When he gives up his Su morning walk in the woods to go to church wit mother, he takes a profane delight in wearing a collar with an orange tie. He wears his hair lo than other boys and tries to paint; but unfortun he paints badly and the only justification for his tensions is his intense love of nature, which none townsmen understands. At eighteen, he falls in with beautiful, sophisticated Cathleen King, comes back from abroad to spend a year with her When Cathleen discourages his attentions, and he to achieve a career in New York, he marries wi Martha Simpson, who teaches Sunday-school plays the organ in church. For a brief momen drowns his unhappiness with her in his passio Evie Davis, the pretty assistant in his father's But his true release comes only when, ill with monia, he escapes the watchers in the sickroom t death in the woods. Miss Parrish writes well and fine irony.

THE GOOD COMPANIONS.
By J. B. Priestley. *Harper & Br*
$3 8 x 5½; 640 pp. *New*

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THE Embezzlers

An *International* Success

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Author of
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Translated by
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Juncture. Juncture means a joining, a junction; its use to signify a time, however critical a time, is absurd. "At this juncture the woman screamed." In reading that account of it we scream too.

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by Harland H. Ballard

Cleveland Plain Dealer—"A librarian really has adventures—if he has an adventurous mind. And this book, scholarly and quiet as it is, has positive excitement in it for the reader. I have taken much delight in reading it; and the next time I drive through Pittsfield (which I must do, to get to Cape Cod!) I promise myself to stop and thank the author for it. He must be a delightful person." $2.00

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Check List of NEW BOOK

Continued from page xxxviii

troupe. The third, Mr. Inigo Jollifant, now i
twenty-sixth year, a Cambridge graduate an
incurable romantic, teaches history, French
English literature in the depressing Washbury M
School. But his real talent is for the piano and
composing of amusing little tunes, so with his es
he becomes an important member of the party.
Priestley writes charmingly and gayly, but his n
tive runs somewhat thin through his 600 odd p

WIDE FIELDS.
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Bethel neighborhood of Eastern North Carolin
written in the dialect of the region, and present
striking characterizations, notably in Eddie Yor
"A Tempered Man": "a good fellow but end
with too fiery a spirit—he was hanged for the m
of his wife"; and Uncle January Evans, in "The
Death": "the worse reprobate in Little Bethel.
He died in the bosom of the church and on his de
bed he laughed and said he heard angel 'whings.

ON THE MAKE.
By John Riordan. *Farrar & Ri*
$2.50 7⅝ x 5; 297 pp. *New*

Fourteen sketches of adolescents in their gr
search for adventure. There are shop girls and fla
students and mechanics, all exceedingly unprepo
ing and repetitious, "always at it, going some pl
to drink beer in cheap hotels, to amusement park
dances, to the country in dilapidated Fords, to
dates, anywhere they can create the illusion of a
ing time. "This has got the time in it," says
one of the swaggering heroes, as he hugs his bot
him, "and now we've got the time in us. Plen
time for everything, baseball, science, and the
drinking. Plenty." Mr. Riordan is perhaps too
the reporter, but his book has vigor and origin

THE HOUSE OF GOLD.
By Liam O'Flaherty. *Harcourt, Brace & Co*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 348 pp. *New*

The house of gold is the house of Ramon
Costello, a miserly giant, lord of a small villa
Ireland, who owns, among his numerous possess
a wife Nora, cursed with a fatal beauty. Her
body has a sheen as golden as his greed. "Her b
was almost evil in its turbulent influence o
senses. Her eyes, by their dreamy languor an
limbs by their slow movements inspired desir
frenzy." Under this voluptuous spell, her
O'Neill, commits a robbery, a parish priest succ
to sin, and the village doctor betrays his wif

Continued on page xlii

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Continued from page xl

jeopardizes his home. The priest kills Nora by hurl
her over a dark cliff, O'Neill goes mad, Costello k
the priest, and then dies horribly from an apoplec
stroke. A chaotic and somewhat slushy tale.

SKETCH OF A SINNER.
By Frank Swinnerton. *Doubleday, Doran & Comp*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 319 pp. *Garden City, L*

Lydia Rowe, still under thirty, who has "eve
thing in her carriage except buoyancy" and "eve
thing in her face except beauty," is married to
bastian, an antique dealer who keeps a shop in a ra
part of London. Lydia loves him much as she wo
love a child, and he shrewdly understands her. "Da
it," he exclaims, "I wish you'd get some friend
Yet he cannot reconcile himself to her interest
Ambrose, a young poet who wins her ready sympat
or to Gerald, with his perfect clothes and pleas
shoulders, whom she first sees in a restaurant. A
brose dies quietly, leaving Lydia his pitiful £20
year, and before she can run away with Gerald he
killed by an automobile after thrusting her out
danger. Dazed, she returns to the shop and Sebasti
to find him hopelessly paralyzed. An unconvinc
story, in which one tragedy is piled upon anoth
Lydia alone has the breath of reality, and even so
relations with her three lovers are at once arbitr
and vaporous.

RELATIVES.
By Russell Neale. *Harper & Brot*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 284 pp. *New Y*

Mr. Neale here presents a forbidding group of Pe
sylvania peasants: Jake Pall, of Baker's Landing, w
his bald pate and black prosperous beard, who wa
a dozen girls but must content himself with a
canary; his ailing pious wife Susie and their ineffect
son John, who dreams of playing the violin and mar
ing his rapacious cousin Mary; Otto, Jake's brot
who is so stingy, his nephew tells him, that "w
you die you'll pretty near be afraid to go to Hea
for fear of leaving some of your smell in the grav
Old Ida, the vindictive grandmother, as bent a
rusty nail and with the look of a she-goblin, who,
cording to Jake, hasn't bathed in twenty years; Os
her favorite grandson, an imbecile with dull blue e
who wears a straw hat Winter and Summer; Ad
Tippery—Uncle Adam—who was a professor of
lin and piano before he lost his sight, and who
all day in his stained clothes, dreaming of his nephe
career; and Herman Float, the butcher's son, wh
the grasping Mary marries—"he can saw meat," J
declares, "but he isn't worth a damn." Their end
wranglings and vituperations and obscenities

Continued on page xliv

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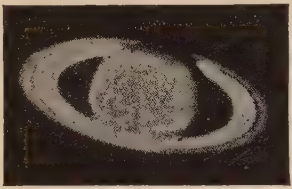

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Continued from page xlii

somehow entertaining. Mr. Neale hates his charac with an overwhelming energy, but he draws t with humor as well as with savage realism.

THE MAN WITHIN.
By Graham Greene. *Doubleday, Doran & Comp*
$2.50 7½ x 5: 316 pp. *Garden City,*

The story here moves with swiftness from the trayal of a smuggler crew by young Francis Andre one of its number, to the fight between the smugg and the revenue officers, their trial, with Andrews the witness stand, his betrayal of Elizabeth, the who has sheltered him, his return to Elizabeth, tragic death, and his surrender to the officers. Ye is not the plot, skilfully handled as it is, but yo Andrews' subjective battle to overcome his cowar that lifts the story above the ordinary. Mr. Green heralded as a cousin twice-removed from Robert L Stevenson, but his very compact and moving no stands on its own merits.

LOOK HOMEWARD, ANGEL.
By Thomas Wolfe. *Charles Scribner's*
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A rich chronicle of a Southern family and a South town. The plot is negligible; in brief, it is the stor Eugene Gant's life, from childhood (he is born 1900) through a difficult and lonely adolescence an isolated young manhood, for Eugene, like all other turbulent, defeated Gants who surround him- truth, like all Southerners—knows a profound s tude. "Left alone to sleep with the thick sunli printed in bars upon the floor, unfathomable loneli and sadness crept through him: he saw his life d the solemn vista of a forest aisle, and he knew would always be the sad one: caged in that little ro of skull, imprisoned in that beating and most se heart, his life must always walk down lonely passa Lost. He understood that men were forever stran to one another, that no one ever comes really to k any one, that imprisoned in the dark womb of mother, we come to life without having seen her f that we are given to her arms a stranger, and t caught in that insoluble prison of being, we escap never, no matter what arms may clasp us, what mo may kiss us, what heart may warm us. Never, ne never, never, never." A first novel that is a dis guished piece of writing.

LOVE STORY.
By Thelma Woodhill. *Simon & Sch*
$2.50 7 x 4¾; 352 pp. *New*

Martha Barnet, a Victorian matriarch, disappoi in her material circumstances early in her marri keeps her husband Henry at a distance, "but nature is too powerful to be dammed into a mo

Continued on page xlvi

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Continued from page xliv

less, frozen pool. Bursting the bounds she had se
it, her passion overflows . . . into new channels o
pression. That which had been sex in her became
antagonism. She was as voluptuous in antagonis
she had once been in love." So she dominates,
subtle process of intimidation, the lives of her
band, her sister Lettie, her daughter Agnes. H
crumples like a reed before her fanatical harang
Lettie escapes her and marries Walter Morgan—o
low Morgan tribe—, and Agnes, sheltered and st
from birth, is forced into a hateful marriage
William Lawson, a raucous millionaire. "But I d
love him," Agnes protests. "Of course you do
Martha comforts. "How could you? Love, if you
to call it that, comes after marriage—not before."
"How does it? Tell me Mama—Mama tell me ho
"When a man does everything for a woman sh
grateful." "You mean that—Mr. Lawson bu
clothes for me——?" . . . Not a new theme, but
Woodhill handles it with emotional depth and vi

ACTION.
By C. E. Montague. *Doubleday, Doran & Com*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 289 pp. *Garden City,*

Of these twelve stories—all written on the unv
ing theme of stoicism and indomitable courage—
one, "A Cock and Bull Story," a tale of nee
sacrifice caused by the exaggerated formality betv
the English and French commands during the
has any dramatic power. For the rest, Mr. Montag
characters, however diverse, are too steeped in
own philosophy to express any individuality, or
existence, apart from his own.

A DINNER OF HERBS.
By Marjorie Bartholomew Paradis.
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only an occasional vivid flash of Daphne, the yout
Portia who perpetrates the scheme upon her
husband, to recommend it.

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$2.50 7½ x 5; 299 pp. *New*

ZERO HOUR.
By George Grabenhorst. *Little, Brown & Com*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 306 pp. *B*

CLASS OF 1902.
By Ernst Glaeser. *The Viking*
$2.50 7½ x 4⅞; 397 pp. *New*

These books come in on the tide raised by E
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naturally challenge comparison with it. It woul

Continued on page xlviii

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excessive to say that they are as brilliantly vivid a impressive; nevertheless, they all have considerab merits of their own. Of the three, "Schlump" is mo like the Remarque book. It tells the story of a comm soldier on the Western front, and is full of drama episodes and sardonic humors. The author remai anonymous. "Zero Hour" is the story of a soldi higher in the social scale. The author, Dr. Grabe horst, was severely injured on the Western front a came near losing his sight. He is now one of the ed tors of the *Hanoverischer Kurier* and has printed sever other books. "Class of 1902" deals with the Germ boys who were too young to go to the war. It describ their lives in school during the war days and is full mordant pictures of the Germany behind the ring steel. All three volumes are adequately translated. T version of "Class of 1902" is by Willa and Edwin Mu and that of "Schlump" is by Maurice Samuel. T translator of "Zero Hour" is not given.

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THE MALE APPROACH.
By Heinrich F. Wolf. *Covici-Fri*
$3 8⅛ x 5½; 200 pp. *New Y*

Despite a high-sounding preface by Dr. Alfr Adler, the rival of Freud, there is little in this bo that is new. Dr. Wolf carries on part of his expositi of the masculine technique in amour by the ca method, but not many of his cases are interesting, a very few of them throw any new light upon the su ject. It is somewhat astonishing, indeed, that serious a book—Dr. Adler speaks of its "scienti impartiality and ethical earnestness"—should be feeble. The author is an Austrian now living in Ne York, where he is in practise as a physician.

THE MANSIONS OF PHILOSOPHY.
By Will Durant. *Simon & Schu*
$5 9⅜ x 6⅛; 704 pp. *New Y*

This volume is made up of many papers, writt originally for different magazines, but a common pu pose runs through all of them, and so they hang gether very well. What Dr. Durant undertakes is less ambitious an enterprise than a survey of the who field of philosophy, always in the light of the needs modern man. The old philosophies, he says, are dea and the race has so far neglected to make a new or but soon or late it must be put together, and to the e that it may be adequate it must be well-informe Thus only may we hope to "replace with conscio guidance the ancestral readiness and simplicity impulse and wonted ways." Everything must thought out, without prejudice and in the light of t best knowledge that we can muster, "from the ar ficial formula with which we feed our children, a

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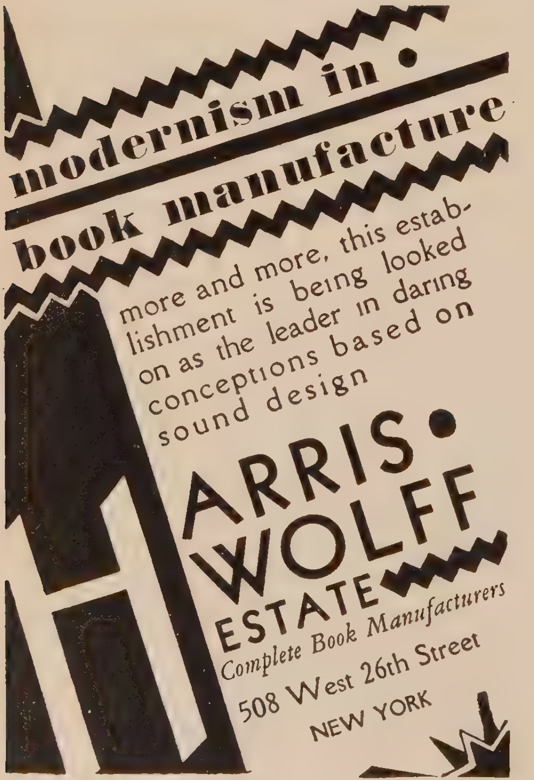
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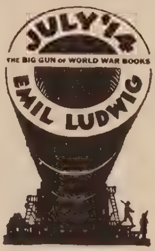
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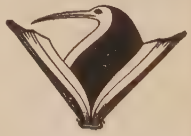

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THE SECRETARIAT

BY A WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT

T WAS to be expected that the appearance in the White House of a Big Executive should see an accompanying largement of office quarters, expansion of uipment and massing of secretarial help. bygone days the President had *a* secre- y. Good, bad or indifferent, but only e. But that was before the era of the per-Administrator, before Efficiency ne to the White House. Now there is a iole machine-gun squad to handle the rk.

n the past the presidential publicity was natter between the President and his ellites of the press. Today, the satellites still to be found, as numerous and as er as ever, but the business is dealt with erently. A secretary chosen from among ir own number is now detailed for the ly guidance of the correspondents in the zes of presidential statecraft. And so in er fields. In former times, if the White use wanted to get the goods on a pesky or questionable friend, it was necessary resort to outside assistance, sometimes n to the Department of Justice, as the rding gang resorted in its attempt to get of Senator Wheeler. Not so, however, er the Super-Administrator. He has his n private sleuth, and has had him for ny years. Indeed, it is said on good hority about the White House that not n the other three secretaries are exempt from the supervision of their fellow servitor, and that their knowledge of it adds no love to the relations between them.

Again, where of yore a loyal and deserving ward-heeler seeking governmental honors would lay his case before the Great White Father in person, all that sort of thing is accomplished today through a secretary whose whole time is devoted to such high matters. Finally, there is the business of the presidential prose. Several previous Presidents, and particularly the last two, had recourse to the convenience of literary assistants, but they did so surreptitiously. Thus the amiable Judson C. Welliver labored long and zealously for the late Gamaliel, but he drew down no Congressman's pay-check and no such honor as secretarial rank was accorded him. With the Big Executive it is different. The former editor of a moral magazine is publicly accredited to this weighty task, and remunerated out of the public treasury at the rate of $10,000 a year.

This crew of four, of course, does not by any means exhaust the secretarial personnel of the White House. Mrs. Hoover, busy with the onerous duties of a President's wife, has at least three of her own, all women, and to the executive office group there must be added many laborious understrappers, and at least one more star. This is the Hon. James Francis Burke, officially general counsel of the National Republican Committee, and recently—in recognition, apparently, of his genius in inspiring Mabel Walker Willebrandt (according to the account) to make her famous harangue to the Ohio Methodists—elevated by the committee to its inner circle of potentates. The Hon. Mr. Burke ensconced himself in the executive offices when the new administration came in, and has been busy ever since at weighty matters of party import. He is a Catholic, and so apparently are his ideas of what is good practice in a presidential compaign. He has assured the White House newspaper men that he is giving his services to the President without any pay or desire for reward, but solely out of love and reverence. That altruistic devotion seems to bring him luck, for he dresses in the height of fashion, lives in an expensive suite in in one of the Capital's most fashionable hotels, and lolls about town in a luxurious car driven by a liveried chauffeur. He is a little man, and given to wing collars and double-breasted coats. On the outer rim of the dangerous age, he nevertheless affects a boulevardier atmosphere, English model shoes, a walking stick, and slick-backed hair.

Mr. Hoover and all these secretaries were in the White House only a few weeks before the enlargement and enhancing of the executive offices got under way. This work continued throughout the Summer and Autumn and is only now being completed. New offices have been added, old ones have been made larger and more handsome, and the vestibule has been recreated on the model of a hotel lobby. The promptness with which the work was begun indicates that it was planned long before the newcomers took up their residence in the place. The basement, which, since the building of the office wing, had been used only as a storeroom, has been converted into offices and the whole layout of the place has been rearranged. The White House telegraph operators, who for many years were located in an anteroom off the executive secretary's office, are now downstairs. Ther also are to be found the executive files mailing rooms and mimeographing appa ratus, and all the other complicated appur tenances of a Big Executive's busines machinery.

Room for the new lobby, with its whit columns, thick carpets and large lounges was obtained by doing away with severa large but miserably furnished and little used offices. One at the head of the ol vestibule has been incorporated in th lobby and another on the right has bee turned into a ritzy loge for the press. It walls of amber tint are hung with auto graphed likenesses of Harding, Coolidge J. Bascom Slemp and other departed im mortals. A rich yellowish carpet and new typewriter desks help to dress the room but the boys are not especially happy in it It's all too fancy. There are goboons an waist-high ash trays all about, but wh wants to get up from a card game to mak sure that he doesn't miss the receptacle and how can you sprawl your feet on shiny new desk-top?

However, it is quite an improvement fo the reporters. In the old days they wer crowded into a little hole on the other sid of the corridor, where at the most only on card game could be in progress at a time and even then the players had to mov their chairs whenever a press associatio man came in to use one of the booth tele phones. In the new room there is plenty o space for a couple of card games and severa chess or checker games at the same time and no one has to move to allow passag to the telephones.

The lobby, besides being much mor commodious than the old vestibule, serve by its stateliness to impress the hundred of tourists that pour in the year roun seeking tickets for a peek at the inside o the White House. Without such ticket only the lower corridor and the East Room may be visited, but with them a glimps may be had of several of the first floo rooms, the Red, the Green and one or tw others. At the side of the old vestibule vhere the reporters' niche used to be, two vell-appointed secretarial offices have been uilt. Away from the general suite of offices ut still in the office wing a small room has een fixed up for the gang of camera-men vho are always on duty at the White ouse. The haughty writing men will have othing to do with photographers, and his caste feeling is duly recognized by the vell-informed secretariat.

II

he Hon. George Akerson, A.B., a two-undred-pound Norwegian, is foremost in he public eye as a presidential secretary. e sits in the main office and so far as the eneral public is concerned holds down the ost that in the past the solitary presi-ential secretary used to occupy. George's ffice was not affected by the general emodeling. But while he drinks deeply of he consciousness that he occupies the tra-itional secretarial chamber, he is, after ll, only *one* of the present staff of secre-aries, and any claim he may make as to reëminence among them is fiercely, if overtly, controverted by at least two of he others. To George is assigned the task f making contact with the press and han-ling Mr. Hoover's public engagements. he Hon. Walter H. Newton, LL.B., a one-ime representative from Minnesota, takes are of patronage, is the congressional tie-p, and pries around in departmental ffairs. The Hon. E. French Strother, rmer editor of the *World's Work* and uthor of "Fighting Germany's Spies," is e *littérateur*. And the Hon. Lawrence ichey, Mr. Akerson's chief rival for the vor of the Chief, is the official snooper. here have been newspaper men and poli-cians as presidential secretaries before, ut never a sleuth.

Each of this quartette has a separate eld of activity, but inevitably there is me overlapping, and, all of them being bitious men, considerable friction is rrent among them. This is particularly ue of Messrs. Akerson and Richey. The rivalry between them dates back to the time when both served Mr. Hoover when he was Secretary of Commerce. George has never completely satisfied himself that he is the one-in-all to the Chief, and the uncertainty has always bothered him. He is the Hoover megaphone and sounding-board, of that there is no doubt, but he knows, and so does official Washington, that it is Mr. Richey who is the President's confidential man and has been so for many years. Furthermore, Mr. Richey proposes to continue so, and being much cannier and cleverer than George, he will doubtless succeed.

Of course, on the surface, and that goes too for Mr. Hoover, everything is jake among the four. But only on the surface. Under cover there is tugging and hauling between them. Officially no one is the superior, but the Hon. Mr. Newton, as a former Congressman, can't help viewing the others as of lesser rank, and Mr. Richey, as Mr. Hoover's one really confidential agent, knows that he is the most intimate with him. Meanwhile Mr. Akerson naturally regards his press and political services as of the highest importance, and Mr. Strother, from the lofty eminence of his literary talent, looks down upon them all.

The exact standing, importance and authority of each of the rivals offer never-ending perplexities to the politicians who swarm about the White House. They are constantly inquiring about this one or that and his degree of importance. With only one secretary on the job it used to be a relatively simple matter to make contact with the President. But surrounded as he is now by this elaborate cordon the boys are at loss as to which one to shine up to. If they go to Mr. Akerson they are apt to find that they should have taken the matter up with Mr. Newton or Mr. Richey, and when they finally get to the right one they are uncertain how he will take their previous mistake. Precedence, as everyone knows, is no light matter in Washington. Even worse, if they are after something that none of the secretaries wants to tackle, the secretaries pass the petitioner back and forth among themselves, each saying it is within some other secretary's province. All this is hard on the politicians, but it gives the Super-Administrator himself a great out.

Because of its numbers and importance the secretariat has come to be of as much interest to the visiting politicians and delegations as the Washington monument or the Internal Revenue Bureau. The newspapers write it up and each member has been the subject of numerous magazine memoirs and Sunday feature articles, detailing the romance and moral of his career. This is particularly true of Mr. Richey, who, though he has been with Mr. Hoover for many years, was practically unknown until he came to the White House.

To the sagacious Mr. Akerson is accredited much of Mr. Hoover's pre-convention strategy. Certainly he is fast on his publicity feet. In all Washington there is no more accomplished artist at breaking or taking the edge off a story. It is not often he misses. He is the originator of the twice-daily press conference, to which the reporters come with their queries about postmasterships and other local items. This idea of seeing the reporters daily is plainly the invention of one who knows his Washington correspondents thoroughly.

In offering them the chance to palaver daily with a presidential contact, Mr. Akerson saw that not only could a very important influence be thrown upon the copy they produced but that the conference could be used as a screen behind which activities could be carried on which might otherwise be ferreted out—that is, if the reporters were not lulled into security. Mr. Akerson, himself for years one of the most accomplished of Washington correspondents, appreciated fully the average reporter's disinclination to root into things if he can possibly avoid doing so. He knew that if the average man of the corps could feel that he was "protected" he would usually take what was given him.

So he installed his twice-daily meeting with the boys and great, in consequence has been the success of the White House i dealing with the press. Unluckily, certai of the more independent and restless of th boys soon grasped the fact that he passe out only what the White House wante known, and that much remained to b turned up by accident long afterward. On day, for instance, it was discovered tha important persons were being called to th White House, and weighty conference held, some during the day and others a night, about which Mr. Akerson had give no inkling. But questioned about such mat ters, he always has a ready explanation Either he knows nothing about them or h gives assurance that they are unimportant

It is in the planting of a story that M Akerson really excels. He is perfectly a home in the game and knows all the ropes Thus, when the Senate, in the face o presidential denunciation, approved for second time the debenture plan, he out maneuvered the recalcitrant chamber fo the headlines the next morning by releas ing late the same evening several letter that had come to the President, apparentl fortuitously, from the Secretary of th Treasury and the Secretary of Agriculture giving their expert opinions on the danger of the proposition. The press of the land being overwhelmingly Republican, gav the presidential communication the bi play—at the expense, alas, of the far mor significant news that the Senate, despite heavy Republican majority and only a few months after the new Republican Presiden had come into office, had for a second tim in a few weeks voted no confidence. Unde the Continental form of government suc a vote would have meant the fall of th administration; but under our system M Hoover was easily made out to be the her of the occasion.

Another time a man named Coolidge once President himself, came to Washing ton and held forth among his old friend the reporters. The story was all about h zealous efforts for peace, and it was all s r the top lines the next morning. But eorge very neatly nicked it by producing statement from the President that the rmy was to be directed to investigate how could reduce its costs—an idealistic ssignment, if there ever was one! Mr. oolidge, much to his surprise and disgust, ent into the inside pages.

III

ut if he excels in this line George does not o quite so well in several other respects. e is, by God's will, a jovial, expansive llow who finds it hard to say no. As a sult he sometimes promises rather more an he can fulfil. It is really not his fault. hat is exactly what Mr. Hoover has him ere for. But to the victims that is small onsolation, with the result that George is ften accused of a double-dealing for which e is only indirectly responsible. At the illiamstown Institute last Summer it was idely related that he was to blame for a cordon of duplicity" that was alleged to rround the White House. That was not ltogether fair to him. He is undoubtedly e visible evidence of the cordon, but like e Marines in Haiti, he is merely doing e best he can in a not very salubrious job.

It is George too who has the keen eye r the camera. Although a reporter by perience and training, he has also been a anaging editor and so knows the worth pictures. He appreciates thoroughly the bloid axiom that a good picture is worth page of print. So he has assiduously culti-ated the photographers, whether of stills, ovies or talkies, and much to the pain of e writing corps he sees to it that the mera toters are always taken care of and lly represented. When the plan for the modeling of the executive offices was ing laid out he made sure that they ould have a lounging room of their own. eretofore they had hung around on the blic chairs in the vestibule, with their meras dumped anywhere. Now they have cozy nook wherein they may play poker d swap yarns without cramping. In fact, so warm are Mr. Akerson's relations with the picture group, and especially with the movie men, that it is generally predicted that he will eventually wind up in some expensive executive berth with them.

It is his great vanity that now and then, when he is accompanying Mr. Hoover on a junket, some backwoodsman will address him as Mr. President. He is as bulky as Mr. Hoover and has the same full round head, neck and shoulder formation, and either consciously or otherwise he affects the same style of attire. A Norwegian from Minnesota, he was graduated from Harvard and went into the newspaper game on the staff of the patriotic Minneapolis *Tribune*. He wrote State politics and eventually became managing editor. While still in Minnesota he participated in the Hon. Nervous Nelly Kellogg's heroic attack upon the Nonpartisan League and the Farmer-Labor Party. The Insurgents, unfortunately, were able to get at Kellogg and retired him from the Senate. But, George, in recognition of his great services to the holy cause, was sent to Washington as his paper's correspondent.

In the capital he soon became one of the most popular of the boys. He was elected to the Gridiron Club, and became an adept at blacksheeting, which is to say, at the gentle art of swapping stories, so extensively practiced by the big shots of the corps of correspondents. All the time he kept his eyes open for the Big Chance. His friends credit him with seeing Mr. Hoover's presidential possibilities far back in 1920, despite his dismal showing in that year, and with setting out to sell Mr. Hoover the idea of running again, with himself as the man to manage the job. At any rate, after a few years he left his press labors to accept a job as the representative of the Department of Commerce, of which Mr. Hoover was then Secretary, at the Philadelphia Centennial. While that affair was a dud George's work evidently impressed Mr. Hoover, for when his personal secretary left him to go back to the newspaper business he offered Mr. Akerson the job. Thus situated, George wasted no time in organizing Mr. Hoover's nomination campaign, should a break give them the chance to swing into action.

When it did come through Mr. Coolidge's over-reaching himself in his famous "I do not choose to run" announcement he was all ready. He and the Chief were camping at the moment at the famous redwood rendezvous of the Bohemian Club of San Francisco. A long-distance telephone message from some watchful friend among the press gang informed them of the development. In half an hour there was assembled about them a group of pantingly-eager Golden State millionaires, each offering his all to finance the dash for glory.

When Mr. Akerson became Mr. Hoover's secretary in the Department of Commerce he organized among the illuminati representing strategic newspapers an advisory informal group who became the official press friends of the Chief. They brought inside political information, formulated plans, laid out maneuvers, and, most important of all, devised and put over extremely effective publicity. George also saw to it that Mr. Hoover met the lesser reporters and that they were taken care of. The hospitality of the Hoover home was judiciously made available, and they and their wives basked in the power and glory thereof. Meanwhile, the press division of the Department of Commerce was speeded up, with the result that enormous floods of publicity were always pouring forth.

It was all craftily done. Department stories were credited to the bureau chiefs and division executives, but always the subtle thought was hammered home that Mr. Hoover was the Secretary. Always the humanitarian angle was stressed. Nature helped mightily and opportunely. Indeed, it was once irreverently observed by a good Republican leader in the Senate, that the great Mississippi inundation in 1927 ruined the South but elected Mr. Hoover President. Certainly the publicity he gained from his work as head of the flood-relief helped his candidacy mightily. Mr. Coolidge in an unguarded moment ha made him head of the organization, an Mr. Akerson did the rest. He organized survey trip through the flooded area, an accompanied by a large corps of photographers and reporters, he and the Chie floated down the river amid a fanfare c publicity. Later, when envious politiciar and presidential aspirants in the Senat tried to put Mr. Hoover in a hole by callin him before a committee for an expressio of his views on flood prevention plans h adroitly wormed out of it by resorting t his favorite device: proposing a commi sion to investigate the subject.

George is declared to have been th brains of Mr. Hoover's pre-conventio political strategy. Throughout the pres dential campaign and since in the Whit House he has constantly steered him. Ye it is significant of the character of both me that he is not as close to Mr. Hoover a the sleuth Richey, and that, as much as h job means to him in pride and opportun ties, he does not feel quite secure in it. No of course, that he is apprehensive abou getting another. He would have no troub doing that. But pride of high place, as t the majority of the Washington press corp means everything to him. After all, it not every Norsky farm-boy who becomes presidential secretary, even one of fou and rides about in a White House car. An the machine assigned to George's use is a big and shiny and sleek as any of the Whit House fleet. He has, in fact, a weakness fo automobiles. Before he came into the di tinction of using a White House car h liked to roll up to the houses of his frien in a taxi and keep it waiting for hou while he prolonged his call.

IV

The Hon. Mr. Strother is technically ghost and as such is pretty much in th background. Not being politically amb tious, as is Mr. Newton, or jealous of plac as are Messrs. Richey and Akerson, h keeps largely to himself and his work. H s used for fixing up punctuation, righting grammar, and preparing data. Minor statements and formal documents are turned over to him. Mr. Hoover writes his own peeches, but has always been a poor hand t prose. Mrs. Hoover used to help him; now Mr. Strother takes care of it. Judson C. Welliver actually wrote Mr. Harding's peeches for him, as well as other statements, and he did this for Mr. Coolidge too s long as he stayed with him. But neither he nor his successor was paid as well as Mr. Strother nor were they officially designated for such duties.

Mr. Strother is a Missourian, and of quiet, pleasant manner. He is tall and lender, and while well groomed, is not s dapperly arrayed as the Romish Mr. Burke. Until the new offices were installed e had a cubby-hole in the back of the ffice-wing, looking out upon the new California garden that Mrs. Hoover has ad laid out on the south lawn. In his resent office he maintains the atmosphere f a prosperous publishing sanctorum. He as had some newspaper experience, but most of his writing and editing has been or the more patriotic magazines.

The Hon. Mr. Newton is another link n the Hoover system of pipe-lines everywhere. Through his contacts in Congress Mr. Hoover gets confidential information n what is going on behind the scenes on he Hill. He also uses Mr. Newton to xamine the activities of the various independent commissions and boards and to eep a check on the departments. But most mportant of all, Mr. Newton and the ltruistic Mr. Burke handle patronage. hey are both well chosen for this work. Mr. Newton is the perfect type of Farm elt politician. He talks much about the eed of Farm Relief and yet when he was n the House he voted for the Hawley ariff bill, one of the most bold-faced steals ver attempted on the farmer, and against he debenture plan, a device which would ave applied the tariff principle to agricultural exports.

Mr. Newton is of the big lumbering type, careless of dress but a smooth talker and a clever politician. Whether for political effect or because of personal indifference, his clothes are always in need of pressing and his shoes of a shine. He wears his hair rather long, and somehow he appears out of place in so sleek an establishment as the executive offices. He has a large mouth, a characteristic of the political rhetorician. On the stump he is a loud-voiced rapid-fire orator. As a member of the House he was a regular of the regulars, although forever insisting upon the farmer's "rights." He is a lawyer by profession and went up the Minnesota escalator to a seat in the House.

He has senatorial ambitions, which is said to explain why he resigned and joined the White House secretariat. Unless that is the explanation, it is difficult to make out why he should have given up his seat. There is no more money in his present job—if anything, less. Also, he certainly could not have been unaware of the fact that numerous friends and help-meets of the Chief—among them, Col. Wild Bill Donovan, Doctor Work, Mrs. Willebrandt, and Col. Horace Mann, all got the gate without compunction when they had served their purposes, although to be sure each got also a nice letter full of gratitude and commendation. If he had any idea that he would be the senior among the secretaries that hope by now is well dissipated. The others are far too ambitious and self-seeking to give him any such edge.

Whatever the cause, Mr. Newton is not the chipper, gay fellow he used to be as floor leader on the Hill, and not one-tenth as much sought after by the reporters. He certainly must have some good-sized doubts by now as to the assistance he can look for from Mr. Hoover in pushing his senatorial ambitions. The Chief does not work that way. No doubt he has no objection to Mr. Newton becoming a Republican Senator from Minnesota, but there is grave doubt that he will permit him to use his White House connection to further that aspiration.

Mr. Newton's senatorial yearnings are

said to have cost Mr. Hoover a vote in the close fight in the Senate on the debenture plan. The Hon. Thomas David Schall, LL.B., the Republican Senator from Minnesota, is said to have cast his vote against Mr. Hoover on the issue because he came to the conclusion that the latter was backing Mr. Newton for the Senate against him, and helping his campaign by appointing him to the White House staff. Because of his past membership in the House, Mr. Newton gets along well enough there since becoming a presidential secretary, but the prima donna Senators do not take kindly to him. They go to Mr. Akerson when they want an audience with Mr. Hoover.

Mr. Newton early got on the Hoover band-wagon and during the presidential campaign had charge of the speakers' bureau of the Western headquarters. In 1924 he was a moving spirit in the Coolidge campaign and led the champion pole-sitter's crusade through the Farm Belt. Like the others of the secretariat he is in his early forties. Until the remodeling of the offices was put through he was stuck off in a corner of the big Cabinet room, just off the private office of the President. His new office is now in the extension made up of the old telegraph and reporters' rooms, next to that of Mr. Strother. His great worry is whether he made a wise move in leaving his place in the House. There he was one of the administration's spokesmen, and members, office-seekers and reporters sought him out. He stood out as a definite figure, whose utterances were daily reported in the home-town press and his goings and comings speculated upon. In the White House he bows to the irrevocable rule in force there, that nothing must be said or done to dim the aura of the Chief.

This is deep anguish to Mr. Newton, and the fact that he is only one of four, or five, adds no comfort to the situation. With Messrs. Akerson and Richey he preserves an outward semblance of harmony and goodwill, but it is said that he feels that he is being slighted and that his importance and influence are not being sufficiently recognized and appreciated. Whatever hi reason for resigning his place in the Hous he is coming to realize what he of all pe sons should have known, that a Congressman, no matter how unimportant, i politically more significant in Congress, o the hoof and with a vote, than dressed an canned outside of Congress, no matter hov fancy and ornate the can.

V

Messrs. Akerson, Newton and Strother ar all common enough types in the history c presidential secretaries, even though in th present instance they are present in unprecedented numbers, but a man of Mr Richey's activities and background i distinctly a departure. That he should hav a personal aide of this order tells mor about Mr. Hoover as an individual tha all his public papers put together. Mr Richey is really far more than a secretary he is Mr. Hoover's confidential agent, hi gum-shoe man, the major domo of hi private affairs, his go-between and policeman. Officially, his duties approximat those of an office manager, supervising correspondence, managing the clerical force and taking care of supplies and equipment But that position is chiefly one of convenience, for it affords him a vantage plac from which he can and does maintain constant and all-pervading scrutiny of th White House personnel, including th other three secretaries and the Secret Service men and other guards. He checks up o the press, does Mr. Hoover's under-cove errands, and his personal business.

Indefatigable, a trained and experience investigator, unobtrusive as a fleetin shadow and as smooth, he undertakes t know everything and what he knows Mr Hoover knows. No one in any way connected with the White House, it is said, i exempt from his surveillance. Even th reporters assigned there are under his eye

He has been with Mr. Hoover in a confidential capacity throughout his publi career in this country. In the Chief's day

s Food Administrator during the war,
hrough his Cabinet service, as a presi-
ential nominee and now in the White
Iouse Mr. Richey has served him, always
the background. Despite these long
ears of service it is interesting to note that
e was literally unknown, except to a few
timates of Mr. Hoover's, until he entered
he White House as a secretary. Interest
as then aroused in the mystery man and
ertain facts about him were gleaned—
at he is part Italian and that his name
as originally Ricci; that he began work
s a Hawkshaw for the celebrated William
Burns as a boy of thirteen; that at the
ge of sixteen he was a full-fledged Secret
ervice operative; that for some years there-
fter he led an exciting life chasing counter-
iters and others of that sort up and down
e land, often making arrests at the point
f the gun; that for a few years he was
ttached to Mr. Roosevelt's Summer Secret
ervice staff; that he then went into the
etective business on his own, and was inves-
gator for *Everybody's Magazine* during its
uck-raking heyday, doing the sleuthing
r such writers as Harvey O'Higgins, C.
. Connolly, and Judge Ben B. Lindsey;
at for a time he managed a gold mine out
est and then once again reëntered the
etective business and was doing investi-
ational work for a large number of busi-
ess and insurance concerns when he be-
me associated with Mr. Hoover. Mark
. Requa, the California politician and
timate friend of Mr. Hoover, is credited
ith bringing the two together when the
tter, then Food Administrator, expressed
e need for a confidential snooper.

Much is made by the Hoover press
aque of Mr. Richey's talents as a Sherlock
olmes, but the Secret Service men,
hether from professional jealousy or from
que at his reported admonitions for their
pses, do not rate him so highly. All the
rrent newspaper stories about his roman-
c career as a sleuth they laugh at. If he is
"hot," they inquire, why isn't he way
"among 'em"? But while these pro-
ssional colleagues are skeptical, Mr. Richey apparently satisfies Mr. Hoover, and has done so for many years. According to the story told by William Hard of the first meeting of the two, they talked for fifteen minutes and knew they were made for each other.

"There has not been a minute since then now for twelve years," Hard wrote in the Washington *Star* shortly after Mr. Richey came to the White House, "that has not seen each in the total and unreserved trust of the other."

Bill ought to know. As a reporter on a Chicago paper he worked with Mr. Richey, and he and Mark Sullivan and several other eminent journalists now comprise Mr. Hoover's confidential Kitchen Cabinet. Throughout his nomination and presidential campaigns they were his most constant familiars, visiting him almost daily at his office in the Department of Commerce or at his home. They ran his publicity and advised him on all his political moves and pronouncements. They saw to it that proper interpretations of his aims were disseminated among the other reporters, and when, during the presidential campaign, he made one of his infrequent addresses they explained to the ribald and skeptical just what the Chief had in mind.

It has been a remunerative labor for them. Once poor Liberals (Hard was even Washington correspondent of the *Nation*), they now pour forth reams of newspaper stories and magazine articles eulogistically interpreting the mind and deeds of the Super-Administrator. This market is built on the assumption that they are close to him and know his inner workings. Sullivan accompanied him on his Latin-American tour and wrote columns of sweet stuff about it. He was also in Florida when Mr. Hoover went there before taking office, and the dispatches told of frequent breakfasts, dinners, and fishing trips with him. Both are frequent guests at the White House, and at the Rapidan, Va., camp—a distinction that has been granted to only one other press luminary, Roy Vernon, of the Chicago *Daily News*.

At the camp they hobnob with the great and near-great, joyously do their bit at the encampment labor of dam building on the two-foot trout creek, and on their return read in the papers that they were among the President's week-end guests. This fact makes a powerful impression upon editors, who hasten to subscribe for their dispatches. They are officially registered in the press galleries as working newspaper men, but they are rarely seen at the scenes where news is astir. But at the White House conferences they are quite regular in attendance, Sullivan writing for the New York *Herald-Tribune* Syndicate and Hard putting out his stories through David Lawrence's press service. In their writings the opposition is always wrong and destructive and the President always wise and patriotic.

There are others of lesser prominence who are no less saccharine and admiring. But because they represent only one newspaper each the tie-up is more circumspect. An occasional personal chat with the Great Man or a dinner invitation to the White House serves to reward them sufficiently.

VI

Hard's story of Mr. Richey, as printed in the Washington *Star*, is the most informative account of him so far produced. Here is an extract:

> Lawrence Richey is, in a way, the mystery man of this administration. He is in the very core and marrow of Mr. Hoover's activities and has been for twelve years. . . . Mr. Richey has two outstanding qualities. One is that he is a dynamo. The other is that he is a well. Mr. Hoover comes along and tosses things into the well. He can then go away and forget them. He can forget them twice. He can forget them because he knows that the dynamo will attend to them, and he can forget them because he knows that there is no bucket in the world that can draw them up out of Larry Richey. It took Mr. Hoover fifteen minutes to know that Mr. Richey was the man that he wanted most closely, confidentially beside him in Washington. . . . Mr. Hoover has an exceptional gift for exciting loyalty. Larry has an exceptional gift for exhibiting it. . . . The fidelity between the two men is more than a fidelity. It is a mutual confidence in the search for what is sensible and what is right.

When Mr. Hoover was head of the D
partment of Commerce Mr. Richey co
tinued his mysterious operations. Und
the title of Assistant to Mr. Hoover h
ranged over the department's multifario
divisions and bureau, keeping an eye o
everybody and everything. Did a conditio
or an individual need "correcting," he di
the job, neatly, quietly and with dispatc
No hint of scandal or trouble leaked ou
and what changes occurred were alwa
silently put through. The system had
powerful influence upon departmental a
fairs. No other department functioned s
effectively and productively. This fact, c
course, was never lost sight of in the floo
of publicity that poured out from its pre
section.

But it was not only to department
affairs that Mr. Richey turned his fi
Italian hand. Did Mr. Hoover have a pie
of legislation he wanted put through, M
Richey conferred with the right men on th
Hill and things came to pass. Was the
opposition, he called upon it and showe
the erring statesmen wherein they we
wrong. Particularly, he pointed out th
desirability of having a great and powerf
department in a friendly frame of min
toward requests from constituents. M
Hoover almost always got what he wante
from Congress—when he really wanted i
Often he merely grandstanded, as, f
example, when he made his proposals for
reorganization of the demoralized co
mining industry. He had an excellent pla
but that was all he did about it. The f
boys in Pennsylvania, including the sainte
Andy Mellon, Secretary of the Treasur
didn't want the government meddling i
their coal business, and so, although th
need for regulation of the industry was a
still is notorious, nothing has ever bee
done about it.

With this background of dealings a
experience with politicians, editors, poli
men, crooks and shysters in and out
Congress, bankers, judges, business me
and governmental officials, it was natur
that Mr. Richey should be of enormou

orth to the Chief in his presidential cam- aign. As always, he was in the back- round. Mr. Hoover put him inside the epublican National Committee and kept im there. He is hardly to be blamed for it, hat with the muddle-headed Dr. Work ying to run things and doing as bad a job could be imagined. Mr. Richey didn't trude upon the Doc—he is too smooth d astute a dick for that—but he kept his gers on everything, and Mr. Hoover had thorough knowledge of what was going . This may explain why so many of the parently faithful have since got the ax d retired to other fields of patriotic deavor.

When Democratic interests started quiet quiries into certain phases of Mr. Hoover's ining and business career abroad, they on encountered Mr. Richey's trail just ead of them. The same, it is said, oc- rred when an investigation was started to the English records pertaining to the arge that Mr. Hoover at one time con- dered abandoning his American citizen- ip for a British title. When it was falsely uited about that Senator James A. Reed, hose dislike for Mr. Hoover is deep and lsome, was preparing to take the stump ring the campaign and give vent to his ews of the Great Engineer, Mr. Richey, is declared, prepared a comprehensive ecautionary counter-blast dealing with n's whole past, including his early pecca- lloes in Sunday-school. Such a job is pre- sely to Mr. Richey's taste and always lls out the best that is in him.

Unlike the other members of the secre- riat, he is short. There is a trace of a limp one foot. He is stocky, but of powerful ild. He is reported to be of great physical urage. There is nothing particularly rd-boiled about him, but he has a cold, eady eye. He says little and when with r. Hoover he does not hover about him, as does Mr. Akerson. But he is always in the background. He is forceful both in manner and in conversation. He never lounges about or fraternizes with the newspaper men or visitors. If he has a caller the business between them is transacted and that closes the visit. The White House Secret Service men keep a wary eye on him. He watches them closely and is reported to have admonished them on several occasions.

According to those who pretend to know him, he likes the outdoors, not golf and such dalliances, but fishing, hiking, camping in the woods. This taste makes a strong bond between him and Mr. Hoover. None of the other secretaries goes in for that sort of thing. Mr. Strother, as a high-toned *littérateur*, is naturally bookish, and Messrs. Newton and Akerson have the traditional politician's dislike for physical exertion. Mr. Richey is always well groomed and wears his graying black hair brushed back in pompadour fashion. His office is on the other side of the lobby, away from those of the other secretaries, and is connected with that of the White House staff of stenographers.

In the White House as in the Department of Commerce Messrs. Richey and Akerson carry on their ancient feud. The odds, I suspect, are against George, not only because Mr. Richey is shrewder and has been much longer with Mr. Hoover, but above all because he is more of the Hoover kind of man than Mr. Akerson. George is willing enough, but he just hasn't got it in him. It's a gift. One has to be born with it. The Akersons, Strothers, Works, Donovans, Willebrandts and Manns may come and go, but there will always be a Richey with Mr. Hoover. The engineering mind, in its higher phases, sets great store by complete, precise and confidential information.

EXPERIENCE

BY RUTH SUCKOW

ELIZABETH was in her room. She knew that "the folks" worried about her when she sat there alone. Once in a while her mother came to the door, usually on some pretext. "Dad and I are going to pick the berries. Don't you want to come out with us, Elizabeth?" She nearly always said no. She would rather be alone, living over, in sweet, wounding detail, now this and now that moment with Harold. But then she would get to thinking of them out there talking about her in low voices, how dad stepped carefully about the house with a solemn face, and mother's painful little efforts to be ordinary and cheerful; and she would have to go down.

Everything about "the folks" hurt her, too. Sometimes she went into their bedroom and looked at the wedding photograph on the wall. When she was a child, she used to ask wonderingly, "Was this you, Mama? Was this really Papa?" She didn't think it looked like them at all. And she was quite impressed.

Then later, that first Summer when she was at home from college, when Margie was visiting her, she took Margie in and they giggled together over the way dad's hair was curled, and the way they both stood there against a background of charcoal clouds. The *clothes!*

"Just look at mother's pishy knot!"

With eyes of horrified laughter, they counted all the little satin ruffles on mother's dress.

"Look how the skirt hikes up in the front, though! Women all wore corsets that stuck out in front. They didn't have garters fastened to them, or something. Look at that little curl over dad's left eyebrow! Isn't it sweet? Look at dad's ringlets!"

Mother heard them and met them jus as they were escaping into the hall.

"What are you girls finding to amus you so?"

They looked at each other—Margie little scared—and giggled.

"I just wanted Marge to see how swee you and dad looked when you got married."

"Oh, was that it?"

Mother laughed. She made fun of th picture, too. But she went on into the roo and Elizabeth saw her standing in fron of it with a half-smiling, remote expressio and then turn away.

How could she ever have thought of i like that? Now she stole in all by hersel and the look of those two young face with the rounded cheeks and serious, in nocent eyes hurt her so that her throa ached. They had been *young*. She though of all that had happened to them sinc that picture was taken, and she didn't se how they could bear it. Their first bab had died. Elizabeth used to feel importan saying to the other children, "I had little sister that died before I was born. She felt very pleased when mother tol her to gather flowers to decorate the littl sister's grave on Memorial Day, becaus the family had a lot where she could pu flowers; and then she remembered how sh had come dashing into the house with he bouquet—"Look, Mama! Look what I'v picked!"—and how through the open kitchen doorway she had seen mama wit her head on papa's shoulder and pap kissing her.

Why were they doing that? she had ondered.

She heard her mother now at the foot f the stairs.

"Elizabeth! Dad and I are going to drive ıt in the country and get a chicken. 'on't you come along?"

She waited a moment, scarcely breath- ig. She couldn't bear to hurt them by fusing . . . but when she thought of the edding picture she knew she couldn't and the sight of their faces, to have to alize that they could get old and die.

"I guess not."

A pause.

"What are you doing, darling?"

"Just reading."

She waited, rigid, and heard them drive way.

She stole into the bedroom again and oked into the innocent eyes in the pic- re. How pretty they were—both of em! Yes, dad too, with those silly ring- ts, and those nice dark eyes. It seemed rrible to her that they must lose their auty.

She used to tease mother about buying at "complete beauty programme" from e woman with hennaed hair who was ing around selling toilet articles. When e or Charles took snapshots, mother ways tried to get out of them. "What do u want *me* in it for?" Charles and Eliza- th thought she was silly. But now it emed to Elizabeth that she understood ly too well how mother glanced at the irror and quickly away.

She looked around the bedroom with its ite curtains and its lowered shades. It ed to be just "the folks' room" to her. ow it was breathing with strange half- crets and open intimations all around r. She saw the big bed where she used sleep with mother when she was ill. e saw the closet where they kept their thes, and the worn, familiar intimacy their toilet things on the dresser. Had ey been happy here with each other, as e and Harold had been once? She seemed feel piling upon her all their years and years of being together . . . until she realized all at once, all over again, with new blinding pain, what she had lost.

Oh, Harold, Harold! . . . she couldn't stand it. She ran into her own room, flung herself across the bed, cried and cried.

II

After an uncharted time, she lay still in that drained apathy after tears that she had come to know. She saw her own wrists flung lax on the counterpane. Now she could think about Harold again. She knew that her mother and father wished she wouldn't "brood"; but they did not understand the torturing consolation of going over and over her brief drama of happiness. She hadn't forgotten it, anyway, in this awful darkness that had followed. That would be the most terrible thing of all, if she began to forget. Then her heart would have to close.

Yes, but if she kept it open, to feel the happiness, then she would have to feel the rest, too. . . . She would have to feel again, like blows on her open heart, every cruel detail of Harold's suffering, and the awful blank fact of his death.

It couldn't be. That terrible struggling unbelief had to come all over her again. Something like that couldn't happen to them, to Harold and Elizabeth—not to *her*, to Elizabeth, whose life was always ringed about in a kind of sanctity of fortune. It couldn't be over so soon. Harold couldn't have died. It couldn't be true that she was here at home, submerged in the hot leafiness of mid-Summer, with nothing of that whole wonderful Spring but a few memories.

Lying drearily on her bed, she thought of her grandmother when she had lived in the big bedroom downstairs. Grandma used not to hear when Charles and Elizabeth spoke to her. Day after day, she used to sit there with nothing but her thoughts. Why was grandma so funny?—Charles and Elizabeth used to ask. Elizabeth understood it now. . . . Oh, but how could grandma have endured it to live on, after nearly everyone she cared for was gone? How could anybody endure things?

The world hurt too much. Now it even hurt her to see the roses fall. She couldn't bear to look at the rose-bush in front of the house because she knew how all the yellow petals were going to lie scattered. She didn't even want mother to plant her Fall flowers. She had seen things happen before, but she had been outside of them. It was that first morning after she and Harold had been together—it was then that she had come awake in her room at Mrs. Grover's to feel her heart wide open like the apple-blossoms outside the window. When she had walked to the schoolhouse with the other teachers, stopping to make little runs into yards as they passed to smell the fruit blossoms—"E-*liz*-abeth!" the girls were scandalized—she had felt as if she were suddenly a part of the whole blossoming world. In the schoolhouse all the windows were open and warm air was blowing through. On her shiny desk she had found a big bunch of tulips that an adoring child had brought her . . . and she remembered how, crowding them all lightly into her hands, she had looked deep down into the very centers where yellow pollen had shaken and powdered the bloom. . . .

Elizabeth got slowly off the bed. She sat on the floor beside the window and looked out into the heavy green of the leaves across the street.

A big brown dog came loping along. He stopped and sniffed at some paper on the street. A man came past, and the dog stopped, quivered, and gave a clumsy jump and a hopeful, eager, pitiful yelp. Elizabeth shrank back from the window. She knew that the dog was a stray. She knew how the man had given him a quick push down, without looking, and gone straight on. She knew . . . and yet she didn't take him. She crouched down and put her hands over her eyes. When she looked again, he was gone.

Now she almost wished that she had gone with mother and dad. She couldn't tell them why it was she hated to go an where. But it was not merely because s was "brooding." She had consented to g just once to a party. Mother said that she didn't the girls would think it w because she had gone away to college. B she suffered so terribly all through t chatter that she thought she would ha to say she was sick and come home. S felt as if Veronica Porter's birthmark we printed on her own cheek. She understo the nervous, high-keyed laughter of gi who were beginning to be afraid; and s knew what lay under Mae Garner's su tle, secret smile. When mother had ent tained the Aid, it was just the sam Elizabeth passed the napkins and the crea and sugar; and then she had to run upsta to hide from the marred faces of all tho women . . . old Mrs. Kaster in from t country with her furtive glance of a da little slave; big fat Mrs. Hittemiller wi her worn hands spread on her billowi stomach; thin little white-haired M Ritchie with the starved brilliant eyes th gave away her life with that awful M Ritchie . . .

There was a knock at the back door.

"You folks want any melons?"

"No. . . . Yes, I'll take one," Elizabe said hastily.

She was ashamed as she hurried ba upstairs for her pocketbook. Dad h bought some melons, and she knew the didn't look very good. But she couldn stand the sight of that tottering old m with the two or three loose tusks in h open dribbling mouth rimmed around wi old white stubble—not unless she at lea took one of his melons. She shuddere People could actually get to be that wa She saw him go out to his wagon. T heavy trees and the rich green lawn beyo the kitchen door seemed darkened to ho all the old things dying and sinking in them.

Elizabeth was afraid to look out of t window. She might see something li that dog again. Her Hardy book was lyi face down on the dresser. But she was ev

raid to read. It was as if she entered now
to the very center of the long, difficult,
lemn phrases and couldn't get away from
e irresistible, inevitable wear of their
tter truth.

But she couldn't just sit here, either.
e got up restlessly, washed, powdered,
d went out of the house.

III

e went hastily down the front walk to
t away from the sight of the house be-
nd her. The broken laths in the lattice
low the porch, the spreading look of the
llow rose-bushes that grandma had
anted, the open door of the garage that
ed to be the old barn, made her realize
w, slowly, the stability of the house-
ld was crumbling. Last Winter dad and
other had been alone.

She looked with a kind of horror at all
e houses. An old couple lived in this
ace that she was passing. She had seen
em, on these Summer evenings, sitting
gether on the narrow, sunken porch
osed in with vines and plants that had
earthy odor. Soon, one or the other
ould be dead. Then the one left behind
ould live alone for a little while. There
as a crippled man in this white house.
izabeth was used to seeing him from the
ne she was a child, but she hadn't
ought to ask dad or mother how it had
ppened. Now it was as if she could feel
e distant shock of the sudden accident
ng ago and then the slow, maimed years
d years of creeping through the richness
life and taking, a little here, a little
ere, whatever was left to him. . . .

She stopped. All at once she felt herself
nding in the midst of the whole town.
e felt it all around her . . . the streets
der the Summer trees where cars flashed
t of the driveways of the bright new
uses where life was all happening now,
wers in bloom, and children's play-
ngs scattered on the walks—and com-
slowly after, an old horse patiently
gging to the end of its days; the business
section where the stores lasted a while and then changed hands; the aging houses on the edge of town before you came to the cemetery dark with evergreens; fields and woods all about it blooming and fading with the seasons; and the little river that moved slowly to join a bigger river, flowing slowly to the Gulf, that finally met and merged with the sea.

What could people do? She could close her eyes and harden herself. Then she would forget—as mother told her—and after a while begin again. But if she really forgot, she would have to deny all the knowledge that opened up the depth of existence . . . and if she kept that, if she remembered, how could she wholly trust herself again? To stop feeling made everything useless. And yet, to see and feel like this would be annihilation. . . . She was being torn apart and scattered through all the pain there was. . . .

She turned blindly and escaped into a side street that ended in a pasture where a few big oak trees stood. There was a sense of staidness about the few white houses with old-fashioned flowers. The lawns were watered, perennials were planted, and the houses, when they faded, were painted the same white again.

This was the street where Miss Gurney lived. Elizabeth saw the plain white house with a sense of relief. She remembered how, when she was a little girl, and felt lonely—when she had quarreled with her chum, or got a poor mark in arithmetic—she used to go for consolation to see Miss Gurney.

She couldn't talk to mother. Mother cared for her too much. It hurt mother so to see her child unhappy that she would lie about the way the world was, and in the end could only plead, "Don't cry!" People who had never known were of no use, and she couldn't bear to look at those who had known too much. Miss Gurney's house held the only refuge.

Elizabeth moved through a neat pattern of shade to the clean white steps. The tinkle of the bell, faint but clear, marked time for a moment; and the quiet freshness of the lawn kept the shade and sunlight still.

There was a reassuring sense of custom in having Miss Gurney, just as always, open the door, and say in a tone pleased and yet not surprised:

"Why, Elizabeth!"

She liked to have her add, too:

"I'll have to take you into the kitchen. Do you mind? I'm baking a cake for the supper the ladies are giving."

"Oh, no. I always liked to be in your kitchen."

She could take a faint sense of melancholy pleasure in sitting down in the low, cane-seated chair where she always used to sit, and in looking around and seeing that the room looked just the same. There were six glasses of dark red jelly on the window-sill. It was even quieter than it used to be. Miss Gurney, large and fresh in her black and white apron, with her strong face framed in iron-gray hair, was briskly creaming the butter and sugar.

"Well, Elizabeth," she said, "I haven't seen you for a good while. What have you been doing with yourself this Summer?"

"Oh . . . nothing much."

Elizabeth herself flushed faintly at the concealing reticence of her tone. She had come wanting to talk to Miss Gurney; but there was something in this atmosphere of cheerful, sustained quiet, within which Miss Gurney's brisk activities were going on, that she dared not break. The white sash curtains shut her in with her untouched childhood; and she could only hear the dwindling rattle of a wagon outside in the street.

"Well," Miss Gurney said, "I expect you've been busy like the rest of us."

She did not know whether she was hurt or reassured by the friendly, acceptant lack of comprehension. No one but mother and dad knew what had happened to her. Even they didn't really know. There was a terrible shame in suffering, as if one were picked out from all the world. But she felt, as always, a consolation when she saw Miss Gurney's strong arms at wo People sent for Miss Gurney when son thing was wrong. She was kind and he ful, but she was brisk and cool; as if th were something in her not concerned; if—Elizabeth thought, and the thoug was like a cold breath coming over he she could help other people with eve thing, because she had never started livi for herself.

"Here, Elizabeth, you're pretty good beating eggs, aren't you? Seems to m remember you are."

"I'll try."

Elizabeth got up. The temporary rel of the small, brisk action helped her mark time a little while longer wi ordinary talk.

"What kind of cake is it going to be

"The regulation old kind. Chocol frosting."

"Do they always make you bake cakes

"Always."

Elizabeth laughed. She clung to any timation of the refuge of continuity.

"Yes, Elizabeth, if all the cakes I baked for suppers in this town were end to end, they'd reach into Califor and the frosting melt in the Pacific oce Wish they'd take me out there," M Gurney said.

"Do you really want to go?"

"Well, I've always had kind of a hank ing to see it."

"I don't want you to," Elizabeth sa in a low, quick tone.

"Don't want me to?"

"No. I always want you to be in t house."

Miss Gurney flushed with pleasure t had a queer touch of girlish shyness. S laughed. But she said a little ruefully, she opened the oven door and tested heat:

"It's where I'm likely to be, I gue Elizabeth."

Elizabeth surrendered her bowl of bea eggs. Now, as she looked about the kitch while she stood waiting, she saw e that in a different light. Yes, they were me things, but it was as if she couldn't ep herself from realizing now where the ings had come from. The low rocking- air had been Miss Gurney's mother's. ne clock with the octagonal face must ve belonged to the old housekeeping ys. A brown coat, that had been Miss urney's father's, hung on a nail beside e door. The evidences of the life of the usehold stood out now like visible arks and were not going to let her escape eir significance.

"How are your father and mother?" iss Gurney asked.

" All right, I guess."

"You guess?"

"Well, all right as far as I know."

"What's the matter with 'em?"

"Nothing." Elizabeth looked down. e wanted to keep her voice from shak- g. "Only they look older to me this mmer. I never noticed it before."

"Well, Elizabeth, we all have to get ler."

Elizabeth looked up in quick protest. e rebelled against, and yet envied, the eerful acceptance of the tone. Was there thing to do but accept and act cheerful? she wanted to ask. Were you helpless der what life did to you?

Miss Gurney said suddenly:

'You knew father was gone?"

'No!"

'Yes, he died last Winter."

Elizabeth, startled, realized that there s a different quietness in the house. en this was what it meant! There were little grunting moans and shifting nds from the bedroom where for years Mr. Gurney, injured by a fall, had sat his big rocker beside the window. In- d, it seemed to Elizabeth that he had ays sat there.

'Yes," Miss Gurney repeated soberly, ther died last Winter, sitting in his ir, just fifteen years to the day since ther passed away. It doesn't seem as if y could both be gone."

nd then more cheerfully, with recov- l briskness, she added:

"Well, I miss him. But it's better. It was ten years since he was hurt."

"Only that long?" Elizabeth breathed.

"Isn't that long enough, child?"

"I mean . . . I can't seem to remember him any other way."

And Elizabeth sat, quiescent but resentful, under what she knew was coming, must be coming, words that would break forever the illusion of peace in this old white house and spoil even the refuge of this kitchen.

"I suppose not," Miss Gurney agreed. "But it was very different before that. Father was a very active man. He was old, but he chopped his own wood, and drove the team . . . you don't remember that?"

Elizabeth shook her head.

"Yes," Miss Gurney mused, "he sat in that chair for ten years. He was ninety-one when he died."

The words, the time, year by year, sank into Elizabeth. In the midst of these years, the little moans and sounds she used to hear from that shadowed bedroom—meaningless then—took on a significance of protesting pain all the more terrible because it was barely articulate.

"How did it happen?"

Miss Gurney said, "Well, he was getting into the wagon. I suppose he was stiff with cold. He'd been working around the place. Anyway, he slipped, and the wheels went over his body. Broke both legs. He was too old for them to mend. He never could get around again."

Yes, Elizabeth realized now that the faint sense of difference in the house, troubling her even while she held it off, was just the deepening of its quiet. And there was something like pain, only wider and bleaker, in the quiet itself—something that seemed to be an echo to their voices, to Miss Gurney's matter-of-fact voice as she went on.

"Yes, he was helpless ten years, and mother before that. You don't remember my mother, Elizabeth. She died when you were a little girl. But it was a queer thing —yes, sir, I've often thought of that—

that mother should have been crippled by an accident, too. She was picking some apples, and either the branch broke with her, or the stepladder slipped out from under her feet—anyway, she was crippled for the rest of her life. It was a pretty hard ending for folks that had been so active and worked so hard."

Elizabeth said:

"Did you take care of them both, Miss Gurney?"

"I was the only one to do it, Elizabeth."

IV

Miss Gurney broke off what might have been a sigh, perhaps only a breath, to open the oven door. Elizabeth sat staring at her. Then even this quiet household was not set apart! It had to take its place with the others, all changing, within the loop of the moving river! It was quiet . . . but what help was there in a quietness that was only what was left over when the worst was done? She was going to ask Miss Gurney if she minded being there alone.

But looking at that strong face, with the eyes averted and the lips compressed, she suddenly knew the answer too keenly to hear it. She saw that active, cheerful life within the silent house as a diminishing, perhaps unconscious waiting for what had never come, and now never would. And yet Miss Gurney could *do* things. All at once, the words that she had come here to speak rose uncontrollably to Elizabeth lips.

"Miss Gurney—when things happen people, how can they stand to go on li ing? Why don't they simply die?"

She waited not daring to breathe.

Miss Gurney said, after a moment, po ing at her cake with a broom stra "Well, Elizabeth, I guess they just ha to learn to take things as they come."

"Yes, but then . . . *how* do they? I don see how."

Miss Gurney gave an abrupt laugh, a though her face was sober.

"Well, they just learn to, I guess. B cause they have to."

In the lonely quiet of that house— faint crackle of fire in the stove, a rust of leaves outside—Elizabeth seemed t feel, at a far distance, her own sufferin sinking slowly into the darkness of tre and ground that had held everything b fore it.

But was that all the answer? She stare at Miss Gurney with eyes wide open an dark with pain in her young, quiverin face. A remoteness came over the stron averted face of the older woman. It was a if she dared not meet the living pain i Elizabeth's eyes with its absence in he own. Elizabeth saw that look. Then th answer was worse than none! She woul not have it. And she squeezed her han tightly together, clinging to her sufferin . . . as if, when its freshness was gone, would be the one thing lost forever.

CITIZENSHIP

BY JAMES M. CAIN

'HE GOVERNOR'S *office, about two o'clock in be afternoon. Ranged about the table, talking 1 whispers, are a petitioner for a pardon, ressed in ordinary clothes but having a pasty allor, a singularly close haircut, and a habit ' starting nervously whenever he is addressed; vo guards, carrying guns on their hips in olsters; a witness, a prosecutor, and counsel r the petitioner.* THE GOVERNOR *enters, acmpanied by a woman secretary, and they all and up until he has sat down and donned his lasses. In a moment a lovely aroma begins to erfume the air. It is such an aroma as perades a bonded distillery, and unmistakably it mes from the head of the table, where* THE OVERNOR *has taken his place.*

HE GOVERNOR—Gen'lemen, y' may p'ceed.

OUNSEL FOR THE PETITIONER—Yes, Yexcellency.

HE GOVERNOR—'N I'll ashk y' t' be 's brief 's y' can, c'se ' busy af'noon w' me. Gi' me th' facksh, that's all I wnt' know. 'M plain blunt man, ' got no time f' detailsh. Gi' me ' facksh, 'n y' won't have t' worry 'bout fair trea'm'nt f'm me.

OUNSEL—I think I speak for everybody here, Yexcellency, when I say we're all anxious to save Yexcellency's time, and—

HE GOVERNOR—'Preciate 'at.

OUNSEL—And so I imagine the best way would be for me to sketch in for Yexcellency, briefly of course, the history of this case, I may say this very unusual case—

HE PROSECUTOR—So unusual, Yexcellency, that the Parole Board threw up its hands and refused to have anything to do with it whatsoever, and that is why Yexcellency's valuable time—

THE GOVERNOR—Nev' min' ' Parole Board. Is 't mer'tor's case, tha's all ' want ' know.

THE PROSECUTOR—I understand that, Yexcellency. I only wanted to say that the prawscution regards this case as abslutely prepawstrous.

THE GOVERNOR—A' right. Y' said it.

COUNSEL—Now Yexcellency, this young man Greenfield Farms, this young man you see here—

THE GOVERNOR—One mom'nt. When's ex'cution take plashe?

COUNSEL—I'm glad Yexcellency reminded me of that, because praps I ought to have explained it sooner. Fact of the matter, Yexcellency, this is not a capital case—

THE GOVERNOR—Gi' me facksh, gi' me facksh! I got no time f' detailsh. When's ex'cution take plashe, I said.

COUNSEL—Yes, Yexcellency. I was only telling Yexcellency that there won't be any execution, because—

THE GOVERNOR—Wha's 'at?

COUNSEL—Because this young man Farms wasn't sentenced to death; he was sentenced to the penitentiary—

THE GOVERNOR—Oh!

COUNSEL—On a ten-year term, ten years in prison, for participation in the armed march we had some years ago, when the miners made all that trouble. Or, as it's never been clear in my mind that Farms had any idea what he was doing at that time—

THE PETITIONER—Never did. I hope my die I just went out there to see what was going on—

A GUARD—Hey! Sh!

Counsel—Praps I should have said alleged participation.

The Prosecutor—And another thing praps you should have said was that of his ten years in prison he has already served three and he'll get two more off for good behavior and that leaves five and five is a little different from ten.

The Governor—C'me on, c'me on!

The Prosecutor—I'm only—

The Governor—Y' pett'fogg'n. Shu' up.

Counsel—Now, Yexcellency will recall that as a result of that uprising, six defendants, of which Farms was one, were convicted of treason to the State and the rest were allowed to plead guilty of unlawful assemblage—

The Governor—Don't was' m' time talk'n 'bout 'at upris'n. I know all 'bout it. I 's right there 'n saw fi' thous'n of 'm march by m' own front ya'd. Get on 'th' facksh.

Counsel—Then if Yexcellency is familiar with that, we're ready now for this witness, and after he has told his story I can outline briefly to Yexcellency the peculiar bearing it has on this case, and—

The Governor—Is 'at ' witness?

The Witness—Yes, sir.

The Governor—Sit over here where I c'n see y' better. 'N don't shtan' 'n awe 'f me. Washa name?

The Witness—Ote Bailey, sir.

The Governor—Shpeak right out, Bailey. M' ' plain blunt man 'n y' needn't shtan' 'n awe 'f me.

Counsel—Now Bailey, if you'll tell the Governor in your own words what you told the Parole Board—

The Witness—Well, it was like this. I was coming down the street on the milk-wagon early in the morning, right down Center street in Coal City, and it was cold and there was a thin skim of ice on the street. And the mare was a-slipping and sliding pretty near every step, because she was old and the cheap dairy company hadn't shoed her right for cold weather. And—

The Governor—Wha's 'at? Milk-wago

Counsel—Just a moment, Yexcellenc Now Bailey, you forgot to tell the Go ernor when this was.

The Witness—This here was twenty-thr year ago come next January.

Counsel—All right, now go ahead and-

The Governor—Hol' on, Bailey, hol' o (*To Counsel*) Young man, I got ' wor o' patience. M' plain blunt man, al will'n t' help people 'n distress, p'tic larly when . . . p'ticularly . . . p'ticular . . . h'm . . . p'ticularly. But wha twen'-three yea's 'go got t' do 'th ' ex'cution? Tell me that.

Counsel—Well, Yexcellency, I thought would save time if we let Bailey tell h story first, and then I can outline th bearing it has on this case.

The Governor—Young man, 're you tr fl'n 'th me?

Counsel—Not at all, Yexcellency, I—

The Governor—I warn y' ri' now I won shtan' f' trifl'n. Facksh, facksh, tha what I want!

Counsel—Yes, Yexcellency.

The Governor—A' right, Bailey, g' o 'th it. I'll see 'f I c'n get ' facksh m'sel

The Witness—So pretty soon, the ma went down. She went right down in th shafts, and I seen I would have to u hook her to get her up.

The Governor—Y' right, y' qui' righ Y' can't get 'm up 'thout y' unhoo 'm. No use try'n. G' on.

The Witness—So then I got down off the wagon and commence unhookin her. And I just got one breeching u wrapped, cause they didn't have sna breechings then, when I heared som thing.

The Governor—Whasha hear?

The Witness—I heared a mewling.

The Governor—Mewl'n?

The Witness—That's right. First o sound like a cat, but then it didn sound like no cat. Sound funny.

The Governor—What ' sound like?

The Witness—Sound like a child.

The Governor—Y' sure?

he Witness—Yes, sir.

he Governor—Soun' like ' child. Thank God, now 'm gett'n some facksh. G' on. What 'en?

he Witness—So I left the mare, left her laying right where she was, and commence looking around to see where it was coming from.

he Governor—Where *what* was com'n f'm?

he Witness—This here mewling.

he Governor—Oh, yes. Mewl'n. F'got f' mom'nt. G' on, Bailey. Shpeak right out. Don't shtan' 'n awe 'f me. What 'en?

he Witness—So pretty soon I figured it must be coming from the sewer, what run right down under Center street, and I went over to the manhole and listened and sure enough that was where it was coming from.

he Governor—Shew'r?

he Witness—Yes, sir.

he Governor—Keep right on, Bailey. Y' g' me more facksh 'n fi' minutes 'n whole pack ' lawyersh gi' me 'n ' week.

ounsel—I assure Yexcellency—

he Governor—Keep out o' this, young man. Y' tried m' patience 'nough already. 'M after facksh 'n 'm gett'n 'm. G' on, Bailey.

he Witness—So I tried to get the cover offen the manhole, but I couldn't lift it. I tried hard as I could, but I couldn't budge it.

he Governor—Busha tried?

he Witness—Yes, sir.

he Governor—Thasha shtuff! G' on.

he Witness—So then I figured the best thing was to get some help and I run all the way up and down the street looking for a cop. And pretty soon I found a couple of them. And first off, they didn't believe it, but then when they come to the manhole and heared this here mewling, they tried to lift the cover with me, and all three of us couldn't move it, and why we couldn't move it was it was froze to the rim.

e Governor—F'oze?

The Witness—Yes, sir.

The Governor—F'oze. G' on.

The Witness—So then we figured the best thing to do would be to put in a alarm. We figured if we got the fire company down there maybe they would have something to move it with.

The Governor—G' on. Keep right on till I tell y' to shtop, Bailey.

The Witness—So we went to the box and put in a alarm. And pretty soon here come the hook-and-ladder galloping down the street. And five fellows what was members of the Coal City Volunteer Fire Department was on it, because they was still setting in the fire-house playing a poker game what they had started the night before after supper.

The Governor—The Coal City Vol'teer Fi' D'pa'ment?

The Witness—Yes, sir. So then—

The Governor—Wait ' minute. Wait ' minute, Bailey. Y' touch m' heart now. The ol' Coal City Vol'teer Fi' D'pa'ment, wha' y' know 'bout 'at? I was mem' that m'self. I was ' mem' that—lessee, mus' been thirty yea's 'go.

Counsel—I hear it was a wonderful company in those days, Yexcellency.

The Governor—Won'ful 'n 'en some. We won ' State ca'nival three times runn'n.

Counsel—You don't mean it, Yexcellency!

The Governor—Well, well! Y' touch m' hea't now, Bailey, y' cert'ny have. 'S goin' be ha'd f' me t' send y' t' chair 'f y' was mem' old Coal City Vol'teer Fi' D'pa'ment. G' on. What 'en?

The Witness—?

Counsel—Don't sit there with your mouth hanging open like that, Bailey. The Governor was thinking of something else, of course.

The Witness—Oh! So then them fellows pulled in their horses and got down offen the hook-and-ladder and commence hollering where was the fire. So we told them it wasn't no fire but a child down the sewer and then they got sore, because they claim we broke up their poker game and it was roodles.

The Governor—What 'en?

The Witness—So we ast them to help us get the cover off, and they wasn't going to do it. But just then this here mewling come again, just a little bit. It had kind of died off, but now it started up again, and them fellows, soon as they heared it, they got busy. Cause this here mewling, it give you the shivers right up and down your back.

The Governor—What 'en?

The Witness—So then we put the blade of one of them axes next to the cover, between it and the rim, and beat on it with another ax. And that broke it loose and we got it off.

The Governor—What 'en?

The Witness—So then them fireman put a belt on me, what they use to hook on the hose when they shove it up on them ladders, and let me down in the sewer. And I struck a match and sure enough there was the child, all wrapped up in a bunch of rags laying out on the sewer water. And why it hadn't sunk was that the sewer water was froze and a good thing we didn't shove no ladder down there because if we had the ice would of got broke and the child would of fell in.

The Governor—What 'en?

The Witness—So I grabbed the child, and them fellows pulled me up, and then we all got on the hook-and-ladder and whipped up them horses for the Coal City Hospital, 'cause it looked like to me that child was half froze to death, but when we give it in to the hospital we found out that being in the sewer hadn't hurt it none and it was all right.

The Governor—So y' saved ' child?

The Witness—Yes, sir.

The Governor—Tha's good! . . . Well, Bailey, y' made ' good case f' y'self. I don't min' say'n, 'm 'pressed.

Counsel—But this witness isn't quite finished with his testimony, Yexcellency.

The Governor—Wha's 'at? He saved ' child, didn' he? 'A's all ' wan' know. Facksh, facksh, tha's what I go on!

Counsel—But Yexcellency—

The Governor—A' right, a' right. G' on Bailey, what 'en?

The Witness—So then, when I got bac to the milk-wagon, and unwrapped th other breeching and unslipped the traces the old mare couldn't get up nohow She was stiff from cold, and I had to ge them cops again and shoot her. So th dairy company was pretty sore. The ol mare, she weren't worth more'n twenty five dollars, but them company men le on I was hired to take care of the company property and not pull no babie outen the sewer.

The Governor—What 'en?

The Witness—So we had it pretty hot fo a while, and then later on that day went down to the hospital for to loo at the baby and got them nurses there t name him Greenfield Farms, what wa the name of the dairy company, so whe they put it in the Coal City *News* abou the baby being found the company would get a free ad outen it, anywa twenty-five dollars' worth, what was th worth of the mare, and they did an we was square.

The Governor—What 'en?

The Witness—Well, I reckon that's all 'Cepting I picked up the paper about si months ago, and I seen where a fellow name of Greenfield Farms had spoke piece at a entertainment what they ha in the penitentiary, and I got to won dering if it was the same one, and asked one or two people about it, an they sent me to this gentleman here and come to find out it was.

Counsel—So Yexcellency can see that thi young man here, this young man Greenfield Farms, is one and the same with the child this witness pulled out of th sewer twenty-three years ago.

The Governor—'N 'a's all?

The Witness—Yes, sir.

The Governor—Well Bailey, ' don' min say'n' y' touch m' hea't. The ol' Coa City Vol'teer Fi' D'pa'ment, wha' y know 'bout 'at?

Counsel—Now, Yexcellency, you've heard the story of this witness, I may say the truly remarkable story of this witness, which I think Yexcellency will agree had the stamp of truth all over it—

The Governor—The ol' Coal City Vol'teer Fi' D'pa'ment. . . !

Counsel—A story, praps I should add, that we are prepared to substantiate in every particular from the hospital records, which we will leave with Yexcellency, and I may call Yexcellency's attention to this certificate in particular which states that the child was at least a month old when it was admitted, and—

The Governor—Now wha's all 'is got t' do 'th pa'don f' Bailey?

Counsel—Farms, Yexcellency.

The Governor—Farmsh 'en?

Counsel—I'm coming to that, Yexcellency. Now the salient point about this evidence, Yexcellency, is that it establishes beyond any reasonable doubt in my mind, that there is nowhere in existing records any proof of Farms's citizenship. He was, I remind Yexcellency, a month old when admitted to the Coal City Hospital. And what does that prove? It proves, Yexcellency, that he *might* have been born almost anywhere on the whole face of the earth. He *might* have been born anywhere from Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand. He is, so far as documentary proof to the contrary goes, Yexcellency, that *most* unfortunate being, I may say that *pitiable* being, who can claim *no* land as his own, being *nothing* more or less, Yexcellency, as the fellow says, a man without a country!

he Governor—Well, well, well. I ashk y' f' facksh 'n now y' begin shpout'n poetry at me. Man 'thout country, hunh? Tha's in'st'n.

ounsel—Now I remind Yexcellency once more that the crime of which Farms stands convicted is treason. And treason is unique among crimes, Yexcellency, in that before any man can be *convicted* of it, his *citizenship* must be established, beyond all *shadow* of doubt, because TREASON, Yexcellency, as all the AUTHORITIES agree—

The Governor—Shtop yell'n!

Counsel—Yes, Yexcellency.—Implies a ALLEGIANCE—a allegiance to the State against which it is alleged to have been committed. And under the law—

The Governor—Law? Law? Y' talk'n' t' me 'bout law?

Counsel—Yes, Yexcellency, and—

The Governor—Washa com'n t' me 'bout law for? Why 'nsha go t' court 'bout law?

Counsel—We've been to court, Yexcellency. We applied to the Supreme Court two months ago for a new trial, on the basis of the evidence which Yexcellency has just listened to, and which, praps I should have explained sooner, was not presented at the original trial because Farms had no idea at that time of the importance of his citizenship, and neglected to inform me of the peculiar circumstances attending his birth. And the court denied the application, on the ground that while this evidence, if it *had* been presented at the trial, *might* have resulted in the granting of a motion to dismiss, it could not properly be regarded as *new* evidence, as it is essentially evidence of *lack* of evidence on the part of the State, rather than *direct* evidence of innocence.

The Prosecutor—In other words, Yexcellency is being asked to certify that if the dog hadn't stopped to scratch fleas he would have caught the rabbit.

Counsel—Not in the least, Yexcellency—

The Governor—Y' know what? Y' both ' pair ' pett-fogg'n lawyersh. Y' 'sgrace t' bar. Farmsh! C'me here. I'll do this m'self. Sit there, where ' c'n see y'.

The Petitioner—Yes, sir. Thank you, sir, Governor.

The Governor—A' right, Farmsh, shpeak right up now. Y' needn't shtan' 'n awe 'f me. 'M plain blunt man 'n got hea't 's big 's all outdoorsh. Washa got ' say f' y'self?

The Petitioner—Governor, all I got to say is I went out there when them miners was gathering by the creek forks just to see what was going on—

The Governor—Thasha shtuff! Facksh! Motivesh! Tha's wha' ' want. G' on, Farmsh. What 'en?

The Petitioner—And then when they marched down the road, I went along with them just for fun.

The Governor—Now we com'n. G' on.

The Petitioner—And then they sent me up. And . . . and . . .

The Governor—Farmsh, now I ask y' some'n. If I was t' set y' free, what would y' do 'th y' lib'ty?

The Petitioner—If you was to set me free, Governor, the first thing I would do would be to go to the judge and get my citizenship fixed up—

The Prosecutor—That's great! I'll say that's great! There you are, Yexcellency, right out of their own mouths! First this man isn't guilty because maybe the prawscution couldn't have proved his citizenship. And the first thing he's going to do if he gets a pardon is to get his citizenship fixed up! If that doesn't—

Counsel—Not at all, Yexcellency. In fact, I resent the imputation of—

The Governor—Shtop! F' God's sake shtop! (*To the Secretary*) C'mute ' sen'ce 'mpris'nment f' life!

The Petitioner—What? Oh my God!

The Prosecutor—Hunh?

Counsel—But, Yexcellency—

The Governor—No more! 'M not g'n lis'n ' 'nother word! 'S comp'mise. 'S comp'mise, I know it's comp'mise. But 's bes' ' c'n do. Who y' think y' are, tak'n up my time ' way y' have? Don' min' f' m'self. 'M plain blunt man 'n give y' shirt off m' back 'f y' need it. But my time b'longsh t' people. Y' und'shtan' 'at? My time b'longsh t' people, 'n wha' y' do with it? I ashk y' f' facksh 'n y' come in here 'th noth'n but tech calitiesh! Tech'calitiesh I said! Pett' fogg'n! Trifl'n detailsh! Dog! Fleash Rabbit! Poetry! 'M done with it! 'M not g'n lis'n 'nother word!

Counsel—But really, Yexcellency,—

The Petitioner—Yeah, a fine lawyer yo was. First you git me sent up for te year and now you git me sent up fo life—

The Witness—Yeah, and a fine thing th Coal City Volunteer Fire Departmen done for the country when they pulle you out of the sewer—

The Governor—Wha's 'at? Wha's 'at?

Counsel—I'm just trying to tell Yexcel lency—

The Governor—Jus' minute, jus' minute . . . The ol' Coal City Vol'teer Fi D'pa'ment! Wha' y' know 'bout 'at So Farmsh, y' were mem' ol' Coal City Vol'teer Fi' D'pa'ment?

The Petitioner—Well . . . I reckon I was in a way, Governor. I reckon I was ha ha! I reckon I was kind of born t it, ha ha ha! I reckon I must be pretty near the only person in the world tha was ever born to a fire department, ha ha, ha-ha!

The Governor—Farmsh, 'm g'n ask y some'n. Look m' 'n ' eye, Farmsh Farmsh, y' guilty 'r y' not guilty?

The Petitioner—Governor, I hope my die I ain't no more guilty than you are

The Governor—Farmsh, I believe y'tell'n me ' truth. Farmsh, y' free man.

The Petitioner—Oh my Gawd, Governor thank you sir, thank. . . !

The Governor—The ol' Coal City Vol' teer Fi' D'pa'ment. Wha' y' know 'bou 'at? Wha' y' know 'bout 'at? . . .

While the Secretary makes out a pardon an the Governor *signs it, the group breaks u in a round of handshaking, the lawyers to g out and have a drink together, the petitione to go back to the penitentiary for the last formalities. When they have all gone, the* Governo *still sits nodding to himself, and presentl falls amiably asleep.*

EDITORIAL

ONE of the unexpected but charming
results of the current demand for
Law Enforcement is that it is caus-
ng a great many Americans, hitherto not
oticeably interested in the subject, to give
ome consideration to the origin and nature
f law itself. No doubt most of them grew
o thinking of it, innocently enough, as
omething on the order of the weather—
hat is as something that was an integral
art of the vast mystery and agony of
ature, and so had a primal and irrefrag-
ble sanction behind it, like Original Sin,
olds in the head, and the lilies of the field.
ut now, deafened day and night by all
orts of exhortations, they are forced to
ook into the matter a bit more particu-
rly, and one of the consequences, I sus-
ect, is that they find law considerably
ore human than it used to seem, and
ence considerably more dubious. The
henomenon is not new in the world, for
e saw the same thing happening in the
se of sex half a generation ago, and in the
se of Holy Writ when most of us were
oung. Law is simply taking its turn. Like
x, it is found to be much less mysterious
han it looked aforetime, and like Holy
rit, it is found to be much less majestic.
hat will happen in the long run I do not
etend to prophesy, but meanwhile it is
rtainly pleasant to see another ancient
e-faw-fum hauled under a good light.

The theory that there is something
cred about law is always propagated very
ligently by gentlemen thirsty for power,
d it has never been propagated so dili-
ntly as it is by such persons in the United
ates today. They erect upon it a cult that
kes on a passionate and even mystical
aracter. The thing that we must grovel
so they teach, is not this or that law,
t the good law as opposed to the bad
law, but law in general, *all* law. But it takes no great acuity to see that what they are really arguing for, whatever their pretensions otherwise, is some law that they are especially interested in. They care nothing, in truth, for law in general. They are willing to sacrifice nearly anything that is commonly regarded as good in it for what they themselves look upon as something better, and their rage and roaring for that something better increase in direct proportion as other persons hold it to be something worse.

This is so plain in the case of the Prohibition law that the fact scarcely needs laboring. The Prohibitionists, when they were lobbying their panacea through Congress and the State Legislatures, were perfectly willing to make terms with any sort of lawlessness in order to get what they wanted. They did not strike their bargains with crooked legislators as a matter of unpleasant and unescapable necessity; they did it by free choice and preference, and on the frank ground, openly admitted at the time, that such scoundrels were more pliant than honest men. A sincere Prohibitionist from the back counties could not be trusted to do precisely what he was told to do. He had ideas of his own, and would run amok at critical moments. But once a professional politician, corrupt by nature and training, had come to terms with the Prohibitionists, they knew that they could trust him to carry out their orders with military exactness. His reward was freedom to pursue his own devices in all other fields. That is to say, it was freedom to be as crooked as he pleased—to flout and make a mock of any other laws that stood in the way of his desires. Thus Prohibition was foisted on us by the votes of men who, if all the laws were actually enforced, would have been marched directly to jail from the scenes of their great service to God and country.

This alliance with corruption has been succeeded, since Prohibition got upon the law-books, by an alliance with other and even worse varieties of crime. There seems, indeed, to be no limit to the complaisance of the Prohibitionists in this direction. They are not only willing to condone the most barbaric kinds of assault and the most atrocious kinds of murder; they seem actually eager to promote such crimes, for when they applaud one they seldom fail to hint that more would be agreeable to them. Worse, they encourage by shrewd and deliberate devices every known sort of fraud and false pretense, so that in communities where they are in power neighbor is ranged against neighbor, the immemorial decencies are abandoned, and life becomes almost intolerable. And yet all this wholesale aiding and abetting of crime is carried on in the name of Law Enforcement!

II

The psychology here is surely not occult: even a Freudian should be able to penetrate it. What the Prohibitionists are really driving for is not the enforcement of the laws, but simply power. They have no more respect for law *per se* than a bootlegger, and perhaps the logic that supports them is quite as good as his. Nor have they any necessary belief that the one law they want to enforce will do any good. That is not their object: it is to hold and exert power, to impose their will upon other persons and especially upon those they dislike, to make those other persons sweat and suffer. If it could be proved beyond question—as, indeed, it is already proved more than half way—that their law does far more harm than good, that it makes men worse instead of better, that it even promotes the very evil it professes to put down, they would still continue to be in favor of it. For, just as Abraham Lincoln was willing to sacrifice the slaves in order to save the Union, *i.e.*, in order to save h own side, his own power, his own job, s the Prohibitionists would be willing t see the country plunged into drunkenne in order to retain the right to harass ar badger drinkers.

So much begins to be obvious to ever one, including even the editorial writers c newspapers. What is too often overlooke is that most other laws have no more soli dignity and authority behind them. Sav for a few that have come down to us fro the innocent childhood of the race, they a represent efforts by one group of men t obtain and exercise power over oth groups of men. In all probability, not a la that falls outside that description has bee passed in Christendom for a hundred year Some of them represent the desires c groups that, while standing outside th government, have managed to gath enough force to persuade it or intimida it, but most represent simply the desires c the governing group itself. They are not a bottom, or in any true sense, measures fo promoting the general welfare; they a simply devices whereby the men wh happen to govern us seek to augment the power, and to keep it in their hands.

It would be hard to define governmen better than by saying that it is a contin ing conspiracy to that end, or law than b calling it the common agent of the proces The pretense of both, of course, is that the are altruistic, that their one objective is th common weal, but that pretense is to plainly false to need any formal rebutta Their one true objective is almost the exa opposite: it is to shear us of our liberties a much as possible, to the end that th governing camorra may be as safe as poss ble. The pressure, to be sure, lets up no and then, but that is only when the men i control of the law-making machiner happen to be transiently weak. The mo ment they recover they are back at the o game—grinding all the money out of u that we will yield, and surrounding u with as formidable a network of taboo and prohibitions as we will endure. Th

emedy we seek when the thing becomes
ntolerable is always political: that is, we
hrow one gang out and put in another.
ut that remedy is as deceitful as the laws
hich provoke its use, for there is no
ppreciable difference between one gang
nd another. No sooner is the new one in
ower than it begins to act precisely like
he old one—ever seeking new sources of
ower, ever trying to make itself more
ecure, ever feeling out new means of
ppression. Thus the one actual purpose of
overnment, whatever its form, is to
ntrench and prosper the ruling group.
verything else is afterthought and false
retense.

III

may be hard for patriotic Americans to
ink of so lofty a soul as Dr. Hoover
sponding to such motives. The picture of
m that we get officially shows an altruist
ssing upon his bed the whole night long,
s vitals consumed by a febrile libido to
ake us all safe, rich and virtuous. It may
, indeed, that Dr. Hoover takes some
ch view of the matter himself—that he
es himself, not as one who is getting
mething, but as one who is ever giving
mething. If so, it only proves that he is a
ctim, there on his arctic height, of the
ne self-delusion that afflicts the rest of
groveling on the ground. His actual
ncern, you may be sure, is something
y different. What he worries over is not
e welfare and happiness of you and me,
t the welfare and happiness of Dr.
over—and the best way he has yet dis-
vered to conserve them is to hang on to
job, just like any other jobholder.

The splendors of the Presidency enchant
n, as they enchant all men of his taste.
feeds voluptuously, like a colt turned
to clover, upon its high privileges and
rogatives, its vast and mysterious
vers, the caressing deferences that go
h it, its sheer Asiatic gaudiness. These
ngs lured him so powerfully that he
eated to gain them over long years,
oing against hope. He was willing to spend money for them. He was willing to applaud what he knew to be nonsense and to be silent about what he knew to be sense. He was willing to embrace the loathsome, whether in creature or in idea, and to evade and forget the decent. He was even willing to become an American, God save us all! Now, having got what he wants, he devotes himself to keeping it, and on the same terms. If he could facilitate the business by sacrificing your interest and mine, he'd do it instantly, and without a second thought. If there are any more Bishop Cannons looming ahead he will kiss their amethyst rings as eagerly and as innocently as he did the last time. If there are any more Mabel Willebrandts he will be full of the old *politesse*. And if the coon delegates come back from the Confederate marshes he will once more feed them.

But let us not hold him up to obloquy for running true to his trade, his class, his kind. They are all precisely alike. No member of the governmental camorra, however exalted, ever gives any honest consideration to anything save his job. Here the best of the lot is almost indistinguishable from the worst. Confront him with two courses, one of which, though grossly and obviously imprudent, has the support of popular folly, and the other of which, though wise, is held suspect by his constituents, and he will go for the former with all the virtuous enthusiasm of a Prohibition agent going for a bribe. The whole art of government in modern states consists in finding such follies and riding into office upon them. Hoover has found some good ones, and on them he will gallop far.

Such are the men who rule us. Taking one with another, they stand in dignity somewhere between chiropractors and spiritualists, mine-stock promotors and Methodist bishops. The product of their obscene struggle for place and profit is what is called law. This law we are now asked to respect and revere, as if it were handed down from Sinai. Let us bear that fact in mind the next time the old exhortation goes rolling over the land. H. L. M.

SAVING SOULS IN JAPAN

BY OLAND D. RUSSELL

FORTUNATE indeed are those workers in the Vineyard who have received the call to spread the Word among the little brown gentlemen of Japan. The Japanese signed a treaty with the United States in 1859 solemnly promising that they would no longer boot out the scouts of the Lord, and ever since that time Protestant missionary work in the Empire has been chiefly in the hands of Americans. Among the parsons themselves it is regarded as the Elysian Fields of missionary endeavor. No other race of the unsaved is so agreeable as the Japanese.

Essentially a courteous people, with an innate desire to please those with whom they come into contact, they are invitingly submissive in the realm of the spiritual. The whole attitude of their minds has been aptly described as one of "politeness toward possibilities." Set a missionary down among them and they do not scamper up a tree like the African heathen, nor do they retire behind the inscrutable blandness of the Chinese; instead, they are attentive, alert and striving ever to anticipate the missionary's desires.

Told of the One True and Holy Way in shaking, somber tones, the polite Japanese hearer, hoping to end an apparent unpleasantness which he does not fathom, smiles an eager assent and the missionary writes one more on his cuff. Every so often a dozen or two of Suzukis, Yamadas and Tanakas are lumped together, and back home goes the roster of a new band of converts. Then the mission boards publish the figures with perhaps a picture or two of a Buddhist picnic, add enthusiastic words about the wonderful work going on out there, and end up with the inevitabl appeal for more funds.

In religious toleration by the goverr ment, the United States could take lessor from Japan. Article XXVIII of the Const tution of the Empire decrees that "Japanes subjects shall, within limits not prejudicia to peace and order, and not antagonistic t their duties as subjects, enjoy freedom c religious belief." No sect is barred, nor th practices of any interfered with. On a Sum mer day in Tokyo two years ago a grou of Moslems disemboweled a cow publicl in the performance of certain rites, while Protestant sect ducked an odd lot of loca gentry in a muddy lagoon to the accom paniment of Christian incantations. Th Japanese, officially and privately, looke upon each with the same good humor.

There are today 900 missionaries i Japan, scattered about in what they prefe to call, in their rugged manner, stations These stations number 125. Four years ag there were 1,200 missionaries in the coun try, but several denominations have an nounced a program of retrenchment, t the horror of the missionaries themselves Fear of recall has united all of them on a least that one issue, and the theme of thei reports and speeches is constantly: Sen more workers, more funds!

Numerically, both China and India out numbered Japan in the matter of mission aries. Before the wave of nationalism swep over China in 1927 (during the raging o which the exuberant Cantonese could no always be repressed from gathering mis sionary ears as souvenirs of their northwar march to Peking), the number in the coun try was 7,663 in 740 stations. It decrease

y about 2,000 during the war. Since that
me the fugitive brethren have been drift-
g back gradually, but not all have re-
rned. India's shock troops in the war
gainst sin currently number 5,282, and
ey are posted at some 920 vantage points.

After a whole century of work in China,
ere are only 200,000 Protestant Chinese
day in a population of 450,000,000. The
owing in Japan is a little better. After
arly seventy years of work, the registered
embers of the Protestant churches today
umber 154,000 in a population of 60,000,-
o. Even adding the returns of the Roman
atholic and Greek churches, the total is
ill under 300,000. Thus, less than half of
e per cent of the population of Japan has
nbraced Christianity, and less than half
that small number may be claimed by
e militant evangelical churches of the
nited States, Canada and Great Britain,
ost of which have backed their preach-
g with educational, medical and social
ork of real value to the Japanese.

There was a time in the early days, as
ay be gleaned from the highly uninterest-
g but sanctified diaries of the now
nonized pioneers, when the missionaries
eamed of a Pentecost in which the whole
akening Empire would be won for Chris-
nity. So eager were the Japanese to take
all things Western that the country
oked like a set-up for the welter-weights
the Lord. Some of the leaders of Japanese
ought at that time cold-bloodedly advo-
ed the adoption of Christianity as a
ool of morals and music, and as likely
be advantageous in political negoti-
ons with the Powers of the West. As
e went on and the missionaries in-
ased, a fairly good knowledge of English
s wrapped up and thrown in with every
version to Christ, and with that knowl-
e of English the earning power of the
anese increased from 100 to 200%. So
re arose in the land a term, "rice Chris-
," which to this day sounds like
rosy to the missionaries. It designates
se Japanese—or Chinese in China—
o have embraced Christianity solely
for the educational advantages or daily rice that conversion carries with it. Among the Japanese the term is not opprobrious; it is simply a confession of expediency. I have asked a number of them whose English seemed unusually good for their station in life where they learned the tongue. In many cases, they replied readily and without guile that they were rice Christians. None could explain even the simplest outlines of the religion of Christ. But to fall in with Christianity until a good working knowledge of English is picked up seems to the Japanese not a bad bargain, and it isn't.

Among the 154,000 Protestant Christians of Japan today, aside from a few hand-picked educators in the mission schools and colleges, there are not a dozen political or cultural leaders of the nation. There has been no instance of a Premier, a general or admiral, a Cabinet member or, with possibly one exception, a great scientist, of Japan professing Christianity. Basil Hall Chamberlain, in his "Things Japanese," accounts in part for Christianity's failure to penetrate the high places by pointing out that thinking Japanese cannot help observing "the openly immoral politics of the so-called Christian nations," and how in the East they "eagerly avail themselves of each bespattered priest or battered mission house to exact some commercial advantage or snatch some strip of territory."

The inadequacy of the missionaries to answer doctrinal queries put to them by educated Japanese also tends to hold down their list of converts. On this point Yusuke Tsurumi, a Liberal member of the Diet who has lectured at Williamstown and Chicago, relates the following personal experience:

> At the age of sixteen I came into contact with Christianity. With the simplicity of a boy I went regularly to the Bible classes of an American missionary. The next Winter I felt ready to be baptized. Still there was one question in my mind. I wanted to settle that doubt first. I went to the missionary, a lady. I explained that I wanted to be baptized. Then I asked her the question:
>
> "You told me that salvation comes only through baptism, did you not?"

> "Yes, I said so," she replied.
>
> "Well then, what happened to the wise men and leaders of Japan in ancient times? It was not their fault that they were not baptized, for there was no Christianity in Japan then. Are they in Heaven?"
>
> "I am sorry, Mr. Tsurumi, but I do not think they are," she said.
>
> That was a terrific blow to my young mind. It cooled my fervor immediately. I thought of myself and my classmates, ordinary boys, and then I thought of those heroes of old Japan who had done so much for our country. They were not in Heaven; it did not seem right. So I was not baptized. It was not until years later in America that I learned that the missionary's interpretation was not the only one about salvation.

Japanese Christians come from the middle and lower classes, and are mainly clerks, shopkeepers, civil service employés, farmers and servants. Some of the missionaries of today think that it was a mistake not to concentrate on the evangelization of the upper classes first. Instead, the early comers sought to convert the lower classes, with the result that the higher levels remain pretty well untouched to this day. Long ago the Protestants gave up all thought of saving the whole Empire. Last year an English missionary and a Japanese pastor collaborated on the following weighty opinion:

> During the past twenty years the Christian church in Japan, relative to the growth of population, has advanced at the rate of .01% per annum. . . . At the present rate of advance it would take ten thousand years to make Japan Christian.

Arriving gradually at this verity, the missionaries collectively have asked themselves what the hell, and, tidying up the vineyard a bit, have settled down to enjoy life in a land of sunshine and flowers.

II

Who are the missionaries to Japan? In the main, they are Middle Westerners of farm or small-town parsonage antecedents. Stirred in youth by the vast yearning of the prairie people to get away from the Bible flats, and heated up by occasional sermons on the romantic work of the church in foreign parts, they naturally cast their eyes upon missionary endeavor as a career. It plainly opened the way to a place of envy an esteem in the eyes of the community, an at the same time answered adolescent manifestations of the religious instinct. After so-called education at some Fundamentalis seminary, all that was needed was a litt wire-pulling and in no time they foun themselves standing wide-eyed at th steamer rail, a Bible on the hip, bearin down on majestic Fujiyama. About one i three hundred of the American missionar hordes has been a scholar. The rest hav been of the garden variety of Bible Be circuit riders. These the Lord hath veril led into green pastures. But they don't foo the Japanese one whit.

Here, for example, is a frank estimate b one of Japan's most eminent leaders, Cour Aisuke Kabayama, himself decorated wit an honorary degree by Wesleyan Universit of Middletown, Conn., a Methodist stron hold, a member of the Emperor's Priv Council, and of the House of Peers, and capitalist and statesman. In an intervie published in the *Japan Advertiser*, an En lish language paper of Tokyo, America owned and semi-mouthpiece of the mi sionaries, Count Kabayama said:

> I believe your missionaries who come to teach us are of that type of people generally who could earn a living in no other way. The average missionary out here would, in America, be a failure in any other calling, and probably has been. So he goes into foreign mission work. That sort of man is not fit to teach us about Christianity. There are some who are great men. Bishop Welsh did a great work in Korea and I admire him thoroughly. There are others who are doing good work here, but I am speaking of the average. The missionaries on a whole are mediocre in mental calibre and are not intellectually equipped to carry on their work.

Count Kabayama was educated in Met odist schools in the United States and ba tized in the Methodist Episcopal Churc

Another representative opinion is th of Mr. Motsada Zumoto, former editor the *Herald of Asia*, president of the Inte national Journalists Association of Toky speaker at two sessions of the William town Institute of Politics, and one Japan's leading publicists. At a banquet the Imperial Hotel in Tokyo in Marc 1926, Mr. Zumoto said:

> Christianity comes to Asia in a spirit of arrogant superiority and an attitude of narrow exclusiveness. Missionaries are sent out by the thousands and at great expense. So long as they confine themselves to language teachings, their services are not unwelcome. But as religious teachers their presence is an implied insult to the great moral and religious forces that have built up our noble civilization. The missionary fails to or refuses to see that the East can get along very well in matters spiritual without any guidance from the West. Consequently the attempt of the West to thrust its religion upon us cannot fail to breed discord, ll-feeling and strife.

Neither of these men is a missionary- iter. Their denunciations of the mission- ies naturally produced uproars. The mis- naries themselves sputtered and stormed letters to the press, but the weightiest their arguments was that the two glish language newspapers in Tokyo ouldn't have printed such stuff. The one two missionaries in Tokyo who could ve made adequate replies remained dis- etly silent.

To maintain the missionary personnel in pan, the American churches spend several llion dollars a year, and among most nominations the amounts are increasing. e 1929 appropriation of the Board of reign Missions of the Presbyterian urch was $197,196.14. This sum paid salaries, transportation, maintenance buildings, and the cost of all other activ- es. This sect listed sixty missionaries in 1928 roster, of which twenty-five were rked absent, that is, home on furlough. e American Baptist Foreign Missionary ciety sent $124,654.77 to Japan in 1928 l $125,794.91 in 1929. These sums were lusive of the amounts sent by the Bap- Women's Missionary Society of the ne branch of Baptists, which appropri- d $69,634.17 for 1929. The Baptist mis- naries numbered forty-eight, with eleven entees in 1928. The Board of Foreign ssions of the Methodist Episcopal urch South forwarded $184,236.97 in 8 for about the same-sized staff. The ormed Church in America, with twenty- workers and eleven absentees set aside ,112.47 for 1928 and raised the amount $92,431 for 1929. The American Episcopal Church made a gross appropriation of $484,428 in 1928, including sums for the maintenance of a university and of St. Luke's International Hospital at Tokyo, the most creditable missionary enterprise in all Japan. This church has nearly 100 workers in the field, inclusive of American physicians, nurses and staff workers in the hospital.

Figures for all of the half hundred sects and societies maintaining missionaries in Japan are not available, but those cited above are representative. Salaries vary widely, but certainly no missionary lives in straitened circumstances. The Japanese put a luxury tax on most articles of food which are staples to foreign residents, which makes the cost of living in Japan, in city or country, relatively higher than in America. Only by adopting the Japanese diet of rice, fish and native vegetables can foreigners live cheaply. But I have never heard of any missionary going native with regard to food. The homes of all are well-furnished, and frequently over-staffed with student servants who are working their way upward in Christianity. In Tokyo the homes of certain missionaries are more pretentious than those of the foreign business and professional men.

Socially, the missionaries in Japan occupy a slightly better position than those of China, but nevertheless they remain near the bottom rung of the ladder. In the China ports, social alignments are graduated downward from the diplomatic or consular corps. Always the foreigners set the pace, with the Chinese on the outside looking in. In Japan the contrary holds: it is the Japanese who maintain the most exclusive circles, into which only foreigners of the diplomatic corps have an occasional entrée and then only by virtue of their official standing. There may be plenty of gold-braided gentlemen who delude themselves into thinking they have successfully stormed the citadel of the wealthy, cultured Japanese families, but those who have been in Tokyo for a long while admit that there is one inner fastness to which experience shows them they can never dream of penetrating. Aside, however, from the Japanese élite, the diplomatic corps easily maintains top dog position among the foreigners.

Only the missionaries of the Episcopal church have entrée into this society of the diplomats, which is led by the British and American Embassy groups, which both attend the Episcopal church in Tokyo. Occasionally, the American Embassy group makes a pass at the Baptists or Methodists, but little comes of it. Once, at Christmas, the wife of the American consul in Formosa was giving a dinner for all the American residents on the island. Deciding to include the missionaries, she ordered her rikisha and traveled five miles over the bumpy Formosan roads to an interior station to deliver her invitation personally to the good Presbyterian sisters.

"I am giving a dinner Christmas Day for all the Americans on the island," she told them, "and I'll be delighted if you will come. I'll send rikishas for you."

The missionary shook her head solemnly.

"Thank you, but we can't come," she said. "It's the Lord's Day. Christmas comes on Sunday this year and we couldn't think of going visiting on the Lord's Day."

In general, the Episcopal missionaries are a thorn in the side of the Baptist, Presbyterian and Methodist brethren. The Episcopalians believe that one may play bridge, dance, and drink copiously through dinner, and still remain out of the clutches of Satan. When some Worthy Cause demands a united endeavor among the missionaries, the Episcopalian ladies insist on giving a bridge, and the Methodist sisters go off and have a good cry over the hypocrisy of some churchwomen.

Frequently the cause is the American School in Japan, ostensibly a non-denominational school for children of American residents in Japan. Actually it is a missionary school, controlled and largely populated by the immensely prolific Methodists. Two Methodist reverends of Tokyo have jocularly confessed to a race for the honor of putting the most children in tl school. In 1926 each had six there.

On one occasion, when funds were beir raised for the school, all hands, includir the Episcopalians, joined in one of tho: purse-gutting bazaars which so frequentl inflict themselves upon foreign colonies : the Far East. The Fundamentalists divvie up the concessions, which ran the gamu from hot-dog stands to home-made pi cushions. A prominent business man's wif knowing that the affair would be turne into a dance if the colony turned out (*masse*, announced that she and one or tw like-minded ladies would operate a ba and rumors went abroad that the Episc palians were quietly conniving at her e terprise.

The Methodists and Presbyterians let ou a whoop, but after several weeks of batt the liberals won an off-side anteroom f the bar, while the hard shells took tl remaining floor space for their booths. Tl colony thronged the "saloon," some ge ting uproariously drunk and contributir mightily to the missionary school. Tl Presbyterians, with averted glances, sa that the bar was doing a whale of a bus ness, and there were muttered threats t refuse the proceeds, but when a recour was made later and it was revealed th the whiskey sales tripled the combine total of everything else, the Americ School in Japan took the money withou another word.

One aftermath was very significan The *Japan Advertiser*, the American-owne English language newspaper of Toky which circulates back to the all-powerf Home Boards, was asked not to report tl fact that the liquor booth had yielded suc heavy returns. The story was already i type when wires were pulled at tl eleventh hour, and the whiskey tota came out under the notation of "white el phant sale receipts," for back-home co sumption.

Because the American Club in Toky and the similar clubs in Yokohama ar Kobe have thriving bars, the missionari ave avoided them as devastating haunts f the Devil. More, they indulge in annual utbursts to the press castigating the cus- om of the American *chargé d' affaires* or onsul proposing a toast to the President n July 4, when free drinks are served all ay at the bars. In one fearless, open letter, missionary once demanded to know, if oasts must be drunk, why they could not drunk in milk, so that Americans road might uphold the Eighteenth mendment just as they did at home.

III

very Summer all the denominations and cts of Protestant Christianity, with e sole exception of the Salvation Army, igrate *en masse* to the little mountain re- rt of Karuizawa, about ninety miles rtheast of Tokyo. Karuizawa becomes en a holy of holies. Through the hot onths of July, August and September, the issionaries remain there and lay their ans for the Winter offensive against sin. large wooden tabernacle has been built accommodate the faithful, and an im- sing array of talent is annually fore- thered in the village. It is a Chautauqua voted entirely to God, without the ual distraction of musical saw artists.

Virtually every known heavenly agency America is represented at Karuizawa. en the Methodist Board of Prohibition, mperance and Public Morals sends an ent. His work consists largely in hang- g up charts on the walls of a tabernacle teroom showing the comparative de- lopment of an alcoholic and a non- oholic guinea pig. A running text in glish quotes the usual "prominent sci- tists" on the effects of alcohol in a nily of white rats. All this is translated o Japanese. During the five years that Methodist wowsers have had a direct resentative in Japan, the consumption beer in the Empire has increased, to ote the Japan Mission Year Book for 8, "at an alarming rate, from 13,000,000 llons to 34,715,548 gallons."

The W. C. T. U. ladies also foregather annually at Karuizawa and compare notes on their campaign against the wicked geisha. As in the case of beer consumption, the number of geisha has increased from 72,000 in 1926 to 79,935 in 1928, to quote the Year Book. However, the ladies remain indefatigable. Innumerable discussions are held on the unrepressed lives of the little butterfly girls, to the accompaniment of much Christian head-wagging.

There was unusual activity during the Summer of 1927, when the customary number of missionaries in attendance was almost doubled by the divines who had fled the Nationalist drive in China. Japan was the nearest sanctum and they arrived in time for the Karuizawa season. Once they got their breath after their precipitate flight they settled down to a bus rider's holiday.

Among other things, they dug up about 150 Chinese laundrymen and servants who had been allowed to go about their regular ways, gambling, drinking and carousing, mainly because the Japan missionaries spoke no Chinese. Forthwith these sinners were hauled into a meeting and preached to by brethren who had just been ejected from their homeland. The campaign among the Chinese afforded a pleasant little workout that Summer for the visiting missionaries and ended with a mass "conversion." The next year the Chinese resumed their lives of sin.

In addition to the enjoyment of a three-months' vacation at Karuizawa, not a few of the missionaries have realized pretty sums in the real estate business of the resort, which annually lures many Japanese and non-missionary foreigners because of its excellent climate. All such deals are so much velvet, for the stewardship of the Lord does not require reports on real estate transfers.

There are two hotels in Karuizawa, both Japanese-owned. One, the Karuizawa Hotel, caters to the missionary trade; the other, the Mampei, to the non-missionaries. The latter has a bar; the former has none. But the American visitor who orders a drink at the Karuizawa gets a touch of home-sickness when he sees the neat way in which it is smuggled in from some interior recess.

The glorious Summer over and the missionaries rested from their nine months of labor in the vineyard, they return to their "work" at their stations. What is this work? No better cross sectional view of it may be had than the one sketched in the Japan Mission Year Book by Miss Helen Topping, a tireless sister who writes on "Work for Fishermen":

> There are about 1,300,000 fishermen along the coasts of the Japanese archipelago. Probably 5,000,000 in all are connected with them, including their wives and children. Their psychology is very peculiar, quite different from that of ordinary people. For instance, some spend all their money in one day and the next day they are starving. They say that they do not know where they will be the next minute—maybe in the bottom of the sea—so they want to enjoy life while they can. They sleep in the daytime and work during the night. They are hard drinkers and incline to gambling. I preached for nine months to the fishermen. My experience taught me that we must approach them from the side of fishery technic. . . . As Jesus Christ taught Peter where to fish, so with present-day fishermen, we must help them in their technic of their own work—where to fish and how to catch fishes.

Sister Topping does not say where she got her own knowledge of fishing; neither does she reveal how much more fish were caught by her methods, nor does she say how many converts were recorded during her nine months' work.

To combat any tendency of the home boards to withdraw missionaries and let the organized Japanese churches carry on the work, she writes:

> If the missions withdraw before they reach the neglected classes and leave them to the Japanese church, we do not know when we can evangelize them. Even though the Japanese churches have attained economic independence, they are in great difficulties, and they have no extra energy to organize special missions to the neglected. We need to see the need and venture a new movement to uplift those who are sitting in darkness. . . . That is the reason why I want to ask the attention of the mission boards. We cannot wait! The field is ripe! The tide is high! We must work now, or lose the chance for at least half a century.

IV

Several years ago, one of the great Christian denominations of the United State assembled in Seattle a group of divines wit commissions to Japan. By mistake, on holy man caught an earlier boat for Yokohama. He decided to await the rest of hi party there before proceeding to his station in the interior. Eager to get into th swing of things Japanese, he decided t treat himself to a Japanese dinner his firs evening in town. The hotel clerk arrange matters with a rikisha coolie and th clergyman was trundled off to a Japanes restaurant. The coolie suspected that th gentleman would be delighted to have few geisha entertain him during dinner an so told the head-waiter. This was arrange and the little girls served him well, an added a symbolical geisha dance, resembling an animated Japanese print and abou as tempting. This pleased the clergyma highly; he looked upon the dance as a fol dance and quite innocent. An idea was bor to him that it wouldn't be a bad thing, a showing his speedy adaptability to the nev land, to stake the rest of his party, upo their arrival, to some similar entertainment.

He was at the boat to meet the othe and told them of his plan for the evening a real Japanese dinner with geisha. Th ladies appeared squeamish at the mentio of geisha, but the host assured them tha he had seen the little girls in operatio that they were most innocent, that it wa after all only folk dances of Old Japan tha they offered, and that the evening woul be most instructive. So the party accepte An old hand by then, the clergyman le them forth from the hotel in the evening clapped his hands for rikishas in the manner of the true Far Easterner, and repeate the word "dance" several times to th rikishamen.

The coolies took it that these foreigne wanted to see such dances as other por visitors demanded and so trotted off wit the party to a notorious sporting-house

here is nothing to distinguish a sporting-
ouse in Japan from an ordinary tea house.
nce inside, squatting adventurously on
ie straw matting, the good ladies and
entlemen of the cloth smiled with antici-
ation while their leader spoke the magic
ord "dance" to the Mama-san.

In this house, "dance" at the request of
reigners meant only one thing: the famous
on-kin-a of the treaty ports, a strip dance
song. The girls were brought on and
rthwith plunged into their song, and
egan disrobing in penalty for being caught
the stops. Something told the clergy-
an leader that all was not well, but he
as still most reassuring; meanwhile, the
ladies of the party were paling, while the gentlemen were reddening. All at once one little girl caught a heavy penalty, and as the music stopped suddenly she flung off her last kimono and stood stark naked in front of the group and began a foreign-taught hip-heaving. Two of the ladies fainted; a third screamed and ran out. Mistaking a door, she entered a room where Something Worse was going on.

The next day, when the party left for the interior, one remained behind with orders to take the next boat home for his outrageous "plot." That was probably the shortest stay any missionary has ever enjoyed in Japan.

APOSTLE OF MANIFEST DESTINY

BY BERNARD MAYO

In 1829 Triumphant Democracy installed General Andrew Jackson in the People's Palace, swilled about the Washington rum barrels, and demanded jobs. From Monticello, Miss., came Colonel Anthony Butler to inflame his friend Andy's ambition with glowing tales of the Mexican province of Texas and the ease with which it might be acquired. Crown your administration with an empire, urged Butler. Annex Texas!

Jackson had just been forced to recall Joel R. Poinsett, our first minister to Mexico. Remembered as a botanist by the poinsettia, Poinsett the diplomat was execrated when he introduced York Rite Masonic chapters into Mexico and made the land a battlefield between *Yorkinos* and *Escoceses*. The undiplomatic botanist recalled, who was more suitable for the post than Jackson's friend, Colonel Butler? A convivial fellow, he would restore cordial relations and at the same time acquire Texas. There would be no bewigged diplomacy, no folderol—nothing but plain hoss sense and results. Ignorant alike of Spanish and of diplomacy, and financially interested in Texan lands, Butler's only qualification for the job was an intimate acquaintance with Texas and a strong desire to see it annexed to the United States. “Peculiarly adapted to the station,” recommended the State Department. “A soldier and citizen of the highest honor and respectability,” Jackson informed Mexico. And Mexico in 1829, hotly resentful of Poinsett's politico-Masonic activities, fearful of the next move from the North, received Col. A. Butler, Good Will Ambassador from the United States.

Apostle of Manifest Destiny was Butler Fate and Andrew Jackson had chosen him agent of that predominant America force—expansion. His mission was only another phase of America's imperial story from the Founding Fathers at Jamestown the booty of the Mexican and Spanish Wars, the Rooseveltian rape of Panama down to Marine-ruled Nicaragua. His wa the voice of the Westward Movement tha spilled itself over the Mississippi Basin northward to Oregon, southward to Mexico. “We are the Advance Guard of Civilization,” men shouted as they exterminated Choctaws and Shawnees, yelled hallelujah in revivals, and in “boxing-matches” gouged, bit, and abelarded each othe amid homeric laughter. Greedy eyes turned on the rich lands of Hispanicized Indians Arrogant Nordics, God's Chosen, extended their civilization into the Mexican province of Texas. Agricultural imperialists men of Butler's breed, swarmed there Mirabeau Buonaparte Lamar, fire-eater Sam Houston, antic conqueror; Bowie with his sharp knife, and Irish impresarios who gave vast areas such names as San Patricio Bombastic Congressmen rhapsodized ove the delicious, most delightful champaign country of Texas—bountiful prairies, flowers, sweet water, buffalo, pure elastic air Texas was the paradise of North America “what the South of France and the North of Italy are to Europe.” Far too good country for half-breed mongrels of decadent Spain! It is ours by all the laws of God and Nature! It is our Manifest Destiny!

Jackson gave Butler five millions to bu Texas. “Sharp-set for Texas,” growled suspicious John Quincy Adams, vitrioli

Iestor of the House of Representatives, ackson "set his double-engines to work: f negotiating to buy Texas with one hand, nd instigating the people of that province o revolt against Mexico with the other. Iouston was his agent for the rebellion, nd Anthony Butler, a Mississippi landobber in Texas, for the purchase." We ust have Texas, instructed Jackson, to ound out the United States. It dominates Iew Orleans and the Mississippi Valley. exas is of no earthly benefit to Mexico. aced with a Spanish invasion, revolts in exas, and finances "depressed and lanuishing," Mexico would be a fool to reuse five million dollars. With that sum he can defend her remaining territory, ecome a progressive nation, and "follow ı the footsteps of the United States." oint out that the cession will be mutually eneficial, and above all, Jackson warned utler, on account of the hostility incited y Poinsett, preserve secrecy of negotiaons.

But the whole Texas scheme was dislosed immediately upon the Colonel's rrival in Mexico City. *El Sol*, a leading ewspaper, announced that the Good Will mbassador had come to insult the nation y a shameful offer for Texas. This is most emarkable, reported Butler; "they know verything even to the price. But I will unvel the mystery." There was, in fact, o mystery. The diplomat had simply oasted too loudly in Texas of what he itended to do in Mexico City. His boastig and his patronizing instructions aroused ie Mexicans to a rage of national pride. he Americano was not a conquering perman but a territorial sneak-thief, vious and insidious, grossly hypocritical. n odious monster "with scarcely no ce," he stole his neighbor's land and oasted of his barbarous civilization. In s overweening vanity he named his drab mlets after imperial cities of ancient reece and Rome, his house of Congress e Capitol, and the muddy rivulet before the Tiber. In contrast to this Barbarian the North the Mexican possessed all the culture with none of the vices of Europe. The hearts of his people overflowed with love for their fellow men. Proud hidalgos, they condescended when they received in their midst a Mississippi Colonel.

Thus the wings of Good Will were singed at the start. In secret session the Mexican Congress fulminated at Yankee imperialism, garrisoned the border, barred Americans from Texas, and settled Mexican convicts there instead. But the Colonel was not squelched. "I may be deceived," he wrote to Jackson, "but I flatter myself to be able to settle every question committed to my charge in six months." Transmitting a report on his negotiations, he apologized for his ignorance of Spanish, "but to trust such a document to another (for translating) would at once disclose the fact that I had access to the secret proceedings of the Mexican government." The wings of Manifest Destiny remained unclipped. "I repeat," modestly continued the Colonel, "I shall manage this people better than Mr. Poinsett was able to do."

The Mexican attitude was naturally not to his liking. He urged Jackson to insult the Mexican Minister at Washington. Give him a drubbing! Show Mexico her place! Don't fret about Texas, he tells the choleric old Indian fighter in the White House: it takes at least a couple of months to annex an empire. My conversations with Alaman, the Mexican Secretary of State, have been frequent and explicit. "I have mystified him a little, so as to leave him not without hope." But it was Jackson who was mystified. To keep his job Butler kept the old gentleman "wiggling and snapping at the bait," says Adams, "like a mackerel at a red rag." Soon the Colonel gravely disclosed his doubts of Mexican sincerity. He had encountered Mexican generals and charlatans as unscrupulous as himself. Lucas Alaman, the real head of Mexico, short, spectacled, affectedly reserved, "a student of Metternich and Nesselrode," was wily, scheming, equal to Santa Anna in treachery. Tall and affable was Santa Anna himself. "Were I made God," said he, "I should wish to be something more." Out of power, he was "tiger, atheist, unrivaled chameleon, worthy son of the father of lies, genius of evil and avarice." But just now he was in favor. The Spanish invading army had been carried off by yellow fever and he proclaimed himself the Napoleon of the West. "Viva Santa Anna, the Victor of Tampico!"

When he revolted and seized the customs house at Vera Cruz, a prime source of Mexican revenue, Butler hinted to Alaman of a loan of several millions from the United States. With an eye to Texas, Jackson called this a very "judicious" suggestion. Mexico was hard up. Alaman had to have money to pay his troops or yield to Santa Anna. "I think I hold the key to unlock his heart," wrote Butler, "and the means of enlightening his understanding." The money "to facilitate the Negotiation" would be covered of course by a secret article in the treaty giving us Texas. Jackson made no reply. The Napoleon of the West marched into Mexico City. And Butler wailed of "golden prospects turned into moonshine."

"But I am not despondent," he wrote to Jackson. "I will succeed in uniting T—— to our country before I am through with the subject or I will forfeit my head!" And promptly turning to bribe the administration, headed by General Pedraza, he vowed to "vanquish his scruples" by the "one road"—Spanish gold. When Pedraza, fearful of "the propriety of the measure," remained unvanquished, Butler advanced the brilliant idea of lending money to Mexico with Texas as security. Mexico could never repay the loan, and a mortgage on Texas was equivalent to purchase. The Constitution, alas, interfered with his scheme and forced the Colonel to try his hand at revolution. In high hopes that an uprising in Texas would mean subsequent annexation to the United States, he wrote to Jackson that he had hired the President of the Mexican Congress for the job. He would pay him $600,000 "of the sum to which you have limited me in purchasing men, and the remainder in purchasing the country." Thus proposing bribery and violence, he at the same time protested indignantly against charges of Yankee intrigue in Texas. Manifest Destiny, it would seem, was socking Good Will on the nose.

Good Will, indeed, was a lot of moonshine. The Colonel snorted his disgust at instructions "to preserve a social, open, frank deportment, a proper respect for Mexican opinion, and the most guarded care in condemning and censuring." He had come to get Texas, had pledged his head to Andy Jackson, and by God! he was going to get it. When Mexicans said that they could not degrade themselves by selling their soil "to a rival Power and from the highest rank among American nations sink into contemptible mediocrity," he called that moonshine too. Mexicans would do anything for money, and he had five millions to give them for Texas. For six years he thrived on opposition, held mysterious conferences, and thoroughly enjoyed life in the Mexican capital.

II

From the day of his arrival the American Minister's "dishonorable and obscene intentions" made him an interesting addition to Mexico City's social life. While still a guest of the impeccable Poinsett the Colonel "had held up a piece of gold coin, of the value of sixteen dollars or thereabouts, to one or more delicate and well-bred ladies, daughters of a most respectable and wealthy citizen, who occupies a large house on the opposite side of the street to that of the legation." Occasionally he went so far as to propose marriage to the señoritas, although he had a wife in America. Jauntily he swung his large, black knotted club along the plazas, a gay Jacksonian diplomat. Cavaliers resplendent in tight-fitting trousers, short jackets, and huge sombreros, galloped past him. Ladies in ornate coaches drove slowly by, inviting his review. About him thronged begging lepers, *evangelistas* writing love notes for the unlettered, lousy soldiers, gaudy officers, and orange-girls, their charms temptingly displayed in low bodices and short skirts expanded wide with hoops. At the Barrio Santa Anna he watches the whirl of red petticoats and open chemisettes in a wild fandango. Berated by a fellow American, the diplomat applies his knotted club. Passing on, he gaily waves his cane at ladies who nibble sweetmeats, smoke, and gaze idly from balcony to street below. "Hail Immaculate Mary, the cocks are coming!" proclaims a herald, and the Colonel directs himself to the cockpits or tarries at the monte tables.

Amorous inclinations did not preclude get-rich-quick schemes. The American Minister lent money at the usurious rate of 2½% a month, wrote "most horrible etters" to his debtors—respectable mercers, grocers, merchants—embargoed their goods, and haled them into court. He efused to pay his own debts and clubbed his creditors, but the High Tribunal of ustice finally compelled him to settle for his rent and compensate the owner of the house for wrecking the place. He defrauded his washerwoman. He cheated John, the black man who furnished him victuals. When the menials delivered him over to he *alcalde* he claimed diplomatic immunity, "alleging the inviolability of his peron and property as *chargé d'affaires* of the United States."

"I have never known so base and bad a man," wrote an American resident; our Minister "has not one friend in Mexico mongst the foreigners and is despised by most of the Mexicans." Wilcocks, the American consul, complained to Jackson when the Colonel attempted to use money eld in trust to make "loans at a heavy ate of interest until such time as it should e called for." Among other charges, all ubstantially documented, was one that e had boasted of having supported Henry Clay, Esq., Jackson's great rival. Other Americans characterized him as ignorant, mischievous, immoral; a gambler, bully, and rake. But none charged him with strong drink: he was a Galahad according to Anti-Saloon League morality. Without waiting for an investigation, President Jackson dismissed Wilcocks, forwarded the accusations to friend Butler—who could answer them "in ample time"—, and asked him to fill Wilcocks' position. It was a fine thing to know a President who regarded one as being "of the highest honor and respectability." Good old Andy, ever true to his pals!

"That most degraded and contemptible of all contemptible men, Mr. James Smith Wilcocks!" was the Colonel's blast, in ample time, from Mexico City. "Charges the most absurd and inconsistent ever concocted by a moonstruck wretch!" Support Harry Clay? How ridiculous! Insult visiting Americans? My slanderers refer to an assault made on me by the brother-in-law of one of your bitterest foes. He masqueraded as a bully but I unmasked him. When he reviled *you*, General Jackson, "I *compelled him* to be silent. I afterwards had to shake my cane over his head."

The presidential confidence soon inspired fresh assaults upon Mexican integrity, moral and territorial. Butler now advanced the idea that the Nueces and not the Sabine was the true boundary. If Jackson will order troops into the vast territory between the two rivers the Texans will revolt and all Texas will be ours. "I will negotiate or fight, and my preference is for the latter. It will cost less than one-half, aye, two-thirds, to take rather than purchase the Territory. If you place me at the head of the country, I will pledge my head that we have all we desire in less than six months. Why do I recommend this course? It is because I am anxious for your glory."

But nature had made Butler a diplomat, not a soldier. There was no fighting. His spleen diverted itself now to Santa Anna, who had assumed the presidency. "A vile hypocrite whose only landmark is self, you can have no hold on his moral principles,'' he tells Jackson, ''because he is without any.'' Within a month Butler attempted to bribe the unmoral monster through an influential friend who would deliver a Texas treaty for $500,000. ''Have you command of money?'' asked the mysterious Mexican, ''and I, recollecting,'' the Colonel tells Jackson, ''that you had authorized me to employ the amount designed for this object in any way best calculated to effect the purpose, replied: 'Yes, I have money. Assure me of the object and the money shall not fail.' If I close this negotiation *successfully*, I shall myself be the bearer of the treaty to the U. S. because it may be necessary to make *explanations* which can only be done *personally*. Once I put them in the right humor,'' he concluded exultantly, ''we shall proceed and adjust the articles in six hours.''

Jackson expressed astonishment at the use Butler was making of his ''discretion,'' chided him for not writing in cipher, and warned him not to let ''these shrewd fellows impute you with tampering with their officers to obtain the cession through corruption.'' The Colonel was dumbfounded, hurt, indignant. For four years, Mr. President, he replied, your private notes have authorized ''conciliating, or corrupting, if you please, influential individuals to aid me in a successful negotiation for T ——.'' Your caution in regard to these shrewd fellows only shows how little you know of Mexico, where Congressmen shout for their bribe before passing a bill. ''Nay, Sir, so unblushingly is this thing done you hear the very sum stated.'' Now, you ordered me to get Texas, gave me a certain sum, and said that ''it was a matter of *no consequence to the government* how the money was disbursed. Let the negotiation be concluded when it may, if it is done in Mexico resort must be had to bribery, or presents, if the term is more appropriate.''

''A. Butler. What a scamp!'' was Jackson's comment. But he allowed the scamp to remain at his post and continue to jazz up the raucous strains of Manifest Destin with bribery, violence and legerdemain One can fancy how old John Q. Adams, i he had been fortunate enough to see thes letters, would have poured his vitriol o the Apostle of Manifest Destiny. And o Jackson, plotting to dismember Mexico a the very moment he was threatening t hang John C. Calhoun for urging Nullification in South Carolina!

III

Mystified by Jackson's apparent contradiction in regard to Texas, the Colonel concluded that enemies were again at work ''For who in this world's wide range,'' h wrote to Jackson, ''has been so fortunat as to escape the assaults of envy, malice and detraction?'' I rely on our twenty-fiv years of intimate, unreserved friendship and the proud consciousness that my labors have been ''as beneficial to the country as honorable to myself. Sir, you wil ever find me ready to confront my accuser in five minutes' notice. Innocence is no only fearless but it needs no preparation And my motto has ever been *semper paratus*.'' Passing to the golden prospects before him, the Colonel once more succeede in making the President wiggle at th prize. Santa Anna has asked him about loan. Alaman may return, and if he does the subject being ''already understood, w may expect all that we have a right to as for.'' He tantalizes his old friend wit mysterious ''documents'' and a ''stumbling-block'' that only the President ca remove. He *must* see Jackson at once. Th time is ripe for the acquisition of an empire ''I pledge myself to you, mark me, I giv you my pledge that your administratio shall not close without seeing the objec in your possession.''

In June of 1835, with knotted club an little black bag, the Apostle of Manifes Destiny swaggered down Pennsylvani avenue to the White House. Jackson' second term was closing. Would Texas a last be his? We can have Texas on our ow

ms, gentlemen, assured the beaming
lonel. He opened the little black bag
d brought out the mysterious "document
ich would command the whole ground,"
a note from Padre Hernandez, confidante
President Santa Anna and "manager of
the secret negotiations of the palace."
l that is necessary, Mr. President, "is
ur consent to the secret article of the
aty." By the same means you can acquire
w Mexico and the two Californias!
ce again the Colonel would bribe Santa
na. Ignacio Hernandez, father confessor
l master of Mexican intrigue, would see
at Texas was sold to the United States—
return for "five hundred thousand dol-
; judiciously applied."

ntensely anxious for Texas, willing to
for it, willing to take advantage of a
olution to get it, Jackson, nevertheless,
s stunned by this wholesale offer of two-
rds of Mexico. It sounded damned queer
Old Hickory. Surely his friend Butler
l been duped by those shrewd fellows!
acherous Santa Anna would flaunt An-
w Jackson's cupidity in the face of the
rld! No, said Jackson, "nothing will be
ntenanced to bring this government
er the remotest imputation of being en-
ed in corruption or bribery." He re-
ed bribery's agent, however, in his
lomatic service. Colonel Butler, some-
at crestfallen for the moment, returned
his post at Mexico.

n the meantime Texas had revolted, the
mo had fallen—and Sam Houston was
achieve where Butler's brilliant diplo-
y had failed. The war for Texas inde-
dence made further negotiations futile.
reover, connecting Butler's return
ugh Texas with the revolt, Santa
a charged him with "imputed intrigues
ecoming a diplomatic agent," and re-
ted his recall. His Excellency, with
e, biting irony, declared that the recall
o way reflected on the high character
is esteemed friend, Colonel Butler. He
hoped that the gentleman, upon his
rn to the United States, would be wel-
ed and caressed. Furious at his recall, Butler accused arm-chair diplomats at Washington of jealousy. He was not through with Mexico—there were personal grudges to settle before his departure.

So a brawling bully, "peculiarly adapted to the station," continued to belabor Good Will with his knotted club. Refusing to pay customs duties on the gaudy wagon he had purchased to carry a Texas treaty homeward, he convinced Monasterio, the Mexican Secretary of State, and Minister Ellis, his successor, that he was still diplomatically sanctified. Then he turned to General Tornel, Secretary of War, who had scornfully alluded to a knavish Mississippi Colonel. He would tweak the General's nose, shake his cane over his head. When the Cabinet Member discreetly retired to his chambers, the late Good Will Ambassador paid his respects to General José Maria Tornel, Secretary of War and Marine, etc.:

> There are no words, however energetic and offensive, that I would not use to insult you in terms so direct and gross as might excite you to resent them. Convinced that your cowardly heart quails, that you are recreant to every sentiment of the gentleman and soldier, no course remains but to inflict appropriate punishment. You must be taught by stripes to know yourself. This lesson will be given by me on the first occasion of meeting with you, and, as I take no secret advantage of any man, you are now apprized of my intentions that you may go prepared. For be assured that meet you when or where I may you shall receive the discipline of my cane or horse-whip. Should your caution enable you to elude the promised chastisement, I will then, before my departure from Mexico, expose you to the public gaze, an object of scorn and contempt, and show how completely the fable of the ass in the lion's skin is realized in the person of him who by official courtesy is saluted as His Excellency, General Tornel.

Outrageous Gringo, he had insulted not General José Maria but the proud Mexican nation! Barbarian, he had tried to provoke a duel in cultured, peace-loving Mexico! It was too much for a nation that had just lost its rich province of Texas to American adventurers. While Ellis consulted Washington, the Colonel, club in hand, scornfully regarded a hostile populace. A few days later Mexico summarily dismissed him and warned him to preserve the peace until he was out of the country. A whole month later he coolly informed Monasterio that he did not consider the dismissal official—it was not on the proper letterhead. "You and your government may rest assured," he continued, "that I shall not remain in Mexico one hour longer than is necessary to wind up my private affairs. It has never been a practice with me to thrust myself upon the hospitality of anybody; I cannot, therefore, think of doing so toward Mexico."

Days lengthened into weeks. Monasterio refused his demand for a military escort and a passport by way of Texas. Sam Houston had just captured the Napoleon of the West and set up an independent government. What would happen if he turned this Mississippi firebrand loose in Texas! Finally, months after he had be ordered to remove his presence from Me ico, Colonel Anthony Butler, diplomat e traordinary, left for the United States without a passport, and by way of Tex

On the very last day of Andrew Jackso presidency the prize for which he and h friend Butler had long labored so assiduous —and so unscrupulously—came with grasping distance of the United Stat On that day, March 3, 1837, the Unit States recognized Texas as an independe nation. The State Department's apolo for the perverse conduct of Ambassad Butler, received along with our recogn tion of Texas, was denounced in Mexico hypocritical and thoroughly American. was merely another gesture of that da angel, Manifest Destiny.

AMERICANA

ARKANSAS

E learned Ben M. Bogard, editor of the
ptist and Commoner of Little Rock, dis-
ses of the problem of the Virgin Birth:

> Skeptics deny the miraculous conception of
> Christ. They declare that it would be impos-
> sible for a woman to be the mother of a child
> unless there was a father of the child. Marvelous
> faith have these skeptics. They cannot believe
> that a flesh and blood woman could be used to
> produce a child by God's power. That is im-
> possible, they say, and yet turn right around
> and say they believe that evolution brought a
> full grown man into existence without either
> father or mother—just evolved from the origi-
> nal germ, and that this germ came into existence
> (a live germ from dead matter) without any
> power at all to help it! They believe what they
> want to believe and refuse to believe every time
> when the belief would favor the teaching of the
> Bible. Just another evidence of depravity of
> heart and wilful purpose to refuse God.

E same great journal on the Second
ning:

> The notion that people have about the Second
> Coming of Christ is that when He comes the
> udgment Day will also come, and that the
> world will come to an end. This idea is unscrip-
> ural and shows how little the Bible has been
> earched to find the truth by those who are
> eaders and teachers. Business will go on and
> governments will go on as now. After Jesus
> omes and takes the believers out of the world,
> hen takes place the great tribulation. At the
> lose of the tribulation the Lord will return,
> bringing with Him the members of His body,
> o begin His millennial reign. Then He will re-
> eal Himself to the Jews. They will accept Him
> s their long-rejected Messiah. Then the millen-
> ium will begin; the Devil will be cast into the
> bottomless pit for a thousand years.
>
> The Jews have always been full of energy in
> business, as no other people, and when they be-
> ome ambassadors for Christ there will be no
> ukewarmness or indifference. Either before or
> uring the tribulation the Jews will have been
> estored to the Holy Land, rebuilding their
> emple and restoring the Jewish worship. Also
> uring the tribulation the anti-Christ will
> ome, most likely in the person of some great
> King, like Mussolini. It is supposed that he
> will be a personal incarnation of the Devil,
> ust as Jesus was an incarnation of God. He will
> o to Jerusalem, and there do great signs and
> wonders, by which he will so delude the chosen people that they will accept him as their Messiah, and pay him divine honors in the temple. It will be then that Jesus will return and destroy him by the brightness of His coming.

CALIFORNIA

Ecclesiastical advertisement in a leading Hollywood paper:

> MACSMEN'S BIBLE CLASS
> cordially invites you to hear
> W. W. Bustard, D.D., experienced athlete,
> in his series on
> "The Great Athletes of the Bible"
> FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
> HOLLYWOOD
> Corner Gower and Carlos
> Sunday Mornings at 9:30 o'clock sharp.
> "Samson—The World's Strong Man."
> "Jacob—The Great Wrestler."
> "Enoch—The Long Distance Walker."
> "David—The Pinch Hitter."
> "Saul—The Man Who Fumbled the Ball."
> "Daniel—The Athlete Who Kept Fit—and How."
> "Jesus—The World Champion."

Warning broadcast to a heedless world by the Free Tract Society, 746 Crocker street, Los Angeles:

> Jesus Is Coming Soon
>
> Dear one, do you realize the times we are living in? Prophecy is fast being fulfilled and I Thessalonians iv:16, 17 is at the door: "For the Lord himself shall descend from Heaven with a shout, and with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God; and the dead in Christ shall rise first; then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air and so shall we ever be with the Lord."
>
> I plead with you to be ready, lest it come upon you unawares. (You cannot say, "I was not warned.") "Eternity! where will you spend it?" "God is long-suffering, and not willing that any should perish." He is saying to you in this little tract, *Prepare to meet thy God.*

COLORADO

Associated Press dispatch from Pueblo:

> When officers raided the farm of Charles H. Sanders, near Pueblo, they discovered the Lord's Prayer, printed on a large poster, in a still-house, and directly under it three barrels of mash. Another card, bearing the Twenty-third Psalm, was tacked over the still.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Anecdote from the celebrated Washington *Daily News:*

> The President was talking, in humorous vein, to an old friend concerning some of the troubles of the Presidency.
>
> "There is one law I should like to see passed," he said, with perhaps an insufficiently concealed wistfulness. "The President ought to be allowed to hang two men every year, without giving any reason or explanation for the sentence."
>
> "Would two be enough?" the friend asked.
>
> "Well, perhaps not," Mr. Hoover is said to have replied. "But I could get the word to twenty-five or thirty that they were being considered."

FLORIDA

The Jacksonville *Journal* discovers something, and lets the world know about it in a leading editorial:

> If what we now know we had known last November, it's possible that Herbert Hoover's victory would have been a different sort; perhaps, even, more glorious.
>
> Those of us who admired Hoover as a man, respected his wide abilities and honored him for his accomplishments were worried a little about his humanity.
>
> Here, some of us thought, was an impersonal, cold sort of a person: capable, energetic, with a great brain that seemed a little icy.
>
> Such was the Hoover who went into the White House.
>
> Unlike his opponent in the campaign, he seemed to lack that human touch we expect but rarely find in leaders.
>
> But now our President has been revealed as a man who knows play as well as work.
>
> Herbert Hoover builds dams!
>
> What could be more typical of our engineer-President.
>
> Others may golf, play bridge, delight in small pastimes. But Herb acquires and retains that human touch—by building dams.

GEORGIA

News from the rising town of Edison, pearl of the Bible Belt:

> Angered by a reprimand from her parents because she had attended a moving-picture show on Sunday, Miss Pearline Hammack, of this city, committed suicide last night by shooting herself in the head.

ILLINOIS

From the People's Forum of the Mattoon *Journal-Gazette:*

> Editor *Journal-Gazette:*
>
> I read an item in the *Journal-Gazette* on Friday evening that I sold to Tom Morrow a sow for $20. I absolutely did not do it. I sold the sow to my son, James McNeely. I never did have any dealings with Tom Morrow. I barely know him. My son still has the sow. If the sow had been sold to Tom Morrow I certainly would have asked for more than $20, for I couldn't afford to give a stranger the bargain I would to a child. God is a just God and will right all things.
>
> Mrs. Emma M'Neely.

A new champion appears in the grand town of Champaign:

> J. Bruce Haney of Kansas City, Mo., fell asleep during the noon hour to-day and Mrs. H. B. Schmidt of Champaign, was declared the winner in a rocking chair marathon. At the time Haney was disqualified the two had rocked for 280½ hours. Mrs. Schmidt continued rocking in an effort to make a record.

KENTUCKY

Strange workings of the powers and pr cipalities of the air in Danville, as report by the *Advocate:*

> Dr. Robertson and others were amazed Monday afternoon while golfing out at the country club grounds when suddenly a white cloud dropped to the ground in the vicinity of Herrington Lake and arose and acted like a cyclone going east.

MARYLAND

The Emmitsburg *Chronicle* on the troubl of the times:

> Nothing's wrong with Emmitsburg except—entirely too many of us get up in the morning at the alarm of a Connecticut clock, button a pair of Chicago trousers to Ohio suspenders, put on a pair of shoes made in Massachusetts, wash in a Pittsburgh tin basin using Cincinnati soap and a cotton towel made in New Hampshire, sit down to a Grand Rapids table, eat pancakes made from Minneapolis flour, spread with Vermont maple syrup and Kansas City bacon fried on a St. Louis stove, buy fruit put up in California, seasoned with Colorado sugar, put on a hat made in Philadelphia, hitch a Detroit mule on Texas gasoline to an Ohio plow and work all day long on a Maryland farm covered with Pennsylvania mortgages, send our money to Chicago for auto tires, and at night crawl under a New Jersey blanket to be kept awake from a dern dog, the only home product on the place—wondering all the while why ready money and prosperity are not more abundant in this wonderful town of ours.

MISSISSIPPI

Sporting news from the Christian tow of Laurel, conveyed to the world by t alert United Press:

> A muscular, powerfully built woman, who says she has roamed the swamps near here as a savage

for six years, will be the object of one of the most unique hunts in the history of this bit of the old Southland Sunday. Plantation owners and villagers will take their dogs and search the swamps for the woman.

For months, stories of this unusual person, her hair-covered body giving her the appearance of an ape, have terrified residents of the countryside near Taylorsville, some distance from here. P. A. Walker, wealthy plantation owner, was the first person to see the strange creature and learn that she was a woman. Wednesday he was walking in his cotton fields when he saw the strange figure ahead of him. Walker hailed her. She turned—a wild look in her eyes, her unclothed muscular body ready to spring to safety.

"Her arms and legs were as muscular as a prizefighter's. Her body resembled an ape," Walker said. "Her entire body was covered with hair from an inch to four inches long. I questioned her but she would not reveal her identity. She told me she had taken to the swamps six years ago and since had lived on rabbits, squirrels and vegetables, which she ate raw. Suddenly, hardly before I could believe my eyes, she darted away."

After unsuccessful efforts to obtain bloodhounds to trail the woman, residents decided to search the swamps, and with the aid of their dogs attempt to capture her.

MISSOURI

ELLECTUAL recreations of the Methodist n's Club of Columbia, as revealed by *Missourian*, the daily published by the ool of Journalism of the University of ssouri:

> A debate on the relative values of the ax and he plow will be a feature of the meeting of the Broadway Methodist Men's Club at 6:15 tonight in the basement of the church. B. E. Miller and E. L. McDonnell will support the ontention that the invention of the ax has een more beneficial to mankind than the invention of the plow, while the negative of this proposition will be upheld by A. J. Meyer and A. A. Jeffrey. Hugh F. Grindstead will preside t the debate, and judges will be selected from he audience. The programme will open with banquet served by the Missionary Society of he church. J. Kelley Wright, Jr., will sing a olo.

NEBRASKA

OCIATED PRESS dispatch from the great istian city of Omaha:

> A nine-year-old girl, Betty Anne Moon, was he winner of a free marriage ceremony offered y an Omaha pastor as a prize in connection vith a club picnic held Thursday night. Free ervices in a divorce case were offered by an ttorney and won by Austin Vickery, Jr., twelve ears old.

NEW YORK

COURSES offered by the Brooklyn Teachers' Association, "the largest local teachers' association in the United States":

AUCTION BRIDGE CLASSES

> *Explanatory Note*—In order to secure well graded groups, beginners', intermediate and advanced classes are planned. Teachers are cautioned that in order to secure greatest benefit from the instruction they are to apply for registration in that group to which they feel they really belong. A brief outline of some of the points to be taught in each course follows:
>
> BEGINNERS' CLASS
>
> Mechanical Features of the Game;
> Card Valuation (Quick Tricks);
> Bidding Requirements;
> Fundamentals of Play;
> The Finesse.
>
> INTERMEDIATE CLASS
>
> Card Valuation (Quick and Probable Tricks);
> Bids and Re-bids in the Various Positions;
> Doubles (Positive and Negative);
> General Principles of Play;
> Leads (Rule of Eleven).
>
> ADVANCED CLASS
>
> Probable Trick Valuation;
> Various Types of Bids and Responses;
> Factors of Distribution;
> Defensive and Offensive Play;
> Responses, Discards and Echoes.

THE trials and tribulations of a country journalist, as revealed by the editor of the Avon *Herald:*

> Last week, in a few copies of our paper, we published a story telling of the death of the Rev. John B. White. It came through reliable sources, but just as the wheels of the press were turning we had a call stating that the story was unverified. We stopped the press, pulled out the story, put in another story and proceeded. But the regrettable part is that we missed a big scoop, for when the *Herald* reached its readers, except for a half dozen early few, Mr. White had passed away.

CULTURAL news from Poughquag in the Pawling-Patterson *News:*

> The Annual Trip Around the World held under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid Society occurred last Wednesday. The first country visited was Hawaii, at the home of Mrs. James Stowe. Refreshments consisting of fruit cup and saltines were served on the porch, which was decorated with American flags and red, white and blue drapery. Next England was visited at the home of Mrs. E. J. Williams, where were meat loaf, potato salad, coffee, biscuits and butter. Followed Switzerland at Miss Myrtle Prout's home; the table was set on the lawn and cottage cheese and raisin-brown-bread sandwiches delighted the palates of the feasters. Japan was

portrayed at the home of Mrs. Henry Slocum, where, under the soft rays of Japanese lanterns in incense-laden atmosphere, tea, toasterettes and cookies were served to delighted patrons. Back to the United States for dessert, at the home of Miss Mollie Brill, where ice cream and cake crowned the evening. It was considered a very delightful affair.

Pastor H. W. Neathery, of Falconer, writing in the celebrated *Religious Herald*, sets forth the sorrows of a Baptist clergyman in this great Christian State:

> Virginia Baptists aided me in my education both at Richmond College and the Seminary, but when I turned to the State for a field there was something about me that turned me down. I would not write this but for one thing: I feel that others have suffered or experienced this as I have and I speak for them, too. I was sent to school to learn. I learned, or at least I got my degree. I went to the Seminary and got both a diploma and a degree. I have sought three fields in Virginia. I came very close to getting one of them. I missed one because one on the committee said that I parted my hair in the middle, a thing I never knew. However, before the error was corrected another had been called and I was out anyway. However honored I felt among those who did part their hair in the middle, I suffered both the humiliation of being refused, and of parting my hair on the right side.
>
> In another case, I was told that whatever I and another member of the committee would agree on the rest would abide by it. So I went with this brother home and we sat down and made all arrangements for me to come. I was to sell out some things and bring others. Traveling expenses were agreed on and all that. When we went to sleep I began to feel at home and began to plan for the beginning of a new pastorate. The next morning I was taken to the train by another member of the committee, and he said not a word about my coming back, but he was the very one who said that whatever I and the other member agreed on, the rest would. I came home and began to make preparations to move, except that I did not offer my resignation, and would not do so until I had been officially called. Time went on and no word. I wrote to a minister who was near and asked him to find out the trouble. In substance it was that I knew too much for the man who took me to the train. So he made up his mind that I would not do, and I did not go.
>
> Another time I was asked to visit a field and I went. I spent some days, and made myself at home just as I do among my own people. I was never treated more royally by any people and never preached to more appreciative audiences. They were about to buy a parsonage and asked my opinion of it, and I told them just what I thought about it. I had been officially connected with such schemes and knew some of the successes and failures of such undertakings and I freely gave them my advice and drew plans for them just as if I were coming. When I left I was told again: "You will hear from us soon." I have not heard yet, except that again I wrote to a neighboring pastor and told him my experiences and asked him if he would do a bit of detective work and find out just what the trouble was. He wrote that the only complaint he heard was that I acted just as if I were on the field and settled and was the real pastor, and that this was an offense to the committee.

NORTH CAROLINA

Company welfare work in Greensboro, reported by the *Patriot* thereof:

> Seven Negroes were baptized in the Company mill stream Sunday afternoon.

Ecclesiastico-social note from the em nent Wilson *Times:*

> It is too bad that a little family dispute over private matters caused the exchange of two little slaps between man and wife, and this getting into the hands and mouths of the neighbors and then into the press, gave our former townsman, the Rev. Mr. Winstead, who was evidently serving his church at Swansboro with zeal, trouble sufficient to call in his presiding elder, who investigated the matter and found there was no necessity for a trial.
>
> Both the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Winstead were in our office today, and both heartily and sincerely deplore the incident. It seems that Mr. Winstead was sick, and unable to get around and have his friends indorse a note due at the bank, and asked his wife to attend to it for him. She thought it was more his job than hers, and one word, as usual, led to another, and she slapped him in the mouth, cutting his lip with her ring, and he, without thinking, of course, struck her back, and she, without thinking of the consequences, began to make sufficient noise to attract the neighbors and the trouble began.
>
> Now, this might have happened to anyone, and we have never seen two more repentant souls than these two, and we are sure both have learned their lesson, and there never will be a repetition as long as they live.

OHIO

Educational news from the renowne Defiance College, as reported by the Clev land *News:*

> Deans and doctors of philosophy at Defiance College are taking a liking for kiddie cars. The learned profs were victorious in a scooter race with students staged as a feature of the first campus get-together of the season.

News of the Noble Experiment in th Minster *Post:*

> Roy Hole got hold of a brand of whiskey in Mercer county that put his teeth on edge and

he proceeded to gnaw at the nose of John Karafit. Hole went to the home of Frank Milinski where Karafit was staying and while he was loaded up with Prohibition fire water he proceeded to pick a fuss. He made a vicious assault on Karafit and was chewing the nose of his victim when Milinski, who is the game warden, interfered. It took several hard blows on Hole's head to force him to quit gnawing at his man and when they were finally separated Karafit looked much the worse for the trouble. Hole was arrested after the scrap.

ORKINGS of the Holy Spirit in Cincinnati, reported by the Pittsburgh *Press:*

> Conscience-stricken over failure to pay ten cents on a street car fourteen years ago, a Cincinnati woman has mailed a dime to the headquarters of the company in Pittsburgh. The letter was received by R. M. Glick, secretary-treasurer of the line. It read:
>
> "Enclosed find ten cents for carfare. About twelve or fourteen years ago, when but a child, I rode one block further than my fare called for, and having no more I could not pay it. And I must be clear before God. Yours traveling to Heaven; ye must be born again."

PENNSYLVANIA

NT AD in the Warren *Times-Mirror:*

> RESPECTABLE widow, 50, desires position as housekeeper. Very best references furnished. No trifling. Inquire 6½ Clark st.

ENTIFIC announcement in the eminent tsburgh *Courier*, organ of the Aframeri- aristocracy:

> AMAZING NEW DISCOVERY
>
> WORKS IN ONE MINUTE
>
> Be a beauty now, *tonight!* Have soft, white skin that everyone envies and admires. See your complexion turn shades lighter in the magic of a few moments.
>
> WHITENS YOUR SKIN WITHOUT
> BLEACHING OR MONEY BACK
>
> ow a wholly new way has been found—tterly without harsh, harmful bleaching. his amazing discovery far outdoes bleaching, nd you get results instantly. Results must ome in one minute and you must be amazed and imply delighted or it costs nothing.
>
> Spanola—as this new discovery is called—lends the skin to creamy whiteness in one inute's massage. No waiting. You see re-lts right in your own mirror. Skin looks r whiter and smoother than you could pos-bly make it in any other way. Choose the ade yourself. Make it as light as you like.

SOUTH CAROLINA

PASTOR C. E. PUETT favors the *Baptist Courier* of Greenville with a trenchant protest against a growing evil:

> This writer has been of the opinion that no man should be made a D.D. until he had three qualifications. First, he should be a man of scholarship. Second, a success, and third, at least forty years of age. He has also been of the opinion that this degree ought to be conferred by a college of recognized standing. Now it has come to pass that churches have gone to conferring this degree. Since that is the case what does hinder us all from being doctors? I asked a deacon of a church that had conferred this degree in a way I shall afterwards relate what right a church had to confer it? He said didn't I know "a Baptist church has a right to do anything it wants to."
>
> The itch of a certain preacher in a certain church for the D.D. degree led him to resort to a most unusual procedure to exact the same from the confused hands of his bewildered brethren. I do not give this as representative at all. I do not think it ever happened before and I feel it may never happen again. It was on this wise: The time had come for the preacher to resign. He prepared his resignation recounting, I am told, some of the things he had accomplished during his pastorate and adding at the close of his resignation these words or thereabouts: "In view of the good work done by Bro. ——— we do hereby confer upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity."
>
> Now when the pastor who prepared this handed it to the clerk and the clerk scanned it previous to public reading he was very much confused about the strange ending of said resignation. He pointed out to the deacons this strange innovation and no little excitement ensued, one after another asking the other what he knew about conferring the degree of D.D. Each answering the other that he knew absolutely nothing about it. The preacher, noting the excited movements and gesticulations of the bewildered brethren, motioned them to a secluded room and proceeded to pacify them after the following manner: "It is customary at the close of a pastorate where a good work has been done for a church to confer the degree of D.D. on the retiring pastor. There are two kinds of D.D.'s, namely, scholastic and honorary. This is merely an honorary degree and you have a perfect right to confer it." Time was getting heavy upon their hands and facing an unheard of situation and having no authority to whom they might appeal, the brethren knew not what to do, and with inward objections they outwardly acquiesced and allowed the resignation with the D.D. appended to go through together. And thus after the foregoing manner another D.D. was thrown upon the world.
>
> I am of the opinion that great ignorance prevails about this D.D. business and that an article on how to safeguard the dignity and prestige of this degree ought to be forthcoming.

TENNESSEE

The Rev. Dr. Barksdale, an eminent divine of the Colored Methodist Episcopal Church, states his case against a fellow ecclesiastic in the *Christian Index* of Jackson:

> It's passing strange to me that he did not know what was raised for him when he was sick at the Convention last Fall. I employed a car and got two preachers to carry him home and after the Convention closed on Tuesday I went to his bedside, carried him 40c worth of fruit and told him we raised $6.25 for him on Sunday in the Convention. I asked the Bishop to take the collection. I plainly told him the Bishop started the collection with $1; Revs. Cullins, 50c; Kimbrough, 50c; Barksdale, 50c; the P. E. 50c and the public the remainder of the $6.25, plus the $2 we owed him for service, a total of $8.25. Remember now I told him (the Rev. G. W. H.). I paid the doctor $5 for a visit; $3 to get him home, $2 to send his wife back to the railroad station; 75c for medicine and 75c for a car to move Rev. G. W. H. near the church, where we could see after him. Paid out of my pocket for him, $3.25 not returned to me to this day. Some of the C. M. E.'s gave him liberally but when he got well and sent out his public thanks he thanked the Baptists and M. E.'s but failed to thank the C. M. E.'s. I am sure I told him that I was out $3.25 on him and he did not thank me, neither has he paid me. There are facts I am telling and the Lord is my witness.

VIRGINIA

Town news from the celebrated Winchester *Star:*

> The reel team the Friendship Fire Company plans to enter in the contests during the annual meeting of the Virginia State Firemen's Association in Lexington next week, made a very good run last night. The team made a run of 150 yards and laid 150 feet of hose in 28 seconds, which is regarded as a record of which any team may be proud. The firemen have contracted to have the Lexington Cornet Band march with them in the annual parade, which will add much to the appearance of the company. The firemen will leave Winchester next Wednesday night in motor buses and automobiles. Members who have uniforms and who do not expect to go on the trip have been urged by the captain to return the same to the engine house at once, so that others may wear the uniforms on the trip to Lexington.

WASHINGTON

Boston culture hits the Northwest, as revealed by a leading editorial in the Spokane *Valley Herald:*

> Eugene O'Neill's play, "Strange Interlude" shown at the American Theatre last Friday and Saturday nights may have been a great success financially as the house was completely sold out both nights, but it is doubtful if the Spokane promoters will do much bragging about it for the reason that from the standpoint of moral, spiritual and cultural values the show is a total loss and worse—it is destructive.
>
> Three of the Ten Commandments are broken with impunity and their breach glorified. Womanhood is dragged down to the level of the lower animals and the high estate of motherhood is grossly outraged.
>
> Profanity is the language of the strange family circle in this distorted vehicle which is endorsed by the Theater Guild of New York, an organization with a cloak of fine respectability whose advance agent told the Spokane Chamber of Commerce in high sounding phrases that the Guild exists to promote the highest cultural and spiritual values of the spoken drama.
>
> What a contradiction, what a monument to their bad judgment, bad taste and bad faith "Strange Interlude" is.
>
> A large number of young girls and boys, probably not one in ten of whom knew the purport of the play before seeing it, were present together to suffer the embarrassment and humiliation of the low down performance erroneously called modern and broadminded.
>
> Only mature and developed character can stand being hauled through limitless mire without injury, and when the sophisticated admit they are shocked it is clear beyond reason to subject children and young people of all ages to the severe test of trying to find a high moral purpose in such low moral rot. It's a crime against intelligence and decency.
>
> It is our opinion that a large percentage of those in the Spokane audiences experienced no thrill of enjoyment or elation but on the contrary were nauseated beyond words. Yes, "Strange Interlude" shocks! So does the bite of a venomous serpent.

WEST VIRGINIA

Public notice in the Charles Town *Far ers' Advocate:*

> An Open Letter to Our Beloved Citizens of Jefferson county, who are in love and sympathy with the present day whiskey traffic. Let me advise you to write, on a piece of pasteboard, ten words in large, plain letters, and hang it on the footboard of your bed, and when you retire at night you can read them over. These words: "If I die tonight I will go to Hell." It might cause you to repent and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and declare war on Hell's traffic. Then you can erase the tenth word and put Heaven.
>
> S. F. Fridley,
> *Harpers Ferry, W. Va.*

FIVE EL PASO WORTHIES

BY OWEN P. WHITE

WHEN I was about fifteen the atmosphere of my home town, El Paso, Texas, which had always een thick with gun-smoke and homicidal elebrities, was considerably enriched by he sudden arrival of a new pair of citizens. ne of them, John Wesley Hardin, had ecently been released from the Huntsville enitentiary and was already a great man. wenty-three nicks on his pistol butt, each ick representing a soul sent to bliss eteral, was ample notice, even to such a gunghting world as I lived in, that Mr. Harin was a bad man to fool with.

The other stranger, who came down pon us from New Mexico, was at that ime entirely unknown to fame. He had hick, bushy hair and a black, droopy oustache. He was long and cadaverous, nd he always wore, even in Summer, a ng-tailed coat which, in addition to preerving his dignity for him, kept a curious ublic from commenting too freely on the ondition of the seat of his trousers, worn ut as they were from long sitting in an ffice chair waiting for clients. This man's ame was Albert B. Fall. He was a good wyer, a hard thinker, and a quiet and fined drinker. Yet no one, not even in at country where handles to names are as mmon as in Kentucky, ever thought of noring him by referring to him as anying else than plain Mister.

Messrs. Hardin and Fall made their adnt into our far from peaceful little comunity some time in the early Summer of 95, and, as I now vividly recollect, it was ly shortly thereafter that I made a little istory for myself by going downtown one ght, leaning my juvenile carcass against the bar in the Ruby Saloon, and keeping it there until I had acquired a jag. Of course, viewing this initial effort, as I now do, in the light of much subsequent experience, I realize that I was probably only moderately tipsy, but for reasons which will later appear, I will never forget that on that night I drank and swapped stories with such world-famous characters as Pat Garrett, the slayer of Billie the Kid; John Wesley Hardin, the greatest gun-man in Texas; John Selman, who succeeded to the title when he himself killed Mr. Hardin; George Scarborough, who later on slew Mr. Selman; and last but not least, Mr. Mannen Clements, a cousin of Mr. Hardin's, who, as an ambitious young cutthroat, already had five or six assassinations to his credit.

It is quite likely that on that night I drank too, with Albert B. Fall, for in those days his foot often polished the brass rail in the old Ruby. But as he was not then as vividly in the public eye as he has been recently, or as the other men I have named were at the time, I do not definitely recall that he was even present. In other words, Mr. Fall was not prominent enough for me to notice him. Neither, in fact, would I have given any of the other celebrities present so much as a second thought had it not been for John Wesley Hardin. The others meant nothing to me. I had known all of them for years and was entirely unimpressed by either their personalities or their records.

It was different, however, with Mr. Hardin. He was a stranger in town, he was rated as the most implacable killer in all the Southwest, and the fact that he had arrived had been brought straight home to me when my uncle, who was mayor of El Paso at the time, stepped up to him as he got off the train and told him that as long as he behaved himself the freedom of the city was his, but that if he began to cut up the local peace officers had instructions to unload their sawed-off shot-guns into him first and arrest him later.

In addition to this welcome John Wesley was the unknowing recipient of an even greater honor. Prior to his coming John Selman and George Scarborough, each with a dozen or more men to his credit, and each jealous of his prestige, had quarreled as to which one should have the privilege of ribbing up an argument with Mr. Herdin and taking the first crack at him.

Rumors of this quarrel had reached my youthful ears, and so that night, as these men, one after another, drifted in and out of the saloon, and as I drank with them all, I knew—and so did they—that there was blood in the air and that it wouldn't be very long until one, or two, or maybe even three of them, would die with their boots on. And the three I have mentioned, Hardin, Selman and Scarborough, did die that way; and Mannen Clements also, and likewise Pat Garrett, which makes five, but it didn't happen as anybody thought it would. Here is the story.

II

For several weeks after his arrival in El Paso, Mr. Hardin disappointed everybody by not shooting anyone or doing anything devilish. Of course he drank regularly and gambled every night, but as all of our leading business men did the same thing his conduct couldn't be held against him. Then a woman drifted into the picture and the trouble began.

Living across the Rio Grande, in Old Mexico, was a fugitive from justice named M'Rose, and living with him, to brighten his hours of exile, was a vivid blonde. The American authorities wanted Mr. M'Rose and wanted him badly, and, after he had seen her just once, John Wesley Hardin wanted the blonde. Soon he got her. Unde some pretext or another Mr. M'Rose wa induced to come over into El Paso one dar and stormy night. He crossed the international bridge, stepped out into the blackness of the road, paced along it for abou forty yards, and then received a sudden an anonymous ovation in the shape of sixtee buck-shot.

Nobody ever knew who killed him an nobody cared. Later on John Wesley Hardin said, while drunk one night, that h had hired the job done for $250. If such wa the case it is quite probable that his cousin Mannen Clements, who once told me tha he'd cut any man in two with a sawed-o shot-gun for three hundred, was the executioner. However, as Mr. M'Rose was totally useless person the manner of hi demise is of no importance to us. But th surviving blonde is of a good deal. A women of her amiability were rated socially in our town in those days, she was on who would decorate the establishment o any man who could afford to maintain her John Wesley Hardin fell for the idea tha he could do so, and he made the experiment. He brought the lovely creature acros the line, installed her in gaudy lodgings bestowed upon her informally the honorary title of Mrs. Hardin, and at onc found himself swamped with bills. The were large bills too, and they accumulate faster than Mr. Hardin could win money a poker and faro. Obviously, something ha to be done about it.

The situation, however, didn't seem t alarm Mr. Hardin. Many times before during the course of his explosive career he had been in tight places, and he knew how to get out of this one. His metho was very simple. He walked into the Gen gambling hall one night at eleven o'clock and, with the eyes of the El Paso chivalry all upon him, stepped up to a bank cra game, snatched out his gun, shoved it i to the dealer's face, scooped up the ban roll, stuffed it into his pockets, and amble peacefully away. For this little enterprise which netted him about $1500, nothin vas ever done to Mr. Hardin. As they said n those days, he had the town buffaloed. wo weeks passed before he was so much s arrested for the crime. He paid his bills hough, and divided what was left of the poils of his robbery with "Mrs. Hardin." n just a few days that good lady, taking dvantage of the fact that her "husband" vas out of town for the day, availed herelf of the opportunity to go on a bat. She vent on a beaut, slapped another female in dance-hall over the head with a sixhooter—and was promptly arrested and npolitely incarcerated in the town hooseow by young John Selman, Jr., a contable and the only son of the Selman aleady referred to.

Everyone in El Paso knew that this eant a violent end for somebody. Fearing hat it might be his, young John Selman kipped town and left it to his pa to face he wrath of Mr. Hardin. The old man idn't welch, even when John Wesley eturned to the city, found his yellow-eaded love in jail, paid her fine, sent her ome, and spent the rest of the afternoon elling everybody that his next move vould be to exterminate the entire Selman amily.

That night at about ten o'clock I passed ne Acme Saloon and there in front of it, tting on a beer keg and smoking a cigaette, was old John.

"Hello kid," he said. "It's time you're ettin' home, ain't it?"

"I'm on my way now," I answered, but what are you doing here?"

"Nothin'," replied the old man. "Just vaitin', that's all."

I went on and had got no more than a undred yards down the road when I eard a pistol shot. I looked back. Uncle ohn was no longer sitting on his beer keg. ran for the saloon. When I got there I ound him and John Wesley Hardin both nside. John had a gun in his hand, and ohn Wesley, stretched out on the floor nd already as dead as a mackerel, had a ullet in his brain.

A few weeks later they tried John for murder and the newcomer from New Mexico, Albert B. Fall, stepped squarely into the centre of the arena. He was the attorney for the defence, and if he was going to acquit his client he certainly had his work cut out for him. It was a clear case of cold-blooded assassination. The single bullet that killed John Wesley Hardin (and my own father was the physician who conducted the inquest, and swore to the facts at the trial) had entered squarely in the centre of the *back* of his head! John Wesley was standing at the bar shaking dice for the drinks when John Selman pushed open the saloon door and shot him from behind.

Those were the undisputed facts in the case. What was this Mr. Fall going to do about it? He showed us. Still wearing his long-tailed coat and with his bushy hair sticking straight out in all directions he addressed the jury. He was eloquent; he was magisterial; he was wonderful. In language that soughed and sighed he rehearsed all the details of the killing, including many that were new to all of us. He made the members of the jury see everything exactly as he wanted them to see it. They saw Hardin standing at the bar shaking dice; they saw an innocent Selman push open the swinging door and enter the saloon; simultaneously they saw a villainous Hardin raise his head and glance into the big mirror in front of him; they saw the hand of the great killer flash to his gun-butt, and then they saw John Selman fire. Aided by his powerful nouns, adjectives and verbs they saw all these things and thus a cold-blooded assassination was turned into a clear case of self-defense.

But that wasn't enough for Mr. Fall. In order to assure a verdict for his client he thought he had to go a bit further. He did. In an eloquent closing speech he dwelt at length on the public undesirability of the deceased gun-man and argued magnificently that El Paso, instead of trying Selman for bumping him off, ought to be tendering a vote of thanks and presenting a medal. This last, unfortunately, was a mistake. The jury, which promptly acquitted Selman, would have done so anyhow. The jurors knew, without having Mr. Fall tell them, that Hardin dead was worth a whole lot more than Hardin alive. If he had only omitted that part of his address Mannen Clements, cousin of the deceased, would not have left the courtroom swearing that some day he was going to get Albert B. Fall.

III

Ten months went by. It was two o'clock in the morning, and standing in front of the bar in the Wigwam Saloon—the place wherein the magnificent Bradley brothers of Palm Beach, dealers of stud and faro, got their start in life—were our old friends, John Selman and George Scarborough. They were both tipsy and both were in bad humor; hence they were both very dangerous. A few hours later two versions of what happened were current on the street.

The most picturesque version, and the one that I, as a kid of sixteen, chose to accept, was that the men quarreled and, in order to settle their difficulties permanently, agreed to fight a duel. They stepped into the alley with some one to count for them, and stood back to back. At the count of one they walked away from each other and at the count of ten they wheeled, drew and fired. At least that is what they agreed to do, but it didn't work out exactly that way. Up to the count of ten all went well, but then, when old John Selman dropped his hand to his hip, it fell on an *empty* scabbard. Thereupon George Scarborough, not knowing he was shooting an unarmed man, fired four bullets into his adversary's body.

To this day nobody knows what became of Selman's gun. Some bystander in the barroom must have lifted it before the old man went into the alley, but Scarborough certainly had nothing to do with it. He was a clean fighter, with a fine reputation as a man, and his own statement, corroborated by a couple of willing witnesses, was all that was necessary to satisfy El Paso. As I remember it, he was not ev
tried for the killing.

Thus gun-man number two passed o
and, so rapidly does this tale move, nu
ber three soon followed him. It was li
this: Out in Arizona a young man name
Tom Capecart, who was generally spoke
of by his admirers as Kid Curry, had bee
so industrious in the matter of robbi
banks and killing cashiers that to anyo
who wanted to take the trouble to go o
and get him, either dead or alive, he h
become an asset of considerable valu
George Scarborough, needing the mone
went after the Kid and never came bac
With but one companion, he cut the tra
of the Curry gang over in Arizona, f
lowed it across into the mountains
Southern New Mexico, and early one mor
ing ran head-on into the camp of the ou
laws. The fight started at once and in t
first exchange of compliments Scarboroug
was badly wounded. He crawled behi
some boulders, however, and kept up t
battle. All day he and his companion he
off the bandits. Finally, after several me
of the gang had been wounded, Kid Cur
raised the siege and took his departur
Then Scarborough's comrade, who, throug
a whole day of shooting, had not receiv
a scratch, went to the nearest town f
help, but when he got back with it t
next day it was too late. George Scarbo
ough was dead.

Two gun-men now, out of our origin
five, are all that remain to be disposed
but, as it is going to be several years befo
we are faced with the necessity of actual
bumping them off, we may here turn asi
and devote a few short paragraphs to t
peaceful progress, onward and upward,
our other hero, Mr. Albert B. Fall. M
Fall, according to all indications, has be
getting along very nicely. Following h
glorious victory in the Selman case, pr
perity has showered itself down upon hi
His law practise, both in New Mexico a
in West Texas, has picked up; his politic
influence has grown apace; his social stan
ing is without blemish, and so are

ousers, making it no longer necessary for im to wear a long-tailed coat. Needless to dd, Mr. Mannen Clements has not yet ept his threat to get the man from New lexico. Thus "Judge" Fall—he is a judge y brevet now—still has that to look forard to. But apparently it doesn't worry im. He goes calmly on; he makes money; e gains prestige; he goes back East, reains there for a time, and upon his rern astonishes El Paso by opening a agnificent suite of offices and announcing imself as the legal representative of Col. /. C. Green.

Col. Green was then our chief magnate. e was promoting the affairs of the Greenananea Copper Company out in Arizona, laying poker in the Ruby Saloon (except at its name had been changed to the oney Island), and building a railroad oout a thousand miles long through the orthwestern part of old Mexico. In all of ese activities, except possibly those inulged in at the Coney Island, Judge Fall ok a prominent part. So numerous and tricate, indeed, did his interests become at he had to hire a press-agent. I know l about this press-agent: he was a good iend of mine. His name was Reynolds oleman and after he had been on the job r some time he came to me to ask my lvice.

"What's the matter with you?" I inuired when he told me he was in trouble.

"Well," said Coleman, "I've been workg for Judge Fall for three months and he asn't yet paid me a cent of salary. What ould you do about it?"

"Quit," said I.

He did quit, but interesting news items oout Judge Fall continued to go about the wn. For instance, I recall a delightfully nusing and happily profitable episode in nnection with a local street railway anchise. El Paso had already granted a arter to an Eastern concern, and that conrn had already constructed and was erating an electric railway system with hich the citizens of the town, all except e, were well satisfied. That one discontented soul was Albert B. Fall. So in order to placate him (and maybe also because he and his associates had placated some of the aldermen) the El Paso City Council on an historic evening presented him with a franchise which empowered him to parallel every street-car line already operating in the city.

Judge Fall was ready and waiting for that curious franchise to be granted. In the railroad yards were many carloads of ties and rails for the W. C. Green road into old Mexico, and there wasn't any reason why the Judge couldn't borrow them for a few days. He proceeded to do so. Under his direction a huge gang of men worked rapidly and all night, to the end that when day dawned on the very morning after the franchise had been granted the people of El Paso awoke to see a marvel. Along every street in the business part of the town stretched rows of ties, not buried but laid on the surface of the street, and on top of the ties lay heavy steel rails. Traffic was totally stopped and thus it remained until the company already operating saw fit to see Judge Albert B. Fall. When it did so the rails and ties were picked up and shipped on to their original destination in old Mexico. Unless I am having a pipe dream as I write this, Judge Fall once told me with his own lips, and a contented chuckle, that this little piece of business netted him a profit of $30,000.

Of course, when that sum is compared with the millions involved in the leasing of Teapot Dome it doesn't seem to amount to much, but when it and other sums similarly acquired were added to his regular income as Col. Green's representative the total was large enough to enable Judge Fall to ride around in the most gorgeous rig in El Paso and to live in the biggest house. At any rate, if it wasn't actually the biggest house it was at least the highest. He built it on the most elevated spot in El Paso and ever since then the place has been called Golden Hill, probably in commemoration of the fact that when the Green enterprises in Mexico went broke the colonel's legal representative didn't. He emerged from the crisis with a good deal more money than any of the creditors. And just about that time he received a rush order to come to New Mexico and participate in another murder trial.

This time it was Pat Garrett who had been killed, and the man who had the distinction of doing the job was one Wayne Brazel. Again it fell to the lot of Albert B. Fall to represent a defendant who was generally looked upon as unquestionably guilty. But was he? That was a question for the jury, not the public, to decide, and as the facts in the case were hazy anyhow, and were rendered even hazier by the unexplained failure of the only eye-witness to the shooting to appear and testify at the trial, there was only one thing the jurors could do. They had to take Brazel's word for it that he fired in self-defense and turn him loose.

In brief, the story told on the witness-stand by Brazel was as follows: On February 28, 1908, as he was riding along a lonely stretch of road a few miles out of the town of Las Cruces, he was overtaken by Pat Garrett, who, accompanied by a man named Adamson, was traveling in a buck-board. The defendant and the deceased immediately took occasion to revive an old quarrel over a lease on a ranch. The argument grew brisk and compliments were being freely exchanged when the backing strap on one of Garrett's mules came unfastened. The slayer of Billie the Kid stopped his team, got down, fixed the strap, and then, when he stepped back to the side of the buck-board, reached quickly into it, grabbed up a shot-gun and shouted:

"God damn you, if I can't get you off my land one way, I'll do it another!"

But he was too slow, or perhaps Brazel was too fast, because before Garrett could get his gun to his shoulder Brazel had jerked out his pistol and fired twice. The second shot, which caught Garrett squarely between the eyes, was wasted, for the first one had pierced his heart and he was already a dead man.

The jurors, being under oath to try th case according to the evidence, had to b lieve this story because it was uncontradicted. But the public didn't, and bein perverse like the public sometimes is, i wanted to know and vociferously aske what had become of Adamson, the onl eye-witness to the shooting, and why wa it that he didn't take the stand. Thes questions, which Albert B. Fall probabl could have answered, were not answered and the rumor that Pat Garrett was kille as the result of a conspiracy has never die down.

To this day there are those in Las Cruce and El Paso who will tell you that a ma by the name of J. B. Miller, who was late lynched in Oklahoma for his part in th murder of a Mr. Babbitt, hired Brazel t assassinate Garrett. But rumors are no facts, and as Brazel was defended by a goo lawyer, who has since demonstrated tha he knows how to keep damaging testimony out of the record, he was legally an lawfully acquitted.

In connection with this trial it is interesting to note that the district attorne who prosecuted Brazel while Fall defende him was Mark B. Thompson, whose nam will come up again in the course of thi story, and who, in every one of the Teapo Dome trials, has appeared in court as Fall' personal attorney.

IV

As our score now stands it's four down an one to go. That one, Mannen Clements, i a tough *hombre*, and as I recall the turbulent state of the El Paso atmosphere o those days, I marvel to think that, needin it as badly as he did, he wasn't killed whole lot sooner than he was.

When we last saw this young man h was walking out of the courtroom at th close of the Selman trial profanely announcing that he was going to get Alber B. Fall. So far, of course, he hasn't done it but in all other homicidal respects hi activities have been such as to make al nen of reasonable caution give him a wide erth.

Out of a number of similar cases that night be dug up out of Clements' record, I ecall that of a traveling man who wore liamonds, carried a big roll and was foolsh enough to flash the latter in our local mporiums of vice. After a few days this tranger's body, minus his money and ewelry, was found on the outskirts of the own, and as Mannen Clements had become imultaneously wealthy he was arrested or the killing. For two reasons he was cquitted of the charge. In the first place, he average El Paso juror would have been fraid to vote guilty unless he was absoutely assured that Clements would be anged immediately, and in the second lace there was really not enough direct vidence against the man to legally convict im. In the public mind, though, there was o doubt as to the facts. It was while he vas out on bail awaiting trial in this case, hat Mr. Clements made the remark for vhich I have already given him credit. I sked him one day how it felt to kill a man nd he replied: "Hell kid, that don't mount to nothin'. For three hundred dolars I'd cut anybody in two with a sawed-ff shot-gun."

Thus for years, always in trouble, always acking a gun or two, and, whenever he vas properly steamed-up on fighting whisey, always renewing his promise to kill lbert B. Fall, Mr. Clements walked the reets of El Paso. Twice, so I have been old by men who claimed to be eye-witesses, he tried to keep his word.

On one occasion Mr. Fall was doing me solitary drinking in the wine-room of ie Coney Island when Clements walked i, saw that his victim was alone, pulled ut his gun, shoved it into the face of his nemy, and—didn't squeeze the trigger! ad he only done so, think what a differnce it would have made in American hisry! Carl Magee of Albuquerque would ever have gone on the trail of a little ack bag; Teapot Dome would never have een leased to Harry Sinclair; Harry himself would never have gone to jail in Washington; the administration of Warren G. Harding would not be as a stench in the nostrils of Christian historians, and our hero, Albert B. Fall, would not have come into the Autumn of his life in a disgraced and debilitated state.

But Clements didn't shoot. A big fat man, who was our justice of the peace, stepped into the wine-room at the psychological second, and the assassination was postponed.

Mr. Clements' next effort, although he still chose the Coney Island as the scene, was made under entirely different circumstances. Mr. Fall, with some of his friends, was drinking at the bar when Clements walked into the saloon. The would-be killer was slightly drunk; he was therefore belligerent, and he wasted no time in declaring that it was now his intention to gratify his long-cherished ambition and perforate the man who had defamed his dead cousin. As a beginning he naturally jerked out his gun, but that was as far as he got. In those days in El Paso a man had to be quick to get by with a killing and Mr. Clements was probably a little too full to be as sudden as the occasion demanded. Somebody slapped his gun up in the air; two or three men threw him out in the street, and thus, once again, were Fall and Sinclair deprived of the privilege of dying as honest men.

But, except for the inconsequential fact that no one had ever accused him of being honest, it was different with Mannen Clements. Not very long after his last attempt to eliminate Mr. Fall, he walked into the Coney Island, ordered a drink, got it, and just as he was allowing it to gurgle down his throat, received a digestive pill to go with it in the shape of a bullet through his heart. Mr. Clements was killed so quickly that he never knew what hit him, or who, and remarkable to relate, although the barroom was full of men, they were all looking elsewhere when the shot was fired, so that no one saw who fired it or the pistol from which it came. All they were sure of, and there was the corpse on the floor to impress them with that fact, was that Mannen Clements was dead. Somebody had earned the gratitude of the community by ridding it of a chronic menace. The next morning, pursuant to a call, a meeting was held at the residence of the Hon. Albert B. Fall (please note how he had been advanced in rank) at which instructions were issued to all the town prosecuting attorneys, sheriffs, constables, etc., that no one was to be arrested for the killing of the night before. But somebody *was* arrested for it. El Paso's chief of police, feeling slighted perhaps because he had not been invited to attend the conference in the big house on Golden Hill, disregarded the wishes of the future lessor of Teapot Dome and arrested the Coney Island's handsomest and most highly esteemed bartender.

This bartender was eventually brought before the bar of justice, and there it developed that several of our leading citizens were much blinder than anyone had ever suspected them of being. The bartender was acquitted because no man saw who fired the fatal shot, and neither was any trace of the pistol from which it came ever found in the saloon.

And yet, just about three years ago I met Mr. Mark B. Thompson, Fall's attorney, on the street in El Paso and as he and I are old friends we stopped to talk things over. During the conversation I asked him who killed Mannen Clements.

"I don't know," he replied. "I wasn't there, and I won't mention any names, but if you can remember the layout of the old Coney Island I can tell you how it *might* have happened."

I assured him that I had a good memory and then, in graphic language, he did for me just what Albert B. Fall had done for the Selman jurors years before. He reconstructed the killing, and as he talked I saw that this is the way in which Mannen Clements *might* have been bumped off. Once again, familiar to me in every detail, I saw the interior of the Coney Island; standing at the bar drinking and chatting I saw a dozen or more of my old time friends and acquaintances; and standing back of the bar I saw a bartender, who had sold me many drinks, polishing glasses. I saw Mannen Clements come in through the swinging doors, walk up to the bar and order a drink; I saw the bartender set out the bottle and then pick up his white cloth and resume his glass polishing; I saw Mr. Clements pour his poison; I saw the bartender bring up something concealed in the towel that was too big to be a whiskey glass; I saw Mr. Clements raise his liquor to his lips; I heard a sudden explosion, and then a splash, as the pistol—it must have been the pistol—was dropped down into the soapy water in the sink.

Under the necromancy of Mr. Thompson's words I saw this happen just as I have described it, but nevertheless, down in the Southwest the question of who killed Mannen Clements and why remains as unsolved today as the question of who hit Billie Patterson. I think, however, that if the Hon. Albert B. Fall wanted to he could answer both questions.

FIGARO STORMS ATHENE

BY MAURICE S. SULLIVAN

THE most inattentive patron of American barber-shops cannot have failed to notice, of late, a new dignity in e attendant shearsmen. Those who stand sengaged are not plucking at banjos, or ading a pink journal designed to appeal policemen, or even monkeying with the dio. The latest story about the drummer the lower berth is not being recited oud. The man in the chair is not obliged cry out in torment: "No! I told you ce! No!" And there are many other imovements.

The reason for all this is the epochal discovery, about five years ago, that barbering not only an art, but also a science. The eat white light of revelation burst upon garo when a horde of houris demanding bs crashed the door of his shop. Sudnly he felt self-conscious; inferior solly. Delicate scents, filtering through the osser reeks of his atelier, rose to his brain d set him off on an orgy of thinking. At ce prophets popped up, crying "Educan! Education!" Now, all over the nan, barbers are humped over books, rning big words.

But they are barbers no longer. Early in first semester of the Enlightenment ey became aware that the old name did t do them justice. It was as if a wrassler, ving acquired a license as an osteopath, ould continue to call himself a wrassler. the brainy men in the profession applied emselves to the invention of a new one. r example, Mr. Joseph De Silvis of iladelphia, creator of the Windblown b, and eminent as a writer in the baric periodicals. Thus he put it in the *bers' Journal:* "The word barber has run its course. A new and more professional term must be coined. What shall it be?" At first he was hot for *beautician*, but then he favored *dermitonsor*. Meanwhile Mr. Fred W. Fitch, founder of the *Square Deal*, a magazine widely circulated in the profession, held out for *dermatician*, and the *Master Barber and Beauty Culturist*, formerly the *Master Barber*, "official organ of the Associated Master Barbers of America," proposed *chirotonsor*. Now the *Western Barber* lends aid to the *Master Barber*, and *chirotonsor* it seems likely to be. Bowing to the majority, Mr. Fitch gracefully abandons *dermatician*.

The problem of what to call the new professional suite also demanded thought. Mr. John O'Brien of Akron, O., named his a *dermatorium*, Mr. F. M. Chase of Newton, Kan., suggested *dermashop* and *dermistry*, and Mr. G. L. Miller of De Quincy, La., nominated *dermatory*. But now *chirotonsory* is in the lead. The greatest boosters for it were in California, which has always been hospitable to the tendency that makes a real estate dealer a realtor, a beauty shop girl a cosmetologist, an undertaker a mortician, and a corn doctor a podiatrist. Not Hollywood, nor Hiram Johnson, nor even the cafeteria is the State's greatest glory. According to the president of the California State Master Chirotonsors' Association, Mr. Henry S. Guio, writing in the *Western Barber*, "the national adoption of the term *chirotonsory* is the biggest feather in California's cap."

Ten years ago, if you had suggested to any barber in his right mind that before he died he might attend a university to get a better knowledge of his trade, he would have taken a quick look at your bumps and then yelled for Reilly the cop to call the wagon. But now, under the direction of the learned John Winter Rice, Ph.D., B.Sc., M.S., M.A., Bucknell University has instituted a course in sanitation and hygiene for barbers. Fifteen men signed up for the first term of twenty weeks. The white-coated collegians are given lectures, instruction by stereopticon slides and motion-pictures, and laboratory work, just as their coonskinned fellow students. Those who pass the examination receive certificates. Soon, according to Mr. Henry J. Oehman, president of the Master Barbers of Racine, Wis., there will be thousands of graduates, and every chirotonsor will have a coonskin coat. Thus, over the radio station WRJN, Mr. Oehman uttered his prophecy:

> Possibly some of my listeners still retain the old conception of the barber. They see him in the old environment, with the spittoon in the corner, obscene literature on the tables, dirty mirrors, unkempt barbers' uniforms, the rows of individual mugs with owners' labels prominently displayed. All these things belong to the past century. The master barbers of today are educated. There is an existing law which requires at least an eighth-grade education before any man can study the barbering profession. Very soon this will be amended to require a high-school education, and *ultimately no man will be permitted to study barbering unless he has had a college training.*

Another chirotonsor who sees into a rosy future is Mr. M. Orton Shafer of Riverside, Cal., inventor of the Haywire Bob. Here is what he has to say in the *Master Barber:*

> [Barbers] are preparing themselves by education, sponsored by the educational department of the Associated Master Barbers of America, and in time will have a professional signia as chirotonsors, and will in many cases leave the high overhead of ground floor space and go into buildings as other professionals, make appointments, and their services will be along scientific lines. . . . We will give our services as professionals and will get a price that will justify a few more luxuries than we have had in the past.

The fate that is in store for the patients of these new doctors of chirotonsic science may be guessed from these words in the *Master Barber:*

> The chirotonsor is still stumbling along asking customers what they want, and for the most part trying to give what the customer asks for. Ca you beat it? . . . With this stock of informatio peculiar to the service the chirotonsor could ste into a professional office and dictate to client coming in. He could explain to them what the could have or ought to have, and collect a professional fee that no one would complain of. Th chirotonsor really deserves to stand above eithe of the professions [dentistry and optometry] mentioned in comparison in this article.

Nobody, however, has gazed into t crystal ball and seen more than Mr. J. Shanessy, president of the Journeym Barbers' International Union of Americ Addressing the dermatonsors of Memph Tenn., he solemnly averred, according the *Square Deal:*

> It is within the power of the barbers of America not only to direct the trend of public opinion, but also to elect the mayors, Governors and Senators that govern the land. The man at the barber chair shaves the leaders of his community. No better opportunity is offered any professional for influencing men of affairs than is afforded the barber profession. It is my sincere belief that, if the barbers of America will stand together, it is within their power to elect even the President of the United States. . . . A new day is about to dawn for the barber profession.

Mr. Jule Gordon, editor of the *Squa Deal*, relates an incident which shows ho the wind is blowing. A prominent man facturer of barbers' supplies once told hi he was "thoroughly disgusted" with t trade and had about decided to divert h business into other lines. The sales of h products had fallen off tremendously duri the last five years.

"The fault is with you, not with t barber profession," Mr. Gordon replie "The last five years have wrought a r markable change and you have not adapt your product and policies to this chang As a matter of fact there are enough gre minds within the barber profession a enough collective intelligence to lead t profession to undreamed-of heights—a I'll prove it to you."

With that Mr. Gordon pulled from portfolio a folder containing hundreds letters received from entrants in the *Squa Deal* Prize Contest, the object of which w to find out what its readers thought of t *Square Deal*, a magazine founded by M Fred W. Fitch, of the F. W. Fitch Compan

spread these letters before his startled eyes and
ead passages that might have been written by the
est minds of any industry or profession. I showed
im visible and overwhelming evidence of the
owers of leadership within the profession, long
lormant, but now finding expression. All of this
vas a revelation to him. . . . Make no mistake
bout it—there is plenty of intelligence within the
arber profession.

The winner of the $15 first prize in Mr.
tch's contest was Mr. Wilfred Harrison.
s replies to the first two questions of the
ntest follow:

. What feature have you enjoyed most in this particular issue?
. Fred Fitch's Own Page. . . .
. What features have you enjoyed most in previous issues?
. Fred Fitch's Own Page.

II

course, as in every great forward move-
nt, some scoffers are encountered; low
lows who write letters to the trade
ers and put derisive quotes on the word
fession. They show their contempt for
ication by intoning the old barber
ool yell:

> Cut on the chin, cut on the jaw,
> Leave the face raw, raw, raw!

These Bolsheviki have received plenty
warning. Their day of doom is upon
m. Already twenty-six States have
ense laws which set forth how much
erience a man must have before he may
gage in practice as a chirotonsor. These
s also guard the profession against per-
s of immoral, intemperate or felonious
racter, and prescribe the scientific
ndards which must be lived up to. In
more enlightened States an eighth-
de education, at the least, is required of
intending shearsmen. In Illinois, the
ored brother, beginning to feel his oats
rye, is giving opposition to this eighth-
de idea. Indeed, he lately went so far as
have introduced in the Legislature a bill
repeal the entire barber law, but White
remacy was on its toes and won out in
nmittee by the score of 11–0.

very up-and-coming professor of chiro-
sic science now has in his possession the Standardized Barbers' Manual, originally compiled by Mr. A. B. Moler (founder of the first barber school in Christendom) and revised by the National Educational Council. As the preface states, "the fact that barbering is a profession necessitates this standardized textbook, that the students . . . may learn the theoretical, ethical, legal and scientific principles or elements of the profession in order to be skilled professional practitioners."

Quite properly the manual begins by impressing on the chirotonsor that the earliest records of barbers show that they were always the foremost men of their tribes—how gifted dermaticians ruled in ancient Asia; how highly respected the depilatory engineers were in Egypt of old; how the tonsorial art was so important in Greece that a candidate for public office was once defeated because his opponent's beard showed evidence of more scientific servicing; how the dermitonsors were so well regarded in Rome that a statue was erected to the memory of the first professor to practice there; how they reached the uttermost pinnacle of their glory as the barber-surgeons of the Middle Ages, when chirurgery and dentistry were but minor branches of their ancient art. Later, as the book records—and plainly there is a lesson in this for those who are not responding to the new educational movement—the more progressive members of the profession, as surgeons, hauled away from the stick-in-the-muds, who remained common barbers.

It is to provide an antidote for lethargy that the manual contains chapters of instruction in anatomy, electricity and chemistry as well as in honing and stropping, shaving, haircutting, ethics, hair dye, facial treatments, salesmanship and business conduct. Credit for the scientific material in the book is given to Edgar B. Wilson, D.C., Ph.C. Dr. Wilson himself was once a cutter of hair. Now, as a learned chiropractor, he is the Big Brother to the Barber, teaching him and seconding him in his scuffles with *levator labii superioris alaeque nasi* and *depressor anguli oris*.

How Dr. Wilson stands with the profession may be judged from this tribute to him by Mr. Dominick Nenna, owner of the Independent Barber College, San Diego, Cal., as recorded in the *Master Barber:*

> May I mention here the name of one of our greatest leaders in the field of Barber Science, to whom I owe a great deal of my success, if not all, and by whom I was inspired to grasp the opportunity of future barbering? This man is none but our old friend, Dr. E. B. Wilson. To him I would say: "Teach them, Doc, old boy! Keep up your good work and the reward will be great. When you are through in the East, come out West, for we need you and need you badly. Barbers are cutting hair out here for as low as fifteen cents.

In the margins of the manual, under the heading "Things to Remember," are short instructions designed to edify and inspire the student. For example:

> A sloppy mug driveth away patronage.
>
> To rattle your brush in the mug keeps your customer awake. If he wants to sleep, let him.
>
> The reward for good hair-combing is like the reward for painting a good picture. The pleasure of looking at it. Artistic temperament recognizes this.
>
> To gracefully handle linen is high art. Get the swing of spreading the chair cloth and handling the towels.
>
> A shear and comb artist has the same opportunity to display skill as does the sculptor or painter; therefore acquire skill and become famous.

A handbook of such laudable purpose would not be complete if it neglected poesy. So there is included a stanza, somewhat improved, from one of the great New England skalds:

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream,
Nor the soul is dead that slumbers,
And we are what the barber makes us seem.

Clambering up to his new heights, the professor of chirotonsory has bumped smack into the mysterious thing called ethics. Even as those other men of science, in the law and in leechcraft, he has found that this ethics is most lamentably intertwined with the absolutely essential business of getting enough currency to keep the wolf off the Welcome mat. So it is not surprising that there is a division of opinion in the ranks about tipping. Some are violently opposed to it, but the majority seem inclined to tolerate it. When a doctor of chirotonsory, they say, exerts himself perform a particularly skillful operation accordance with the most advanced pri ciples of depilatory science, it is not u ethical to accept a silver offering. Th offering, it is maintained, is an acknow edgment by the patient that he has receiv Super-Service, and it should be accepted the spirit in which it is given.

The controversy began to sputter at D Moines, Ia., in November, 1926, when t Associated Master Barbers of Ameri officially condemned tipping. The resol tion was introduced by Mr. F. J. Caha chairman of the Kansas State legislati committee. Since then he has been oblig to defend it against a multitude of critic Thus he answers back in the *Square Deal:*

> You say doctors, lawyers, dentists all accept tips. I do not agree with you. In the first place, they charge enough for their services so that they do not have to put themselves in the same position as a porter or waiter who throws all self-respect aside and is always looking with his hand out for a measly ten or twenty-five cent tip. I cannot feature anyone employing a lawyer or doctor, paying them a fee of from ten to one hundred dollars, and then tipping them ten cents. . . . Barbering is a profession. The Supreme Court of Kansas has so ruled, and any profession must maintain a certain dignity.

But a Mr. Wallace, writing on the oth side, cites a most depressing occurrence:

> A few years ago I had been reading a lot of bunk on psychology of honor, and how to attain to special dignity in whatever vocation one might follow for a livelihood. . . . I was converted to this new thought almost instanter, and . . . I refused a two-bit tip on the next day. The customer I tried it on was a very staid gentleman. His conversation was interesting, pertaining mostly to music of the operas, in which I too am quite interested. . . . As I finished my task, he proffered me twenty-five cents side money as with an assuring smile he prefaced his silver offering with "Have a smoke on me. That job made me feel like a new man." I smiled benignly as I rejoined, "I'd rather appreciate your patronage above your tip, and I trust I may have the pleasure of serving you again. . . ." That man never again entered my chair for services. I had hurt his feelings beyond repair.

The subject appears to be loading u with dynamite against the day when th entire profession will be organized and will be possible to enforce a code of ethi on penalty of excommunication. The pro m is worthy of intensive study by the best inds the ranks of chirotonsory can proice. Obviously, if the profession is to keep i the heights to which it is now scrambling mething must be done about the churl ferred to by a contributor to the *Western arber:*

> The barber who has got nerve enough to actually stick out his hand for a tip very seldom gets one and never gets the same man to work on twice. Nothing gets a business man's goat any quicker than this.

III

iere is a tendency in the tonier studios to ster the belief that silence is golden; but e profession at large is by no means connced that a doctor of chirotonsory is ing the right thing by his patients in eaking only when spoken to. It is aciowledged by all that the chirotonsor has easures of information not available to e ordinary citizen and by making a vice reserve he is, perhaps, losing an oppornity for Service in a really big way.

The public press has taken a hand in the tempt to solve the difficulty. Thus, the lebrated Inquiring Reporter of the Chigo *Tribune*, proceeding on the theory that e men can't be wrong, went to the Man the Street and asked: "Do you prefer a ent or a talkative barber?" The result is very depressing. Four out of the five izens were in favor of throttling the irotonsor.

An ungallant editorial writer in the rewned *Leader* of Eau Claire, Wis., hints at the voluble dermatician has been disintenanced by the superior fluency of the ier sex:

> he last of its old characteristics the barber-shop ost when it admitted the bobbed-hair hordes was he barber who talked faster than he clipped. . . . he theory that the old-time barber was loquaious because his patrons were good listeners sugests that the taciturn barber is the product of the eminine invasion of the tonsorial parlor. The hought should be the source of much gratificaion to vengeful men who in the old days were alked to death by a barber.

Despite this tendency of the newspapers consider the issue settled, the *Square Deal* avers that so far as it is concerned the question is still an open one:

> We venture to say that the question asked by the inquiring reporter was hardly fair. The word talkative has an odious meaning. A barber may talk and not be talkative. A talkative barber is one who talks too much, and such a barber would hardly be preferred by anybody.

Finally the *Western Barber* makes it clear to the layman just why there has been a generous reduction in quantity (though not in quality) of conversation in the clinics:

> Expert observer says the barber of today isn't talking so much as the barber of ten years ago. That's easy: He's thinking more!

Since he attained to professional status, indeed, the chirotonsor has had impressed upon him that his primary purpose in life is not making money but rather Service. He has a duty toward mankind. So he has been cudgelling his brain to figure out more ways of discharging this duty, for, as the *Journeyman Barber* piously affirms: "A life of Service is a godly life."

In this field a former editor of the *Master Barber*, Mr. Henry Wever, has hit upon a pregnant idea. Mr. Wever would have the chirotonsor educate his patients to the use of perfume. In explaining his plan he pauses to say:

> I wish at this point to bring the idea home to every operator in the world that the chirotonsor is the champion of delicate differences, and the disciple of beautiful details and refinement.

To put this service over on his patient, Mr. Wever counsels, the dermatician must be tactful, because, as he warns, "the customer must not be surprised or startled by radical changes." The canny method of procedure is this: the patient should be reminded of the odors with which he comes in contact in daily life, and how anyone can smell the difference, for example, between unvarnished pine wood and walnut. From this simple beginning he should be led through the appetizing aromas of pure milk, butter, cheese, etc.

These pleasing smells, the editor recalls, ascend from things which have emerged from the interior of mammals. This fact naturally leads to the scientific truth that ambergris, a most desirable perfume, may be obtained only from the seat of fortitude in an indisposed whale. Similarly, other well-known scents have their origin in the hidden recesses of quadrupeds.

As the originator of this idea points out, "the only way to teach any human mind anything is to talk to it about things it already knows and mix in things which are new." The new barber, as Mr. Wever calls him—meaning the rebuilt lad who has become a chirotonsor—will do this "slowly and patiently, teaching his customer things which the customer did not know before."

That done, the patient is ripe for the sales talk. He should be given the opportunity to select a smell, because, as Mr. Wever remarks:

> A human being simply loses one chance for individual strength, strength of character, delicate enjoyment and appreciation of the possible joys of living if he neglects to associate himself with a delicate perfume of his choice.

If, in addition to getting the glow which arises from a sense of having done his duty, the chirotonsor gets a little cash, well and good. "Any increase of business that puts a few more dimes into the cash register," says Mr. Wever, "must also increase the barber's standing in the customer's estimation. Business growth always means increase of prestige as well as increase in cash results."

Another notable contribution to the field of Service is the discovery of Mr. B. O. Mitchell, a chirotonsor of Los Angeles, Cal. Under the heading, "Pet Behind the Ears," in the *Western Barber*, he writes:

> If the subject is in an irritable frame of mind, he is nervous and unable to remain still while being shaved. This is a bad condition and should be remedied. By stepping behind the man after he has seated himself comfortably in a chair, and moving your fingers in a circular movement around the main facial nerves that lay just under the ears he is soon relaxed and settled, ready for the clippers or the razor.

Mr. Mitchell adds that he has found this service "pleasing to practically all of my customers"; but he neglects to record, clinically, the reactions of those patie who were not pleased.

All these may seem to be minor matte but they are the little touches which ma the difference between the barber and t chirotonsor. The really big wallop f Service, however, is put across in Lo Well Week. This Look Well Week is n to be compared with Eat More Bran Wee National Sauerkraut Week, Be Kind Your Husband Week and similar inve tions, for all of them are manifestly mone getting devices. The object of Look W Week is Service alone.

To begin with, a slogan had to be man factured, because it is well known th little can be done in this Republic witho a slogan. The British brothers have wh they probably consider a slogan and th have put up $50,000 to get it across. It i however, crude and brusque: "Get Yo Hair Cut!" The free-born American citiz would paste in the eye any practition who should be so devoid of tact as to t such an insult on him. Here a craftier a more elegant refrain for the pibroch w devised: "It Pays to Look Well."

Just before the Third Annual Look We Week, in the Summer of 1929, the *Mas Barber* issued its final preparatory messag

> To our everyday patrons we are going to impress the lesson of "It Pays to Look Well." In the hands of the barber rests the personal appearance of the population. Sometimes our patrons forget this. It is our privilege and our duty, as their caretakers, to remind them of the advantages of keeping their exterior in tune with their higher personalities. It is up to us, and our profession only, to help our patrons bring out the best that is in them. . . . No higher duty, no more sacred privilege, exists, and Look Well Week is for the simple purpose of spreading the truth of this.

But, the writer warns, the public wi not know it unless the chirotonsors deliv their message. The way to do it, he say is to advertise Look Well Week and adve tise it "along the lines indicated." Besid the use of posters, newspapers, theatre pr grammes and direct mail, one of the lin thus indicated is free haircuts for orphan Throughout the land that week the b heart that beats in the bosom of the chir sor became as visible as if it lay pound- on his vest. How many orphans re- ved free haircuts will, perhaps, never be own, but it is certain that multitudes e placed on the road to fortune, as is lent from this in the *Master Barber:*

> e are going to start the children of the nation on e right road in life. Before they become older d set in slipshod ways, we are going to instruct em in the value of neatness, orderliness, atten- on to personal detail. In this way they will learn at like begets like, and that the good things of e come to those who look as though they were customed to them.

n the steppes of Kansas, where, accord- to the *Barbers' Journal*, barbers believe etting together and doing things right, members of the Master Barbers' Asso- ion of Junction City, Fort Riley and ford motored to the Rebekah-Odd lows Home at Eureka Lake. Sixty-six ldren received chirotonsic attention, and hty-two old men got both haircuts and ves. From one end of the country to the er reports poured in of similar feats of vice performed by the depilatory engineers. Millions of free Americans, to use a phrase of the *Barbers' Journal*, were made "barber shop conscious."

Of course it was unavoidable that a good deal of free newspaper publicity should follow the haircuts. In fact, the correspondents of the chirotonsic gazettes seemed to over-emphasize the importance of this phase of the Service rendered. But if, after so much publicity, receipts in the tonsoria increased, it only goes to show that the virtuous do not always have to wait for a better world to get their well-earned reward.

There seems to be more than a hint of that in the following stanzas from a poem by Mr. Jack Carter of Saginaw, Mich., printed in the *Square Deal:*

> "It Pays to Look Well" in the morning light;
> "It Pays to Look Well" at high noon bright;
> "It Pays to Look Well" as evening doth loom;
> To follow this rule each day is a boon.
>
> In this great old world of conflict and strife,
> Where we battle each day for gain and life,
> The winners have proved this slogan old
> "It Pays to Look Well" opened wide gates of gold.

MORE TALES FROM OKLAHOMA

BY GEORGE MILBURN

Yellow Paint

When news that the armistice had been signed reached our town Mayor Esterbrook proclaimed a special holiday. All the merchants signed an agreement to close their stores, the firebell rang all day long and there was a celebration. Fords drove up and down Broadway tooting their horns and a bunch of men who had been exempt from the draft got up on the roofs of the three-story buildings on the west side of Broadway and began to shoot off firearms. Birdshot hailed down on the shingle roof of the Kentucky Colonel Hotel that whole afternoon.

Along toward night some of the farmers who had come to town that day without knowing that it was going to be a holiday began to want to get their goods and get back home. But all the stores were closed, and it looked as if they would have to drive back home and come back to town the next day to do their buying.

Some of the farmers had come long distances, seven, ten and fifteen miles. Some of them were out of food at home. Four or five of these went down to Old Man Farnum's house and asked him if he wouldn't open his store so that they could get some of the things they had to have, like kerosene and dry salt meat and compound lard and coffee.

Old Man Farnum called himself "The Square Deal Merchant" and he ran a general merchandise store on the east side of Broadway which he called "The Old Ironclad." He called it that because its framework was covered with galvanized sheet-iron pressed in imitation of imitation c stone concrete blocks.

Old Man Farnum had a wide reputati for honesty, but he had some queer wa He never would advertise in the *Wee Recorder*, always saying that a satisfied c tomer was the best advertisement. never carried any fancy groceries like m of the other stores in town, but o staples.

In the general merchandise part of store, however, he allowed his fancy wander and he would sometimes st things he knew, in reason, he couldn't s He seemed to buy such things because t were what he would have liked when was a child. Once he got two dozen ta bourines. He kept them on his shelves years. Another time he got a lot of lit bisque shepherdesses which he finally g away as premiums.

He was very proud, and even though had gray hair he walked very straight a he would not stand for anyone calling h Old Man to his face. Once he ordere farmer out of his store for calling h Grandpap.

Well, Old Man Farnum told the farm who came to him that he absolut couldn't sell them any goods that d because he had signed an agreement close up. He saw the fix they were though, and they persuaded him so ea estly that he finally agreed to accommod them by opening up the back end of store.

Ellis Grice, the United States mars in our town, came up the back alley j as Old Man Farnum was helping a far put some goods in his wagon. Ellis was d outlaw hunter. He claimed to have een the man who captured Cherokee Bill, id Mrs. Grice boasted that she sewed the ood they hanged Cherokee Bill in.

Ellis came over to where some men were ting in front of the De Luxe Barber Shop lking about how sorry they were they dn't been in the war and about how glad ey were it was over.

"Old Man Farnum has opened up his ore and is selling goods out the back oor," Ellis said.

"And it Armistice Day, too!" someone id.

"That old man ain't got no respect for thing."

"He ought to have someone go tell him e kind of a dirty slacker he is," Hart mmers said.

"They ought to paint his storefront llow," said Clarence Everts, a boy who d been in the last draft, but who hadn't en called.

"If someone will paint it, I'll pay for e paint," said Ellis Grice.

The next morning Old Man Farnum got wn to his store at daylight, as was his stom. When he opened the front doors felt the wet paint on his hand. He uck a match and then he could see that e whole front of his store, glass windows d all, was covered with a heavy coat of llow paint.

Old Man Farnum set to work with rags d kerosene to clean the paint off before ybody else got up and about. But the ore kerosene he would put on the more paint would run, and by broad day windows were still smeared with yel- v, and the paint-kerosene mixture was nning across the sidewalk in little rivu- s. Finally the old man hired a couple nigger boys to help him and by noon y got nearly all the paint cleaned off.

The old man's pride was deeply wounded. e of his sons, Newton, a gawky, six- ot boy who used to clerk in the store, d died of influenza in training camp. s other son, Harry, later turned up at the ited States Veterans' Hospital in Muskogee with his arms and the lower half of his face blown off.

Old Man Farnum was cut up pretty badly to think that they had painted his storefront yellow just as they had painted Norden's grocery and Fraunhoffer's bakery and Oberchain's butcher shop earlier in the war. He began to look for sympathy among the farmers who were his customers, explaining to them the circumstances over and over again. But most of them were men who didn't want to take issue with general opinion, so they would listen, shaking their heads and making little clicks with their tongues and not saying anything. When two of the farmers for whom the old man had opened the back of his store that afternoon of the first Armistice Day started trading at another store to escape his explanations, Old Man Farnum's hurt changed to slow-burning anger.

A day or two after the painting news had come that the first Armistice Day had been a fake, and that the armistice had not been signed that day at all.

Old Man Farnum used to stand for hours in the front part of "The Ironclad" with his hands pressed firmly down on a counter, gazing out of the front window. His face would set in hard, grim lines and his jaw muscles would twitch.

He stopped explaining to people after a few months. His trade had drifted away until only a few old customers and some sympathetic German farmers were left.

Ellis Grice, the United States marshal, used to walk past "The Ironclad" two or three times a day. He had to go past in order to get to the Justice of the Peace's offices next door.

One day it got to Old Man Farnum that Ellis had bought the yellow paint used to paint his storefront. Milan Decker, a boy who worked at the Minnetonka Lumber Company, where the paint was bought, was going with a German farmer's daughter named Margarete Bieberdorf. Margarete told her father, and Bieberdorf came in and told Old Man Farnum.

The old storekeeper waited all that day for Ellis, but Ellis did not come past. The next morning about nine o'clock, however, Ellis came hurrying by with a kind of pacing step he had.

"Good morning, Captain Nightrider," said Old Man Farnum with his softest drawl. He stepped out of his store door and blocked Ellis' way.

"Howdy, Mr. Farnum, howdy," said Ellis. He tried to walk around.

"Wait a minute, Captain Nightrider. I owe you for a little painting job you did for me here last Fall."

"Why, Mr. Farnum—" began Ellis, but he never finished that sentence.

Old Man Farnum brought up the soda-water bottle he had been gripping in his right hand, and he bashed Ellis across the face with it. The bottle shattered and the lower half of it tinkled on the cement sidewalk. Ellis' face spouted blood. His nose bulged curiously.

Old Man Farnum looked at him for a minute. Then he tossed the bloody bottle neck he was holding into the street and went back into his store.

Ellis Grice, the old outlaw hunter, stood there with his face a bloody blur. He began to weep, saying, "I never done it, Mr. Farnum! I never done it! Anyone who says I done it is a goddam liar, Mr. Farnum."

Finally he turned around, still weeping, and went off down the street to Doc Boyd's office, sobbing over and over, "Anybody will tell you I never done it, Mr. Farnum!"

It took Doc Boyd quite a while to get the glass picked out of Ellis' face, and his nose never did get set straight again.

II

Looie McKindricks

Looie McKindricks was weak-minded. His mother was one of the McKindricks girls who got ruined along about 1905, in the early days. People said that his father was Charley Wheeler, the town-site man, because Looie had red hair like Charley's. But Herschal Gunther said that the M
Kindricks girl never could prove th
Charley Wheeler was Looie's papa.

Looie's mother worked in the telepho
office and sent her boy to grade schoo
When he got in the fourth grade Mi
Mabel Roberts, a pretty girl from th
State university, was his teacher. After h
had been in the fourth grade two yea
she passed Looie on to the fifth out o
kindness. But Looie had taken such
strong liking to Miss Roberts he wouldn
leave the fourth. Every morning the fift
grade teacher would have to come an
drag Looie to the right room. After a whi
she got tired of this and let him stay
the fourth. Looie had been in the fourt
grade four years when Miss Roberts g
married. He quit school then.

He was a young man by this time. H
huge head was covered with a mat
bright red hair. Some school bully ha
knocked out all his front teeth and h
mouth was sunken and twisted like
old man's. His eyes, bathed in rheu
would get cocked at painful angles, givi
his face a grotesquely coy expression.

Looie was satisfied with his appearanc
For a long time no misgivings as to h
attractiveness to women ever entered h
mind.

"Women are funny," he told a bunch
the Economy Drug Store one night. "Wh
they get crazy about you you can't
nothing with them. Women sure do g
me bothered."

The first thing he did after leaving scho
was to get a job on the railroad secti
gang and buy a set of shining gold teet
He was afraid of automobiles, so, inste
of buying a Ford, he saved his money a
got a single-footing bay mare and a bug
with a fringed, yellow parasol top.

Looie began courting Lulu Sampler,
farmer's daughter north of town. Lu
was a big, red-faced girl with breasts li
melons and a lap like an over-stuff
rocker. She had always been timid a
self-conscious and Looie's attentions fla
tered her somewhat. But her parents a

iends teased her so much about him that made her uneasy to have him around.

One Thursday this item appeared in the unnyside Tatler column of the *Weekly ecorder's* country correspondence section:

> Here lately every Sunday afternoon a certain yellow-topped buggy and bay mare is seen hitched up out in the shade of Sampler's big catalpa tree. When is the wedding bells going to ring out, Lulu?

The next Sunday Lulu met Looie at the ont door as he came around from hitch-ng. Timidity made her brutal.

"Looie, you bawl the jack on out of ere! I ain't wanting you around here, and ain't aiming to have you come to see e no more. You ain't got half sense. You ught to know whur you ain't welcome, ut if I got to tell you, well I'll tell you. et on away from here right now!"

The hired hand was sitting in the shade the catalpa tree when Looie came out d untied his horse and climbed in his uggy.

"You ain't leaving a-ready, air you, ooie?" said the farmhand.

"You're dang right I'm leaving," said ooie. "I allow I got enough sense to know hur I ain't wanted. Nobody don't have knock me down with a hint."

III

The Butcher, the Baker,——

ll the other girls at high-school made n of Olla Obenchain because she was so d-fashioned. She wore her hair and her esses long and she carried her books to hool in an oilcloth satchel.

But even if she was old-fashioned, Olla as a handsome girl. She had large black es and wavy black hair and her hips ere those of a nymph by Rubens. She as a little larger boned than most of the rls going to that school.

Olla's father owned the White Front eat Market. He was a heavy German d his face always looked as though he d washed in beef blood. He used to drink it, in fact, hot from the steer. He had huge moustaches and he was a good butcher.

During the War it got around that he had a picture of the Kaiser hanging up in his parlor, and the patriots in our town came very near to lynching him. They had him tied to the back of a Ford truck and were dragging him through the streets when the officers rescued him. Ellis Grice, the United States marshal, took him to the Federal jail at Muskogee, where the butcher proved that the picture was a tintype of his father, taken back in Germany years before.

They let Old Man Obenchain go, but after that he never would have much to do with the people in our town. He was the only good meat-cutter there, though, and people kept on trading with him.

Hank Fraunhoffer, who owned the Purity Bakery, was courting Olla. He was a stolid bachelor about forty years old. Old Man Obenchain liked Hank fairly well because he was the only eligible German in town for Olla.

Olla liked Hank, too, because she was a dutiful girl. When the other girls were exchanging confidences she would tell them about Hank, and then they would go off and have a good laugh about Olla and her forty-year-old beau.

Hank played the cornet in the Campbellite orchestra on Sundays. He always took Olla to the lawn socials. Sometimes he would take her to the picture show on Saturday night. But usually they sat out on Obenchain's front porch, or in the Obenchain parlor.

Then Olla decided to get her hair bobbed like all the other girls at high-school. Her father would not hear of her having her beautiful long hair cut off. He raged and swore and said he would turn any daughter of his out who would so brand herself as a streetwalker.

Olla waited for a while and then in the Spring some of the other girls got to persuading her and she went with them to the barbershop and got her hair cut off.

That afternoon, when Olla came from school, as soon as her mother saw her bobbed hair she began weeping and talking in German. Before Old Man Obenchain came home that night, Mrs. Obenchain tried to get Olla to hide, but Olla would not. She was determined to see it through with her father.

He came into the kitchen. There she stood in the lamplight with her bobbed hair. When he first saw her he didn't recognize her. She spoke to him softly and came over and put her hands on his shoulders.

As soon as he saw who it was he began to berate her in a shameful manner. All the neighbors could hear Old Man Obenchain cursing Olla.

He drove her out of the house that night and threw her clothes after her. Olla had about a hundred dollars in the bank that she had earned the Winter before taking subscriptions for women's magazines and doing fancy needlework. She went to the Economy Drug Store and Doc Bascombe raised enough money to cash a check for her that night.

She left on the midnight train to go to one of her married sisters who lived in Amarillo, Texas. On the train she discovered that her bobbed hair lent her an attraction for young men she had never had before.

A young brakeman passing through the day coach that night saw her and fetched her a pillow. She was lovely there with her pale face turned up and her breasts drawn taut, lying back in the dim, mellow half-light of the day coach's oil lamps. They started talking and after an hour or so he proposed to her. They got married at the next railroad junction.

When Hank Fraunhoffer heard what had happened, he scraped the pie dough out from between his fingers and said, "She oughtn't to of done that. Her old man was too rash, but she oughtn't to of done that. She didn't have to run off with no brakeman. Even if she did get her hair cut off, I would of married her anyway."

IV

Gerald Lee Cobb

Gerald Lee Cobb was such a pretty boy h could have passed for a girl. When h graduated from high-school his class voted him the high-school Apollo. He was tal and lithe and his hair was like frayed new rope. Blushes played under his smooth skin.

Gerald wasn't dumb, either, like mos pretty boys. He won the W. C. T. U. essay prize that same year with his theme "Would Jesus Have Smoked Cigarettes?" He wasn't much good at football, but a the county track meet he won the vaulting championship, setting a record of 11 fee 9½ inches.

Gerald Lee Cobb was always an intensely religious boy. He was an active church worker, and for a time he was presiden of our local Epworth League. When h graduated from high-school Old Man Cobb who ran the Kentucky Colonel Hotel, sen him away to the Garrett Bible Institute a Evanston, Ill.

"I ain't a churchgoing man, myself," said Old Man Cobb, "but I'm in favor o religion, and I'll be goddamned if I ain' going to give that boy the best religiou education money can buy."

Gerald's mother was religious, if Old Man Cobb wasn't. Mrs. Cobb was a leade in the M. E. Church South. She was the one who decided him on becoming a minister

Mrs. Cobb was an aristocrat. She had been a Tennessee Jackson before her marriage to Old Man Cobb. She was certainly proud of Gerald. She used to take hi letters with her to United Daughters o the Confederacy meetings and read them to the other women.

Gerald Lee Cobb had been away to th Bible Institute for two years when th country went to war. He was a conscientious objector. The government herded him to a detention camp some place in Kansa and kept him in a barbedwire stockade fo the duration of the war.

Gerald was a pretty boy and the other
isoners, shut up like that, must have
eated him with some brutality. He never
as right in the head after the war.

He came back to our town and soon after
at he began "seeking" in the Holy
oller church. This was in direct opposi-
on to his mother's wishes, since Mrs.
obb was an aristocrat and a good South
ethodist. She hated the Holy Rollers
ke poison.

"I haven't got no objection to people
orshiping God anyway they please,"
rs. Cobb said, "but them Holy Rollers
e plumb ridiculous. Calling themselves
e Apostles of Christ! And all that gib-
rish about the Unknown Tongue, yell-
g and capering around like niggers!
ey're just poor white trash and they
n't know how to act."

In spite of that, Gerald felt the Pente-
stal fire one night. He went on and
ined the Holy Rollers. He began to
ulate Jesus. He gave away all the good
othes he had left over from college and
ent about in rags. He refused to have his
ir cut and he grew a thin blond beard.
e would go off on long evangelical trips
er in Arkansas, and sometimes he would
away months without his family know-
g where he was.

Old Lady Cobb stopped saying anything
him. She never opened her head to any-
e about the way her son, of whom she
d been so proud, had turned out. Only
casionally she would go out to the fair
ounds where, after their meeting-house
rned, the Holy Rollers had built an
bor of oak boughs.

Mrs. Cobb would never go inside the
bor and sit down. She would stand on
e outer edge in the dark, watching the
oly Rollers carry on in their lantern-lit
closure. Sometimes Gerald would jig
til he fainted. All the others would bend
er him, exhorting him. He would lie
ere in the dust, slavering and rolling up
e whites of his eyes.

All the time the Holy Rollers were sing-
g and shouting and jumping and talking in the Unknown Tongue and rolling on the ground, Mrs. Cobb would keep repeating, loud enough for the spectators around her to hear, "The dirty hogs! Oh, to think that a son of mine could be such a filthy beast! Oh what dirty hogs!"

And when there would come a lull in the hullabaloo, the old woman would stand there very straight with her arms folded and go on muttering, "The dirty hogs! The vile beasts! Oh, the shame of it, the dirty swine!"

V

Myrtle Birchett

Jim Birchett was having trouble with his daughter, Myrtle. Within a few months she had changed from a lanky, knock-kneed school-girl with bristling pigtails to a pretty woman. She had read in a magazine called *True Romances* that this was a Flapper Age and she wanted to do all she could to keep up with the times. She was getting wild and Jim didn't know how to curb her.

Myrtle was always sending off to mail-order houses to buy fancy clothes. She made her own money as office girl for Dr. Boyd and Jim couldn't make her stop spending it foolishly. One day he went to the postoffice and asked the postmaster not to write any more money-orders for her. He started telling the postmaster about the clothes Myrtle had been getting.

"I wish you could see what that girl has been wearing for underclothes," Jim told the postmaster. "A little strip of pink cloth to go around up here, and a pair of little short drawers that wouldn't wad a shotgun." As an afterthought, he said quickly, "A-course I wouldn't 'a' knowed she had 'em if I hadn't seed 'em hanging on the line."

Myrtle wasn't having any trouble in attracting attention. She would go switching down the street on Saturday night and in her wake there would be teethy whistles and smacking lips. As she passed the Brunswick Pool Hall she would hear the boys sitting on the curb murmur, "Uh-hum!" "Hot dam!" and "W'up, there, whoa up!" Myrtle didn't mind. She liked it. She would shake her head and go her way smiling.

Sunday nights she would go to the Baptist church. Her parents didn't always go Sunday nights, since they had hard work to do early the next day. On the nights her old folks weren't there, Myrtle would sit in the back of the church and giggle and write notes in her song-book to pass back to the boys sitting behind her.

One Sunday night the Reverend Sweazy, after reading his text, gripped the sides of the pulpit with his two hands, looked out over his congregation, and said solemnly, "Shall we pray?"

Myrtle said, "No!" in a low voice, but she said it louder than she intended to and everyone in the church heard her. The boys sitting back of her got to giggling so much that R. T. Sampler, one of the deacons, came back and asked them all to leave. That was before the Baptists got their new Wilton carpets. Myrtle clacked her high heels so hard in the aisle that the Reverend Sweazy had to stop his praying until she got out of the door.

Myrtle Birchett had a quick tongue in her head for a girl of her age. Once she bought some striped silk hose. The stripes spiraled around and around up her legs until they disappeared beyond the fringed hem of her short skirt. Hose of that kind caused the boys to whistle more than ever when she passed.

One afternoon she was walking home from work and as she passed the Ford Garage, Speedy Scoggins, the proprietor, was standing out in front. Speedy had been married about a year. He got his wife in Red Arrow, a town about eleven miles to the north.

As Myrtle passed, Speedy said, "Say, girlie, can you tell me how far up them stripes on your stockings goes?"

"No," said Myrtle, "but I know a man from Red Arrow who can tell you how far up they'd go on your wife."

VI

The Baptist Christmas Tree

The Baptists finished up their new bric church in the Fall of the year and the thought it would be nice to have a Christmas tree. They hadn't had one for years because they hadn't been very proud c their old frame church. This year they ha the most imposing house of God in tow and they were anxious to have visitin congregations in to see their bright nev Wilton carpets and their freshly varnishe golden oak pews.

They got a huge tree, a twenty-foo fir. It was beautifully decorated. But th Baptists' Yuletide arrangements were ill omened from the start. To begin with, th new baptistry was directly under the rostrum on which the tree was erected. Someone thoughtlessly left the trap door to th baptistry open and when Mrs. R. T. Sampler stepped off a stepladder to get anothe cranberry string she fell through. Ther wasn't any water in the baptistry and tha was good, but it was six feet to the concrete bottom and that was bad. Mrs. Sampler was unable to act the part of th Virgin in the Nativity tableau that night

Miss Naydine Fritts had the first number on the programme, a solo, "In th Garden." She had got to the part: "An the voice I hear, Falling on my ear," whe a candle on the fir branch under whic she was singing dripped hot paraffin dow the back of her neck. Her solo ended i hysteric shrieks.

The entertainment committee wasn' willing to admit that the affair had got o to a hopeless start, not that early in th evening, anyway, and, against his wishes they attempted to push on the rostrur little Junior Gregg. Junior Gregg's recitation did appear next on the mimeographe programme, but he had been completel unnerved by his predecessor's unfortunat experience and his howls outdid even Mis Fritt's piercing soprano. The time ha come for Santy Claus to arrive before th ntertainment committee gave Junior up.

The Santy Claus had been waiting out-
ide in the cold, and, without getting the
roper signal, he came on inside to get
varm. Once he appeared at the doors in
ne back of the church it was impossible
o go on with the programme.

Everyone, except the small children,
ecognized the Baptist Santy Claus as
horty Fletcher. Shorty shined shoes at
ne Brunswick Pool Hall, and he was
videly known as a sinner. But he looked
ke Santy Claus with his pudgy cheeks
nd his gelatinous pot belly and his griz-
ed dewlaps. Shorty unquestionably had
ne best physical, if not the best spiritual,
quipment for the part, and the Baptists
ad been eager to have everything perfect
nat year.

Shorty came stamping down the aisle in
s red muslin suit and his goat's-hair
hiskers, making a great racket with a
wbell and frightening the children into
nvulsions with his gruff greetings. The
urch echoed with the screams of the
ung ones and it looked as if the Baptists'
ristmas tree was going to be a success
ter all.

As Santy Claus reached the end of the
sle nearest the Christmas tree, little
nior Gregg, who had got over his stage
ght by now, toddled up to him. Shorty
ooped over and picked the little boy up.
nior grabbed hold of Shorty's false
hiskers and began yanking on them. In-
ead of having the whiskers fastened to
s ears with wire, Shorty had stuck them
his face with gum arabic. The little
y's tugs were pulling big patches of
in off Shorty's face. He lost patience.

"Why, you goddam little brat!" he said,
d dropped Junior Gregg to the floor.
rs. Gregg came forward and blessed
orty out right there before everyone.
orty left for the drug store to get his
face attended to. The Reverend Sweazy had to hand out the presents.

The evening wasn't over yet.

There had been a long rivalry between the two Higgenbotham girls and the oldest Pennick girl about playing the piano at Sunday-school. Usually, the first one who got there played it, but this was an unsatisfactory arrangement and it had occasioned many bitter words.

Sam Higgenbotham had had a couple of drinks that Christmas Eve and he had been standing, with painful solemnity, in the center of the church. His wife and daughters were on both sides of him and he had been keeping his lips closed tightly all evening to prevent them smelling his liquor.

The Reverend Sweazy called out the names of the two Higgenbotham girls and they both went forward to receive a large box done up in red tissue paper and tied with a tinsel cord.

The Higgenbotham girls had already received all the gifts that they had been expecting that Christmas and they were curious about the contents of the large box. They tore the wrapper off right there in front of everyone and found that the box was filled with corncobs.

"That Pennick girl sent that! That Pennick girl sent that!" Mrs. Higgenbotham began repeating in an excited whisper.

Sam Higgenbotham lost all restraint. His liquor turned him nasty. He seized the box and began hurling corncobs at everyone in the church.

When the Holy Rollers heard of the Baptists' Christmas celebration they said that it had been a visitation from God. The Holy Rollers always did believe that the Baptists had burned down their meeting house across the street. The Holy Rollers used to make so much noise over there shouting and singing that the Baptists couldn't hear their own sermon.

LANGUAGE

BY FRANCES M. FROST

This is a country of little rivers—
Dog river, Mississquoi, Otter creek—
Slicing villages with gold at sunrise,
Looping them with silver on yellow afternoons,
Putting them to sleep with cloud-purple and mountain-purple at dusk.
This is a country of small rivers running north and west—
Winooski, Lamoille, Ottoqueechee;
And the Connecticut going south and keeping the maples of Vermont
From burning with the maples of New Hampshire.
Apple trees on a slope say what a man cannot say
And ask questions a man cannot ask,
Knowing he will not be answered.
A grindstone under apple trees by a white house,
Old wagons under apple trees by a deserted barn,
A scythe hung in the low crotch of an apple tree east of a rocky hill—
These are the stunted speech of a country
Slow to live and equally slow to die.
Stone walls in the South,
Piled along hill-ridges and through th woods,
Stone walls up as far as Dorset and Chelse
Split-rail fences in the North,
Zigzagging between fields,
Running beside the roads.
Barbed-wire fences in the North, f pastures,
Barbed-wire for hay-fields and river-lots.
In the North we leave the stones wher they grew . . .
Wetly out of brook bottoms,
Jagged and dark out of the hills.
Stone walls, fences, rivers, apple trees—
These speak of a slow country,
Of white-spired villages between two hill
And the loves and hates and passion between two hills.
These talk of abandoned farms an abandoned lives
And of men who ask no questions of th earth,
Knowing earth will not answer.
Stone walls, rivers, fences, apple trees—
These are the language of a slow country,
The curious speech of a rock-bitten,
Inarticulate heart.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Military Science

THE TRAINING OF SOLDIERS

By Arlington B. Conway

RILL, at which the soldier spends so many of the hours devoted to his ining, is primarily intended to make it ssible to move large bodies of men rap- y and with precision from one place to other, and to get them into formations table for the use of their weapons. Si- ltaneous movements of men in the mass spectacular, and the proprietors of nies have always gratified their vanity making their soldiers show off their es before them and the populace. Hence cancerous growth of ceremonial drill, ich every military reformer has found take up much time which should be de- ed to rational training.

But drill generally, even such excres- ces as the goose-step, has also an im- tant psychological effect on the soldier. becomes accustomed to move as a unit a mass, and knows that when certain nmands are given every other unit of mass will move in a definite way, and t he can count on this happening. He ows that all the individuals who com- e his battalion will act in common to ieve some desired result. Accustomed to s phenomenon on the parade-ground, men of the battalion will coöperate to a nmon end on the battlefield. Thus well- lled infantry are always superior in co- ion to others not so well drilled, irre- ctive of the quality of the men. As an cer in the Federal Army once observed, explaining the difference in conduct of regulars and the militia after the first tle of Bull Run, "the trained soldier s himself safe in the ranks, and unsafe of them." Unfortunately, now that liers do not fight in closed ranks, the habit of mind formed by barrack-square drill is not so useful as it was formerly, though the effect is still considerable.

The soldier's life is minutely regulated from the time he is roused by the woeful notes of reveille until the bugle blows "Lights Out." It is only grudgingly that he is allowed out of barracks, to such freedom as the obligation to wear uniform leaves him, for it is generally considered that he will be sure to utilize his liberty in rendering himself militarily inefficient by excess in stimulants, or by dalliance with insanitary females. Severe punishments are provided to convince him that the mass of regulations under which he lives are made to be obeyed. He is made to salute every officer he sees, in acknowledgment of the fact that the officer has been placed in authority over him.

As an offset to these disadvantages, he used to be given a gaudy uniform (since the war khaki has replaced it) and taught to wear it in a jaunty way, and he was furthermore informed, by popular lore, that this would make him highly desirable in the eyes of many women, and envied by other, drabber, men. Also, in return for docilely obeying orders, he was and is entirely freed from the necessity of taking thought for the morrow: his superiors do his thinking for him.

This traditional training of the soldier produced men notoriously helpless in the absence of orders or leaders, and has always aroused indignation among democrats and others who take an exalted view of the importance of the individual. In the past the general officers responsible for it took no notice of these plaints, beyond an occasional fit of apoplexy, but now military necessity has forced on them the conviction that something must supplement the old system. They say that while the soldier must still be disciplined, initiative is also necessary. When there is anyone to give orders, the soldier must never think of questioning them, but when, as in the crisis of a battle, leaders have been killed off, or are too far away to direct him, then he must be capable of acting reasonably by himself.

The regimental officer, whose principal occupation in peace is supposed to be the training of his men, is thus faced with the problem of producing a type of warrior who will measure up to the general's idea of what a disciplined soldier should be, and is yet as full of initiative and the offensive spirit as an automobile salesman or a book agent. Now, most regimental officers, as average human beings, are incapable of original thought. They know the traditional method of training for discipline, but no one has ever told them how to go about training for initiative, so it is not astonishing that they take the easier way, and spend most of their time in teaching their troops how to march in line, salute smartly, and hit a bullseye. Meanwhile, superior officers often work on the generalization that a unit which is good at close-order drill and smart in turn-out will be good and smart at other duties, and so, at inspection time, they judge by this criterion. And so the private soldier's initiative is neglected.

As a matter of fact, the mental characteristics of the average man in the ranks seem likely to doom to failure any attempt to develop initiative wholesale. The majority of private soldiers, whether conscripts or such volunteers as appear in peace time in the American or British armies, come from the classes that are unaccustomed to lead, or even to plan their own acts. How many of these men in civil life need to make independent decisions? The mechanic, laborer or factory hand does as his foreman tells him; the farmer follows a routine sanctified by the practice of his forebears. Hardly any of the lower orders of mankind do their work without an overseer, and, in civil life, as that overseer is not likely t be suddenly removed by wounds or deat it is unnecessary to train them to carry o without him.

If, say, 75% of intelligent men could b recruited, would they make ideal infantr soldiers, and carry all before them? Th answer, I think, is no, for an intellige man condemned to fight as the infantr man of today is expected to fight woul soon be driven to mutiny or despair. A the survivors of the Great War who hav turned scribe spend their ink raging agains their officers, the higher command, th army system, the governments whic unleashed war, and almost anything bu the enemy. Why? Because their hero efforts and sacrifices brought no appare result. (I am speaking, of course, of th immediate result of tactical success.) The knew that they were being used stupidl This, it appears to me, must inevitably b the reaction of any intelligent man wh has the misfortune to serve in the lowe grades of the infantry—grist to be groun in the mills of war.

"Infantry alone," say the Field Servic Regulations, "possesses the power to clos with the enemy, and enforce the decisio of battle. Its forward movement is the in dispensable condition of victory." Ver well. But if the enemy is resisting with an determination—and two or three machin guns will often hold up an attacking ba talion—the soldier's natural inclination to lie down in such cover as he can fin and a very powerful effort of the will necessary to counter this inclination. A staff officers say, the morale of the troo must be high if they are to be successful attack. Let us consider what emotions an sentiments can combine to form this hig morale—that is, to provide the drivin force which will evoke the effort of wi that the isolated man must make to get u from his shell-hole, or from behind h rock, and face death among the machin gun bullets.

Patriotism is supposed to be the sent ment which the soldier cherishes above a hers, but that idea is held only by those ho have never actually fought. Patriotm, or some simulacrum of it, probably duces the soldier to enlist, and it may lp him to endure and to resist defeatist opaganda, but the notion that "by rising d rushing on the enemy I will help to ake my country great and preserve her erties" simply does not occur to him in s shell-hole. The Fatherland is a concepn altogether too vague and distant, and e machine-gun bullets are too near and l.

A lesser variety of patriotism, *esprit de ps*, is more likely to influence his actions, t for it to be fully effective he should be le to feel the force of example, or to have e assurance that his example, if he sets a od one, will be noticed by his comrades. t this assurance is commonly wanting: e soldier under heavy fire seldom knows ere the rest of his unit is, sees little of actions, and does not reckon on its see-g his. It is a very common thing for unded men, returning from a hot corner, report that their platoon or company s been wiped out, when actually all that s happened is that on suffering heavy sualties, probably including the leader, e remainder have temporarily gone to und.

Ambition and the hope of glory, which the past have led soldiers to do great eds, are now less powerful motives than y used to be. The soldier in the shelle knows that even if he plays the hero and escapes death—it is improbable that valor will be observed. Equally he ows that skulking may be unobserved. elieve that the thought of personal disction is scarcely ever present in the mind the soldier when he is accomplishing a ve militarily useful act in the face of the my. On the other hand, after he has n decorated, it often has an important ct on him, in that he feels that he must w an example to his comrades who e not been so distinguished.

Hatred is a powerful emotion, but it is which, as the range lengthens, loses a great deal of its strength. It is difficult to hate a person you do not see, and have never seen. Civilians are usually very much surprised that front-line soldiers seldom evince any hatred of the enemy. All the war books make out that the soldier may hate his sergeant, his lieutenant, and, very violently, the staff and high command, but that he generally feels very tolerant towards his equal in the trenches opposite.

But once the soldier can see his enemy, and realizes that his life is being threatened by that enemy, then hatred is quickly aroused in any man of sound primitive instincts. Perhaps rage is a better term. At any rate, if troops can be stimulated to rage, it is no longer necessary to worry about their anxiety to close with the enemy. But the difficulty is to work them up to the requisite heat. Long range small-arms fire or shelling does not do it—it is too impersonal.

One would like the soldier to have a spirit of simple ferocity, like that of a bull-terrier who perceives a strange dog in his master's garden. Elements of this ferocity persist in nearly all men, but it is usually so weak as to be readily damped by danger. Many men will stone a domestic cat, but few would stone a lynx, and none at all in their senses would stone a tiger. The ferocity which enabled a handful of Spaniards to conquer Mexico and Peru and a handful of British to conquer India is not favored in its growth by the conditions of modern civilization. A little was done in the late war to stimulate it by suggestion, as in training with the bayonet, but the results were not great. For a time, in the British Army, when the theory of a war of attrition held sway, propaganda was instituted to develop ferocity. Little questionnaires were given to the men in the trenches, which inquired, "Do I take every opportunity to harass the enemy? . . . How many Huns have I killed today? . . . Am I as offensive as I might be?", etc. But the men for the most part only laughed at it, and at the brass hats who originated the scheme.

I suppose it is theoretically possible to train up ferocious soldiers, by catching them young, keeping them segregated from women, dieting them suitably, indulging them in dangerous sports, and educating them to ideals of death and glory—the other fellow's death and their own glory. But apart from other difficulties, such a body of men would constitute a grave menace to the civil population—it would be a rude and licentious soldiery indeed, though a soldiery which, in battle, would be worth several times its weight of the modern Y. M. C. A.-haunting style of troops. The experiment, I fear, will never be carried out. Governments generally are a good deal more frightened by the possibility of the troops becoming mutinous and flouting their authority than they are by the possibility that they may not defeat their enemies.

So far the discussion has been restricted to the qualities which the infantry must have, if it is to be successful in battle at the present day. The other arms have their problems too, of the same nature, but none so difficult as those of the infantry, for none of the other arms must rely to the same extent on its own sinew and spirit to close with the enemy. Even the cavalry has its horses, which, once set in motion towards the objective, generally keep going: a renewed and violent effort of will is not required for every few paces' advance. The soldier in the other arms usually has to operate some more or less complicated machine, a task less foreign to the modern man than the work of the infantry, which is the personal, visible slaughter of other human beings, sometimes by tools as barbarous as the pikes of antiquity.

Let us, now, summarize the argument. First, if armies are to take the offensive successfully, using the tactics which are standard at present, very high morale and considerable initiative is required in the individual infantry soldier. Secondly, infantry soldiers who are naturally endued with initiative will not be forthcoming in sufficient numbers in either professional or conscript armies. Thirdly, it is improbab that any method of training which wi produce initiative in the infantryman wi be instituted. And fourthly, if the ranks o the infantry were filled with intellige men, it is unlikely that they would lon submit willingly to being used as it is i tended to use infantry.

These conclusions, if correct, can mea one of two things: either that the offensiv in modern war is impracticable and th the defensive is definitely the stronge form, or that the principle on which offe sive tactics are based, *i.e.*, that the advanc of infantry is necessary in order to confir the victory, is incorrect. My own opinio is that the day of infantry as the Queen o Battles is over. The machine-gun has prove too strong for the foot soldier; to overcom it another machine is necessary.

Many military conservatives make pla with the phrase, "The machine can neve replace the man," but that is not the ques tion: the question is whether a man relyin on his own muscles can effect as much as man controlling a machine. The tank i simply a machine to remedy the deficiencie of the infantry soldier. The latter canno move fast or far enough, he cannot carr armor to protect himself from bullets, h cannot carry a weapon more efficient tha a rifle, with the necessary ammunition fo it: the tank is a machine to enable him t do all these things.

The man, when he controls a machine becomes more important than ever. It i obvious that he will need high morale an initiative, as the infantryman does. Bu such great numbers of men will not be re quired, and this will afford better oppor tunity for selection. In the British Arm it is found that the Tank Corps easily re cruits a better class of men than the lin infantry can get. It is also pretty certai that fighting in a tank does not make th almost impossible demands on the courag of the soldier that fighting as an infantry man does. The tankist is in a machine mov ing forward; if danger threatens, cover i very hard to find, and the tendency will b keep going—as the average driver of a tor car does when he perceives himself be in danger.

Lastly, with the introduction of ma- nes, new tactics will be invented, and ining must be made to suit the new tactics. During all these changes, perhaps the thick crust of tradition will be broken up, the débris of obsolete methods be cleared away, and the training of the soldier redesigned on more rational lines. At all events, let us hope so.

Business

THE SECRETARY

By William Feather

HEN an American business man says, "My secretary will attend to that," may mean that she will sew a button on coat, order a bottle of gin, replenish his arette-case, telephone his wife that he's for New York, order dinner for six at club, call his chauffeur, draw a check, ite a speech, type a letter, fill his foun- pen, dust his desk, remind him it's his dding anniversary, give him the title of ood book, buy a birthday present for his tner, match a sample of silk, tell him suit needs a pressing, criticize his neck- notify him that he needs a haircut, or t off a book-agent. Without a secretary odern high-powered executive would helpless. He couldn't get through the .

o one has accurately defined the differ- e between a stenographer and a secre- . A stenographer may be subject to the ers of several, but a secretary has but boss. Perhaps that's the essential vari- n. To be a secretary is to be distin- shed. A wife is rather proud to speak of y husband's secretary." A woman who mart enough to become a secretary is med, even by members of her own sex, e too smart to indulge in anything even otely fragrant of vulgarity. A man may k of his secretary with the impunity t a woman speaks of "My physician." relationship is strictly professional, by popular assent absolutely virtuous. men barbers, nurses, manicurists, wait- es, and night-club hostesses have never eved anything like it.

ou never know an American business until you have seen his secretary. You can learn more about him from looking at his secretary than from observing his wife. Divorce is attended with unpleasantness, and so men struggle along with their wives even though they don't like them. But there's no reason to keep a secretary if she doesn't suit. Her employer can terminate the contract any day. The fact that he keeps her means that she is satisfactory. Whereas his wife merely knows that he can't abide one-minute eggs and that he sleeps in a nightgown, except when traveling, the secretary is aware that he is speculating in oil stocks and that he corresponds with a woman in Toledo.

A man who might be expected to have the most luscious secretary may employ an owlish female in corsets and petticoats. An old duffer, with a gruff voice, a gimlet eye and a porcupine mustache, may have a liking for sweet high-school graduates. Old boys, who have made their pile and have retired from active participation in affairs, become extremely particular about the type of woman who is to share their society and knowledge. An employment agent told of one capitalist who interviewed twenty-five women, paying each a day's wages for her trouble, and is still unsatisfied, and has a standing order for new applicants. His motives would be suspect were he not a man of known integrity, a deacon of his church, and a prominent Rotarian.

As I have said, a secretary knows far more about a man than his wife. She is likely to know all about his business affairs. She knows whether he is making money or losing it. If he is an employé she knows how he rates with the head of the corporation. She often writes checks for his household accounts, and so has a line on the margin between his income and his outgo. If the boss and his wife have quarreled, she can sense the trouble, and the chances are even that he will tell her about it.

The wages of secretaries range from $150 to $500 a month, although few are ever employed at an initial salary equal to the latter figure. They have to work up. Some make more than $500 a month, but they are super-secretaries and are burdened with grave responsibilities. Many so-called secretaries make less than $150 a month, but they are not entitled to classification in the professional group.

Odd duties devolve on willing secretaries, although some are touchy about what is professional and what is not. An advertising man was accustomed to keeping two suits at his office and making a change occasionally. One morning, after a new girl had been installed at $200 a month—the best pay she had ever received—he stepped into the lavatory and emerged in a fresh suit. He tossed the old one on a chair, instructing his secretary to have the office boy take it to the cleaner. The young lady rebelled and quit. Other employers go to the other extreme, and instead of asking their secretaries to perform menial tasks, are inclined to treat them as privileged guests, assisting them to put on coats and galoshes, and lending them umbrellas.

Most secretaries and employers find a comfortable middle ground. Few secretaries object to doing household errands, or seeing that they are done. They buy theatre tickets, make Pullman reservations, type themes for the children, and sometimes lie to get the boss out of an embarrassing situation. One executive I know compels his wife to telephone his secretary when she makes an engagement for him. Otherwise he cannot guarantee to keep her appointments.

One of the prime duties of a good secretary is to protect her boss against unwelcome visitors, in person and by telephone. This requires skill, because mistakes may be costly. If the job is artfully done, the boss is saved endless hours of boredom ar irritation.

The secretary is allowed to open all th mail, except notes that are obviously in th handwriting of the wife or daughter. Sh knows how to answer nine-tenths of th letters, and usually goes ahead and typ the replies, often signing them herself. A though a secretary can take dictation, sh gets most of her instructions in such phras as "Tell him I'll be there," "No, I can't c it," "Sorry, but I'll be in Europe," "Thank him."

If the employer is a shrewd and skillf business man, the secretary is often give an opportunity to participate in his finan cial adventures. In recent years innume able secretaries of brokers and capitalis have made small fortunes. Accumulation of from $20,000 to $250,000 are common This is accomplished by doing what th boss does, with his consent and partly a his instigation. Some women may hav lost money in the process, but one neve hears of those who lose.

A married woman employed by a brok expressed deep regret to an employmen agent because her husband was leaving th city and she must go with him.

"What was your salary?" she was aske

"Salary!" she laughed. "That was noth ing. But I made $10,000 last year."

Unmarried women with the maternal in stinct receive, in addition to their cas income, what the professors know a psychic income. They are privileged to sa motherly and wifely things to the bos "Why, Mr. Goofish, you just can't g around in that suit any more: it's a sight, or "Why, Mr. Goofish, when I think of a the money your family spends I can imagine how anybody can be unhappy."

If Mr. Goofish is a vice-president an returns from the president's office wit beads of sweat on his forehead, the secr tary will keep quiet until he turns to h with doggy eyes, beseeching sympath and then she will purr softly, "Do yo know, Mr. Goofish, you haven't had a v cation for three years." Mr. Goofish wi

en tell her everything, and will feel
tter.

Many suspect that the secretarial rela-
onship may be supplying the want men
ve felt since the modern wife took on so
ıny outside interests. Nowadays hus-
nds and wives are rarely together and
one more than one evening a week. The
fe has her bridge, golf, committee work,
ight-reducing class, and beauty parlor
pointments. The man goes off with a
ırsome on Saturday and Sunday, and is
her traveling or dining downtown half
e weekday evenings. Other evenings man
d wife receive guests or are entertained
friends.

So the man looks to the secretary for the
derstanding and companionship that
ce came from the wife. The final solution
y be two wives for men who can afford
–one for social hours and one for busi-
s hours.

Certain it is that thousands of business and professional men would be inconsolable if they lost their faithful secretaries. The attachment is both sentimental and economic. The secretaries of professional men are frequently the business brains of the team. The occasional illiteracy of high-powered business executives is deftly concealed by their competent helpmates. The vulgar and brutal commands that hiss through clenched teeth are transcribed into diplomatic messages worthy of the Court of St. James.

Hearing all yet hearing nothing, seeing all yet seeing nothing, knowing all yet knowing nothing, the ideal secretary has become a counterpart of the Admirable Crichton. Impersonal, inscrutable, efficient and tactful, she is indispensable. Of all places hers is the hardest to fill. Of all absences hers are the hardest to bear. Let that be a tribute to her.

COW-TOWN WIDOWS

BY H. L. DAVIS

TRUMPETER BROYLES was a sawed-off, dried-up old scold of a saloonkeeper, with a bright red face, white mustaches, a white lip-whisker like the pictures of Phil Sheridan, and eyebrows that bushed out as stiff as tufts of dead tickle-grass. He had fought with Sheridan's cavalry in the Civil War, and his style of whisker-pruning was intended, no doubt, to commemorate his campaigns. I don't know whether he had been a trumpeter or he got the name on account of his voice. It was a high, jagged-edged rattle, which, when he was particularly angry, cracked into a gurgling screech. There were no modulations at all. He would invite a customer to have one on the house in the same tone he might have used to order an enemy to put up his hands. The people who lived neighbors to him claimed that it sounded the same when he talked to his wife, though he was merely asking her to pass the biscuits.

Some people suggested that she might be hard of hearing, and that he yelled at everybody because he had got in the habit of yelling at her. But that was guesswork, for in the five years old Broyles had been in business in our cow-town she had never talked to anybody except her husband. He yelled at people because he was a natural-born shrew, as no one who had anything to do with him could help discovering. We youngsters found it out the first time we ever had a run-in with him.

We had gone into his saloon to buy soda-pop. At that time the saloons were the only places where they sold it. It came in big quart bottles, at twenty-five cents a throw —more than any one of us could drink or pay for, so that we usually clubbed in a went to buy it in a gang. All the ot saloons welcomed our custom, or p tended to. But not old Trumpeter Broyl He was alone in his barroom, and he look as if he needed business; but he didn't wa ours. He grabbed a sawed-off chair-leg a came round the bar at us, cussing and ye ing like a little old buck-chipmunk.

"You little pests pull your freight out here, every last goddamnable one of ye he shrieked, pounding the floor with t chair-leg as he advanced on us. "Git! Th minute! Git on out of that door, or I cut the hell out of every blasted lit whelp of ye! I'll——"

We took our twenty-five cents and we over to the saloon across the street. T bartender there had overheard the rump and noticed that we looked upset. I explained that we needn't feel badly abo it. It wasn't anything we had done th put Old Man Broyles on his ear. T trouble was that he was doing things th he was afraid we might catch him at. I was peddling whiskey to Indians, for o thing, and that was a Federal offense. N only that, but he knew that if the people town could prove it on him, they would tickled to death to put him through t hoedown.

"He's got two or three Siwashes stretch out in his back-room right now, mo likely," said the bartender. "He w probably in a sweat for fear one of 'e would come to while you was there. O it ought to be a lesson to you to buy yo soda-pop at a decent place from now on

We thought that it would be. But w did old Broyles peddle whiskey to t ians when none of the other saloons in vn had to? The bartender explained that yles had got people down on him, and t nobody but Siwashes and blacklisted s would patronize him any more. It was on account of Bill Glisan and his ther. Mrs. Glisan wanted old Broyles to t selling her son whiskey, and Broyles nted her sent to jail as a dangerous racter.

Ve knew Bill Glisan and his mother well ugh. She was the town indigent, and was the town nuisance—a big, swollen-king dullard with bluish spots on his e, who slobbered on his chin and stood king back and forth as if some nerve in brain were about to quit on him. All youngsters in town were afraid of him, because he was apt to hurt them, but ause he was disgusting to look at, and ause he tried to strike up a conversation h every youngster he met. He had been nk in every gutter in Eastern Oregon, had the smells on his clothes to prove Whenever he could find a sheep-ranch ere he was not known, he herded sheep il they found out that he was worthless fired him. Then he came back to town lived on his mother.

he was a pitiful old creature, for whom rybody felt sorry—reasonably enough, she was old, foolish, and afflicted with n who was not worth knocking in the d. But she was considerably less foolish n most people thought. There was no hly way to get anything out of her 's industry, for he didn't have any, but had worked out a scheme for collecting ugh to live on from his orneriness. She very tall and scrawny, but bulgy in the ng places, like an old broken-mouthed that has been overgrassed, and she ed out the likeness by tying up her in an old white cotton shawl and hing her voice to an aimless bawling otone. When she got a man cornered, would begin by explaining that her d was all mixed up, and that she didn't w what she was talking about half the e. Then she would let in and talk about her son—how badly he treated her, what a fine boy he would be if people wouldn't let him get hold of alcohol, and how all he needed was somebody to encourage him.

She made it sound like aimless maundering, but it was a long way from being any such thing. Let a rancher agree with her, and she was on him like a hawk nailing a bullsnake. If all poor Bill needed was a chance, what was the matter with giving him one? Why not give him a good steady job, where he could work and be a comfort to his old mother? There was no use explaining anything to her, because she would cut in with a reminder that her head was all mixed up, so she couldn't understand things. Among these things that she couldn't understand was that any rancher in the country would far rather hire ten other men than have Bill's services for nothing. He could lose more sheep in a week than a good herder's wages would pay for in a year. But, rather than try to beat that through her mixed-up head, they usually gave her what small change they had, and backed out while she was busy counting it.

II

With the saloons, she had a different line. She visited each of them once a week, waiting, usually, until there was a good-sized line at the bar. Then she would push through and beg the bartender not to let Bill have any more whiskey. None of the saloonkeepers were in the habit of letting him have any, or even of allowing him in their places, for the sight of him was enough to keep all the paying customers away, but there was no use telling her that unless they wanted her settled on them for the afternoon. It was cheaper to tell her all right, and give her three silver dollars.

That was what old Trumpeter Broyles should have done when she called on him. Instead, he fired up into a fury, screamed, cursed, and not only didn't offer her any three dollars, but swore that he would sell her son all the whiskey he could pay for, as often as he came after it.

That sounded considerably wickeder than it really was, for, as everybody knew, all the whiskey that Bill Glisan could pay for wouldn't have wet the bowl of a teaspoon. When he couldn't bum it or steal a jug from a freight-wagon, he stayed dry. Some of the men tried to explain to Trumpeter Broyles who the old woman was, and that the quickest way to get rid of her was to buy her off, but he was too well started to listen. He must have yelled at her a good deal like he did at us youngsters. She got no chance to argue, and he wouldn't even let her tell him about her mixed-up head.

"I don't give a whoop in a rain-barrel who she is!" he screeched. "The place she belongs is home! I keep my wife at home! Why in the gad-blasted blazes can't other people keep theirs there? I'll throw her out, by gad, if I have to take her to pieces to do it!"

Fearing that he really meant business, some men lugged the old woman out on the sidewalk before he could reach her. They gave her the three dollars she had failed to get from Broyles's till, and started her for home. When they went back inside, the trumpeter had cooled off, and began to explain apologetically, but piercingly, that he didn't hold with women frequenting places of business.

"It's on account of my wife," he told them. "She stays home, where she belongs. I don't want her to let men come monkeyin' around her when I ain't there, and I won't stand for women monkeyin' around me. It wouldn't be right, by gad!"

The notion that Mrs. Broyles's marital rights were in danger from Old Lady Glisan was so entertaining that, for several days, the Broyles bar had quite a run of custom, all eager to hear the little, white-haired, needle-voiced old runt tell how careful he was to give his wife no excuse for jealousy. Everybody was curious to know what kind of woman could be jealous of Trumpeter Broyles; but both the curiosity and the run of custom were kept from going very far by Bill Glisan's mother. Since pathos hadn't moved hi she decided to try action. She waited un late at night, after Trumpeter Broyles h locked up and gone home, and then sneak into the alley behind his saloon to set on fire. She failed, of course. A couple late-hauling freighters heard her worki with paper and matches, and hauled home, blubbering. Everybody else excus the old woman, because she was cracke and because, whatever her intentions h been, she hadn't done any damage. But Broyles would hear of nothing less th having her jailed for arson. He cussed t justice of the peace for refusing to issue warrant; he shrieked and gargled at t marshal and the deputy sheriff for decli ing to arrest her without one. And argued with and insulted his custom when they tried to tell him that all the woman needed was to be let alone un they quit coming to his saloon at all, a he had to peddle whiskey to the Indians make a living.

If he had taken his case to the coun attorney, he would have very likely got t action that everybody else refused hi The old woman wouldn't have gone jail, but she would have been sent to so kind of institution. But he wanted her jail, and he didn't want to monkey wi the county attorney for fear of bringing an investigation of his own business. had taken it out in yelling, screaming a scolding, and he continued to scream, y and squabble with anybody who wou listen to him, until he died, and w shipped to some town in the East whe there was an old soldier's cemetery.

Once the people got a good sight Trumpeter Broyles's widow, it was ea enough to understand why the little whi mustached runt had kept her at home the time. She was built like a derric horse, her hands were shaped like ox-b stirrups, and she could easily have lift him sitting in one palm. Stood up again her, he would have looked like a mumn fied papoose.

It was not easy to figure how, with su

build, she had allowed him to keep her alled away from everybody for five years, ith no knowledge of the town or the ople in it except what he yelled at r of an evening. It couldn't have been ie to any superior strength of will. She d a mouth like a fissure in granite, d the judgments he had given her of e townspeople were set in her head as embedded in lava. All the practical jokes en had played on him to make him p and screech, all the slights they had t off on him, and the occasions when ey had laughed at him, he had packed me and peddled; and every one she had ved up religiously, both the deed and the me of the culprit, until she had at least e grudge against every household in wn.

But her grudges were different from her sband's. He had fumed, preached and ssed about them without ever doing ything else. His widow didn't fume at , but when her next-door neighbor called offer help in her bereavement, meaning thing but kindness, she took him one in e wind before he could introduce himself.

'You're George Pruitt," she informed n. "You pulled my husband's mustaches ien you was drunk!"

Both particulars were correct, although uitt couldn't recall the second one with- t considerable study.

'Git out of this place!" she ordered. "I n't need help, and I wouldn't take yourn did!"

She shut the door in his face and left him ling like a child caught turpentining cow. He hadn't minded Trumpeter yles's opinion of him. To be thought a g-necked, low-down, bullying punk by t windy little screech-owl was merely ny. But though Trumpeter Broyles was d, here were his opinions still, bigger l livelier than ever, and in his widow y weren't funny, but humiliating. He l delivered them, no doubt, as the tings of his fits of shrewish rage, mean- no more than so many cusswords; but had made them into deliberate, measured judgments, enlarging and solidifying them and raising them to a dignity before which the townspeople stuttered and blushed.

It wasn't as if they could do anything to redeem themselves. She didn't expect them to, and wouldn't have understood what they were after, if they had. Her husband had told her they were a set of punks and scaly-tailed pups, and nothing could change her opinion, because it wasn't hers to change. One would have thought that, judging them as she did, she would have moved to some other place, where the company was cleaner and more respectable. Her husband's saloon had been bought by a Mexican half-breed, and there seemed no reason why she should go on living among people she despised.

III

But, perhaps on account of her legacy of grudges, she stayed. The old lady Glisan, who had tried to burn her husband's saloon, was one. Trumpeter Broyles had insisted that the old lady Glisan belonged in jail; but, where he had taken it out in preaching and fuming, his widow got straight to business, and hired a lawyer from the county seat to organize a case for the grand jury. He spent three days in town listing witnesses and taking depositions. It was a certainty that, when he turned them in, the old lady Glisan would be locked up; perhaps not in jail, but at least in some institution where she couldn't play with coal-oil and matches.

Yet nobody made any objection. Men had been down on Trumpeter Broyles for merely threatening to have her jailed, though he had an honest excuse to feel uneasy while she ran loose. But Mrs. Broyles owned no saloon that could be burned, for she had sold it, and yet she was going to put the poor old creature over the road anyway, without anyone raising a murmur against it. Men actually called on Mrs. Broyles to offer themselves as witnesses, and, probably, to see what she looked like. Instead of being grateful for the favor, she took their names as if she were doing them one. Nevertheless, the old lady Glisan didn't go to jail. Bill Glisan forestalled that. He had contracted with some simpleton to sell rotgut whiskey on the Indian reservation, and, instead of selling it, he drank himself into delirium tremens. When the old lady hauled him home to sober up, he went insane and killed her with the kitchen butcher-knife.

The killing was too horrible and pitiful not to demand retribution. Bill Glisan, of course, couldn't be hanged, for he had gone permanently crazy, and there could be no satisfaction in hanging a man who didn't know what he was being stretched for. So he went to the asylum, which was no retribution at all. The loss of the old lady Glisan bothered nobody; if she hadn't dinged at people continually they would have allowed her to starve to death and thought nothing of it. But the shock of having her murdered so revoltingly called for somebody to be punished. The only person in town who had borne her any special ill-will was Mrs. Broyles, and they picked on her because there was nobody else.

To be sure, they couldn't hang her. The most they could legally manage was to make her uncomfortable. But the things they thought up to devil her with were enough to have driven anybody insane. The trail-herds that came through town in the cattle-shipping season were all stopped in front of her house, and set milling so they would break through her fence. It worked best when she had her washing hung out. To see her chasing a scared steer through her flower-bed, trying to get close enough to grab a wet nightgown off its horns, was a sight worth shutting up shop to see. Then there was the stunt of turning off her water-supply, and sending her tramping all over town to find somebody who knew where to turn it on again. The Indians who came through town in the early Summer were told that her patch of vegetables belonged to anybody who
wanted to pick them, and she had a fis
fight with three half-drunken squaws wh
insisted on pulling up all her onion sets.

As far as sociability was concerned, sh
was simply marked off the book. The sto
clerk would let her wait at the counter f
an hour before he even inquired what sh
wanted, and the youth who herded th
town milk cows to and from the range c
her red muley out of the bunch and left h
to find her way home when she got read
People who had asked, almost as a favo
to be allowed to testify for her against Bi
Glisan's mother now quit speaking to h
because, although she hadn't managed t
do anything with her case, she deserve
retribution for having intended to.

Mrs. Broyles tramped along their sid
walks, taking as little notice of the
disapproval as she had of their attempte
sympathy. She dangled her big ox-bo
hands at her sides; her face was more lik
a granite rock-break than ever; and he
great flat-lidded eyes never winked o
flinched. She made people feel, merely b
looking at them, that they weren't wort
the trouble it would take to wring the
necks.

That, indeed, was what she believed o
the women; not because she had made an
estimate of their characters, but becaus
Trumpeter Broyles had neglected to. Sinc
he hadn't thought them worth mentionin
neither did she. As for the men, she had h
word for it that they were a bunch of chea
skunks, and the signs of their enmit
meant nothing except that he had told he
right. About the real reason why they di
liked her she was undoubtedly a perfe
blank. The fact that Bill Glisan's moth
had been brutally murdered had nothing t
do with the fact that she had belonged i
jail. It merely meant that she couldn't b
sent there. That much of Trumpet
Broyles's ideals of justice couldn't b
fulfilled.

But there was plenty left to square u
for him without it; and she beaded dow
on the jokers who schemed out ways t
devil her, with a recklessness that, for

uple of months, hurt them beyond any-
ing that even Trumpeter Broyles could
ve wished. Running cattle into her yard
st all of its flavor when, instead of turn-
g out to chase them, she merely opened
upstairs window and blasted them with
hotgun loaded with buckshot. The joke
sending innocent Indians to gut her
rden also went flat when she came out
th a blacksnake whip, chased the fat
uaws to the fence, and cut the hide off
em in strips when they caught in the
ckets trying to climb over. The squaws,
stead of holding their licking against
r, went back and hunted up the sidewalk
cer who had sent them, and, with half
town looking on horrified, quirted him
til he crawled under the schoolhouse,
ere he stayed until they had left town.

Against the youth who herded the town
lk cows to pasture, she worked out the
ost artful retaliation of all, for it was one
at gave her an agreeable outing while it
rt, not only him, but every family in
wn along with him. She brought out
umpeter Broyles's riding rig and herded
cow alone; but she took care to delay
ing to pasture until the town herder had
t back. Then, turning her own red muley
grass, she would round up the town
tle and haze them down into the wild
ion patches on Soap creek. The herder's
nishment came from having to track
em down in the evening; the townspeople
theirs from the wild onion on which
eir cows had grazed. The milk of a cow
stured on wild onion is unfit to drink,
cause of the smell—a curious, gripping
ell, like musk and as hard to swallow.

She got another pleasure out of this
ides that of making the townspeople un-
nfortable. That was from riding. She
s a master at horsemanship, and she was
ud of it to the point of wanting to
w off, though, beside the men she
ested and the women she despised, there
s nobody to show off to except us young-
s. Perhaps we ought to have pitied her,
it was a sign that she needed somebody
talk to; but the creature I felt sorry for was her pony. He was a gentle, meek little Indian gelding, with a spirit as mild as a jar of buttermilk. She rode him as if he were a man-eating tiger, and quirted and roweled him until, merely to be obliging, he acted like one.

It was a childish performance enough, and it indicated that loneliness had already made her queer, although, at the time, we were too scared of her to see it. To most people in town, she was an old witch who played horse with them as she pleased, without ever doing anything she could be cinched for. Acting within her property rights, she had planted ball-cactus along both sides of her front walk, which all the town drunks traveled on their way home when the saloons closed. Weaving in the dark, they usually fell into a clump of thorns; and, having always at least half a jag, they never remembered to turn out and avoid it. Half the men in town had to wear poultices on various parts of their persons, and new victims were falling every night, when she rode out to the bare hillside where the youngsters practiced buckarooing against each other, and delivered a dare.

"Huh! You want to learn to ride, huh?" she said. "Let's see you take this jump!"

There was nothing to jump nearer than her own back-yard fence, connecting her outbuildings. It was nothing—a couple of planks, about four feet high. Any of us could have cleared it standing. Not, of course, that we wanted to, knowing how she felt about trespassers.

"Come on!" she said, and set her horse downhill hellity-pelt—not at the fence, but at her chicken-house. It was all of eight feet high, and looked higher. Her pony raked a hoof on it, and went out of sight sprawling a little, but when we hurried downhill expecting to pull Mrs. Broyles out from under him we found her calmly unsaddling.

"You didn't jump it, huh?" she mocked. "I didn't think you would! When you can make a jump like that, you'll know how to ride!"

There was talk, of the kind that starts nowhere and goes everywhere, that she had learned her tricks as an orphan in Nebraska, when she earned her living by riding as water-punk for a threshing-crew. Trumpeter Broyles had rescued her from that existence, according to the report, by marrying her. If he had, no wonder she worshipped his memory.

IV

And no wonder she needed company—after having cut herself off from everybody's but his because he didn't want people to notice that, measured against her, he looked like her little boy. Had he been afraid of a comparison deeper than that? Had he seen that she had him lapped, not only in beef and bone, but in character too, and depth and tenacity of will? Probably not; probably there was never any room in his silly, cat-spitting little brain to see anything except himself. Yet even to us youngsters her very ignorance had a majesty that we were afraid of. Her one visit to the hillside where we practiced buckarooing kept all of us from ever going there again. We noticed her, several times, eyeing the vacant ground as if she were keeping watch on it and wondering where we had all sneaked off to. The town was a lonely place for anybody in the first scorching month of Summer. There were no men for her to invent meanness against, for they were all either gone with stock to the mountains, or laid up, too loggy with the heat to move.

It was the season that took the youngsters out of town, too, for there was business for them to attend to. The coyotes whelped in dens in the rimrock or tunnels in the sidehill, and finding one meant big money: the Stockmen's Association paid a bounty on scalps of three dollars apiece, and we found sometimes as many as ten pups to a litter. We had to kill them to get the scalps, of course, and that was disagreeable, for they were cute little devils. But, brutality and all, we preferred it to the work which came on about the tir the coyotes weaned their pups. That too not hard-heartedness, but a tough hide a quick fingers. It was harvesting the wi red gooseberries to peddle to the hous wives in town. Nobody wanted to pi them because it was such murderously ha work; but everybody bought them, b cause they were the only fruit the count had.

Everybody, that is, except Mrs. Broyle Nobody ever attempted to sell her an thing, least of all the youngsters the gooseberries. It was clear that she w almost insane for some kind of convers tion, and some instinct warned the youn sters that she would probably try to sta one by picking a row, because it was th one kind of opening she had ever learne

Then, coming home tired from the patc one evening, I forgot that Mrs. Broyles w alive, and took a shot with a .22 rifle at sage-rat in the road in front of her hous The bullet glanced off a rock, and wer somewhere with a loudish zzzzeeee. Befo it had stopped, out came Mrs. Broyles. He loneliness must have been getting almo unbearable; the report of the rifle wasn much louder than snapping one's finger and the glancing bullet would have bee drowned out by the note of a common adu locust. She must have been sitting with h ear cocked to have heard it at all.

When she appeared, I thought of denyin that I had shot; unluckily, there was th sage-rat kicking in the dust where I ha bored him, about fifteen feet from her gat She looked from his corpse to me, and dre a deep breath. Almost by an involuntar contraction of my muscles with fear, heeled my pony in the flanks, where he w ticklish, and fled at a run. She grabbed my leg as I went past, and yelled "Yc come back here!" as I turned the corne showering gooseberries as my bucke bounced and slanted. I didn't mind losin them. I would gladly have jettisoned th whole load that it had taken me all day t pick if it would have helped to get rid her. But—

"I know who you are!" she yelled after
:. "You come here to me, or I'll come
er you!"

If she did know, I thought, there was
thing left for me but to move my blan-
ts out in the sagebrush and have my food
ought out at night. When the evening
ssed without her showing up, I began to
nder, more coolly, whether she hadn't
en bluffing; and I felt so confident she had
en that, lying half-awake the next morn-
, I listened to what sounded like her
ice in the kitchen without dreaming that
was anything but the illusion of past
ght.

But it was really Mrs. Broyles. She
ked on too long for any illusion, de-
nding of my mother that I be taken out
l thrashed, for first shooting at her, and
en trying to ride over her.

'A good hard lickin'," she stipulated.
Iot one of them kind where you paddle
th your hand. You take the buckle-end
a strap, and larrup him till he bawls!"

t was the first word she had spoken to a
man since she had lived in town. I
lged she must feel a little ill at ease, to be
lling to let me off with a licking, and
st somebody else to inflict it, even with
: buckle-end of a strap. My mother said
nething, probably agreeing with her to
: rid of her. If it was for that, it was
sted.

'I'll wait here till you git ready to tend
him," I heard Mrs. Broyles say. "What's
at you're cookin' in that kittle?"

t was wild gooseberries. My mother
plained that they grew wild, and that
: children had been making side-money
king them. They were good to can and
ke pies of; people bought them, and the
rk kept the children out of mischief.
. I expected that remark to bring Mrs.
oyles back to her argument, but she was
erested in the gooseberries.

'How much do the youngsters git for
se things when they peddle 'em?" she
uired; and, when my mother named the
ce—forty cents a gallon—"Where did
u say this patch they're pickin' in is?"

"It's cheaper to buy them than to work picking them," my mother suggested. "Any of the youngsters will bring you all you need, if——"

"They're as much mine as them kids'," said Mrs. Broyles. "If they grow wild, they're public property. I could lay claim to a share of the berries in that kittle, if I was a mind to. I'm entitled to know where that patch is, too!"

The exploitation of public property by private interests had been one of Trumpeter Broyles's loudest woes, especially after the cattle-ranchers quit patronizing his bar. Trying to overcome any of his convictions in Mrs. Broyles was hopeless, and my mother, seeing that something of the kind was against her, called me to furnish directions about the gooseberry patch. I came downstairs and gave them, thankful and considerably surprised to be let off so easy.

"That's where you kids have been all this time, is it?" said Mrs. Broyles. "What right have you got to pick them berries to sell? They belong to the public, don't they?"

It was nothing to me whom they belonged to. I didn't intend to pick any more of them, anyway. The people had bought all they would, and it was too hot in the rock-canyon where they grew to work picking them. Besides, the patch covered three hundred acres, and there were enough berries left in it to have foundered everybody in the country. Mrs. Broyles didn't know that, of course. She didn't know, either, that all the youngsters had knocked off, and that she would have the patch to herself.

"I'll pick what I need," she said. "I'd like to see anybody around here stop me!"

She left without waiting to see whether I got licked hard enough to suit her, and came riding past in a few minutes with buckets on her saddle-horn and an expectant set to her big cliff-colored mouth that had always meant somebody's bad luck.

Mrs. Broyles, I figured, would last about three trips. Afterward I began to wonder whether she could be baited into lasting more. Suppose she got the idea that she had competition? Maybe she was disappointed not to have found any. When, at the end of the third trip, she sat down on her porch in the shade to cool off, I saddled up, hung buckets all over my pony, and rode past her front gate clattering them.

Sure enough, it worked. Mrs. Broyles came out, forked her nag, and went past me with her berry-buckets banging like a fire-engine. She was in the thick of the patch when I got there. I didn't pick any berries, and I noticed that her picking seemed purposed more to wreck the bushes than to save the fruit. She stripped down the bushes, leaves, stems and all, like a bear. A bucket tipped over when she had it almost full, and, instead of salvaging the load, she wiped it into the dirt with a swipe of her big shoe and grabbed another bush. The canyon was too hot even to sit still in. It seemed impossible that anybody would work in it merely to outdo a set of children.

To outdo only one, she wouldn't. I kept her going, single-handed, all that day; but the next morning she refused to rouse to my pail-jingling until I made the competition stronger. It was almost noon before I managed to argue the other berry-picking youngsters into tracking past her gate in a gang, and we were in sight of the berry-patch before she caught up with us. She jolted past us with a glare that scared most of the crew into going back home again. The part of the canyon where she had picked looked as if it had been wallowed by stampeding cattle. Not only had she ripped off all the foliage, but she had broken down and trampled the bushes afterward. Yet, working her best lick for an entire day, she had covered less than half an acre.

She couldn't have hoped to clean out the patch inside of two years; she couldn't have needed the berries, for she must have got enough from the half-acre to have buried herself ten feet deep in; but she glared at us and went on grabbing them anyway. The heat alone was enough stop everything else. It was so hot th freighters pulled out alongside the roa and crawled under their wagons, waitin for sundown. The ground burned throug heavy-soled shoes. Moccasined Indian refused to set foot to it at all. The wasn't a sign of life—no birds, no cattl not even any dogs. Nothing but Mr Broyles going back and forth between he house and the wild gooseberry patch.

V

The heat, instead of slowing her up made her stubborner. In the morning, whe it was cool, I had been able to drum her ou only by raising a regular expedition. From the heat of the day until dark I didn't hav to bother about her at all. Her face flushe to a dark red, like a flint boulder in creek-bed, she went through the operatio of dismounting, lugging her buckets t dump, mounting again and reining he horse into the white, dusty road as if it wa a kind of mechanical drill. Her horse didn' think so. He hauled his feet along throug the dust as if getting them off the groun was beyond his strength. It began to loo like a test, not of Mrs. Broyles's endurance but of his. Every trip I looked for him t keel over.

But Mrs. Broyles quit first—not in th heat, either, but about sundown. Dismounting, she caught her foot and fell hanging from the stirrup with her chee in the road and grains of dust moving i and out of her nostrils. I might hav loosened her myself, but I was afraid sh would come to and catch me at it. So called my mother, telling her, because was panicky, that I had baited Mrs Broyles into working herself to death. forgot to mention the other youngster who had helped, and I told the whol thing all over again to the neighbors wh helped carry Mrs. Broyles into her house

Everything in it was full of gooseberrie Even the washtubs were heaped full, and on an oilcloth in the middle of the floo

ere was an oozing pile as high as a man's
aist. Odd gobs of pulp and puddles of red
ice were spilled and striddled from one
d of the house to the other. The neigh-
rs waded about through the mess, apply-
g what sunstroke remedies they knew,
d agreeing, while they waited for the
ctor from Grass Valley, that it was
ildren like me that kept the peniten-
aries from going out of business. Not one
them had been on speaking terms with
rs. Broyles, and most of them had been
ightened to death of her. There was the
ild-onion milk that they had all been
rowing out and scolding about, too; yet
ey glared at me as if I had destroyed
mething without which it would be im-
ssible for them to live. It was the most
trageous piece of devilment they had ever
ard of in their lives. The place for me was
e reform school. Making this poor old
ing work so in all that heat!

All I could do was to hope, silently, that
rs. Broyles would suddenly come to and
up while they sat there calling her a
or old thing. But she didn't do it, and
e doctor from Grass Valley, who got in
rly in the morning, said she that never
uld.

"She's out," he said. "Too weak. Too
l. Been keeping up too hard a clip for a
g time, I'd say. . . . What in the name
hell is this stuff?"

It looked like blood, but it was nothing
t gooseberry pulp. The neighbors ex-
ined how it had got there, and that I was
blame for the whole thing. To my
onishment, the doctor thought it was
nny. Applying human contrariness to
duce real horsepower was no slouch of
idea, he said. Then, seeing I was about
dy to break down and bawl, he con-
ed me.

"Don't mind it, kid," he said. "Old
men like that always pile up against some job that they can't do. I've had 'em fall over trying to maul fence-posts, when they belonged in some institution for the infirm. She'd have clocked out some other way if you hadn't been here."

He told about a list of other old women who had killed themselves trying to accomplish impossible stints of work. It was common to cow-town widows, alone and with no way to keep tab on their strength or measure what they had to do with it, to kill themselves trying to do more than they could. The old lady Glisan played that game in trying to make something out of her son, who murdered her. That was direct. Mrs. Broyles's death was not. Picking three hundred acres of gooseberries would have been easier to do than making something of Bill Glisan; but she had died attempting a harder job than that —the job of making everything agree with what Trumpeter Broyles had told her, of living as if his word was good, as if all he had yelled in his fitty and conceited rages were not fittiness or conceit, but the final and majestic truth. That had landed her in loneliness, and loneliness had made her take on the job of cleaning out the half-section of gooseberries. I wasn't to blame at all. If it hadn't been that, it would have been something else; the doctor was right, and she was better off dead anyway.

But that was no consolation to me then. The doctor had more sense than the neighbors did, and everything he said to comfort me was the intelligent truth; but my own conscience was with the people who told me I belonged in the reform school, and that I was more dangerous than a drunk Indian. Reasonable or not, the neighbors were right to accuse me. Looking at the dead woman, I wanted to accuse somebody myself; and since there was nobody, I sat down in the red gooseberry pulp on the floor and bawled.

HE HATED SOUTHERN GENTLEMEN

BY LLOYD LEWIS

The first of December, 1851, was a dark day for Southern fire-eaters, although none of them apparently realized it at the time. To all appearances the weather in their brightest heaven, the United States Senate, was still calm and fair as they set about organizing the house in what had come to be the traditional Dixie manner. But in reality two clouds had come up over the horizon—clouds that for all their apparent lightness, were packed with storm and thunder.

Two new Senators walked to the front and took the oath of office, two Northerners, fit only for the polite contempt of Southern gentlemen who had been born to rule the chamber. One, a forty-year-old Apollo, answering to the name of Charles Sumner, appeared to be too intent upon his pompadour ever to fill seemingly those shoes of Daniel Webster into which he was stepping. The other, Benjamin Franklin Wade, just an old judge from Ohio, was even less impressive as he stood there, heavy, glum, and square, lifting a right hand that had been flattened by axe- and shovel-handles. A self-made, untutored yokel, he was whispered to be, and innocent enough to have brought his squirrel-rifle with him to Washington.

Further than to assign the newcomers to the tail-ends of minor committees, the fire-eaters paid them no heed, which, although an error, was quite natural. Southern gentlemen had been ruling the Senate since the first days of the Republic, and they felt it to be their hereditary Olympus, upon which Northerners and Westerners must be always ill at ease and more or less apologetic. Pointed from infancy toward statecraft, the scions of the Dixie aristocracy believed Senatorial togas to be thei hereditary costume and the Senate Chamber the predestined theatre of their performance. In the House of Representatives the home of commoner men, presumptuou and vulgar Yankees, such as Thad Steven and Owen Lovejoy, might criticize an even denounce the Slave Power, but nothing so *gauche* could happen in the Senate There even, the best of Northern and Western leaders, even Webster, Douglas an Clay, had come, in the end, to admit th Cavalier supremacy. At any rate, they ha acted so, scurrying to fix up compromise that would wheedle the fire-eaters fron walking out of the Union. The Suprem Court, too, obeyed the South. As for th Presidency, hadn't it been held by on Southern man or another for forty out o its sixty-two years?

No, there seemed no cause for worry i 1851, even if John C. Calhoun, king of th Southern spokesmen, had been a year i his grave. In his seat was Robert B. Rhett South Carolina's chief baiter of Norther Abolitionists and editor of the Charlesto *Mercury*, the principal organ of the Dixi extremists. Jefferson Davis was there fror Mississippi, as was Henry C. Foote, wh had fought Benton of Missouri a splendi fist-fight on the floor of the Senate. Al these men were Southerners first, Whigs o Democrats afterwards. Some of them wer amiable, tolerant; more of them were fir eaters. All were intent upon teaching th North to keep its grubby hands off th divine institution of slavery.

To match them the opposition had nc body. Webster had become Secretary c

tate. Clay, the Kentucky Unionist, was
ere in his seat for no more than the open-
g day, a toothless tiger now, seventy-
our years old, a mere six months of life
ft in him. Stephen A. Douglas, of Illinois,
as buzzing around, tickling the slave-
wners with a feather, dreaming of the
residency. Douglas was no menace to the
istocrats. He might have ability, but
enton had polished him off one day while
atching the Little Giant go down the
reet. "No, sir!" mused Benton loudly,
he'll never be President. The seat of his
ants is too close to the ground!"

Indeed, the entire North had the seat of
s pants very near to the dust in 1851.
he Southern breathers of flame ran over
e Yankee Senators mercilessly, saying
hat they liked about Northern money-
asers and mudsills. The fact that the
ortherners scorned the duello as beneath
em only convicted them of cowardice
the eyes of the Southerners, who took
lvantage of the situation to abuse them
ith intoxicating freedom. The four North-
ners who had openly opposed them on
e slavery issue, Hale of New Hampshire,
hase of Ohio, Hamlin of Maine and
ward of New York, were all compara-
vely new men, and meek under castiga-
on. Seward, brightest of the four, stood
the cloak-room door, smoking big cigars
d smiling philosophically whenever he
as the target. He was thought to be a
ward.

So the session of 1851 began, as of old,
ith the Southerners reveling in the old
me of flaying the plebeian North. On an
rly day a Dixie patrician took up, for the
xuriant amusement of his colleagues, the
bject of Ohio, a land of uncivilized back-
ods louts, lowly enough to help nig-
rs escape their masters. One gleaming
ntence he concluded with the phrase
igger-thieves."

At this point an incredible thing hap-
ned. From somewhere a voice bellowed,
ou're a liar!"

The Southerner swayed on his feet as if
uck by lightning. Senators everywhere turned in amazement to see who had been so lunatic. Rubbing their eyes, they saw that the offense had been committed by the innocent old judge from Ohio. He must have talked in his sleep! But no, there he sat, leveling at the fire-eater the meanest glare anyone present had ever seen, a wicked pair of small, black eyes and a hard, hard jaw.

A Northern bounder had dared to call a Southern gentleman a liar! As if coming out of a dream, the Senators from Dixie swarmed around their colleague to keep him from assassinating the insolent puppy on the spot. A few anti-slavery men scrambled up to protect Ben Wade, but the judge simply sat there, unwinking, waiting.

That night delegations felt him out. Would he fight if challenged?

"I am here," he answered coldly, "in a double capacity. I represent the State of Ohio and I represent Ben Wade. As a Senator I am opposed to dueling, but as Ben Wade I recognize the code. I say your friend is a foul-mouthed old blackguard, but you will find that he will never notice what I have said. I will not be asked for retraction, explanation or fight."

That night all Washington talked of the new Senator from Ohio. The fire-eaters were aghast. Over the city went the appalling whisper that the innocent frontiersman hadn't brought his rifle to Washington to shoot squirrels but to shoot Southern gentlemen!

Suspicion deepened into conviction as scouts collected information about the fellow. He was rough and coarse, they learned, an ornery old skeptic, profane, blunt, contemptuous of romance and oratory, cynical, fearless, rigidly Abolitionist, no respecter of persons—and, one of the best rifle-shots in the Northwest. All eyes were on him as he walked to his seat the next morning, and all eyes popped as he calmly drew two pistols from his pocket, placed them in his desk, and sat down as though to say, "I'm ready."

As he had prophesied, nothing more was said of a challenge and the matter dropped, but something had happened to the spirits of men in the Senate. From that moment the anti-slavery cause looked up and the road of Southern aristocrats went downhill. In future all pro-slavery orators were to be more or less flustered when they arose to abuse the North, and never as confident as of old, for at any moment Ben Wade might rush and rough them. His method was to affront a speaker and let it go at that. If the aggrieved party felt like fighting, there was the news of that cold-barreled squirrel-rifle to sober him down. The Southerners might learn how to answer the other Abolitionist Senators who now followed Wade's lead, but they never learned how to handle the old judge himself.

II

For that matter, no one had ever managed him. He had come to the heights along hard ways. Born the tenth child of a Revolutionary veteran in Massachusetts in 1800, he had grown up on manual labor, poverty and sparse schooling, a Roundhead boy destined by life, birth and ancestry to deal the Cavaliers prodigious wallops. Puritan to the last drop was his blood, his maternal grandfather having been the Rev. Michael Wigglesworth, who at Malden in 1633 composed that celebrated poem, "The Day of Doom," one of the chief documents of New England evangelism. As a boy Ben Wade is said to have learned it by heart and to have rattled it off upon occasion, although the occasions could not have been frequent, for when, in later life, he came to the necessity of speaking in public, he was, in the beginning, the most blundering and confused of orators. Nevertheless, "The Day of Doom" could not have made the boy tender of mind, for it was a solemn and ferocious picture of a hard-hearted Jehovah dooming the unbaptized to everlasting torment:

> But get away without delay,
>   Christ pities not your cry,
> Depart to Hell; there may you dwell
>   And roar eternally.

It would be easy to overestimate "Th
Day of Doom" in explaining the savager
with which Ben Wade, as a man, assaile
the "sin" of slavery. His training ma
have made him stern, but it did not mak
him religious, for in adulthood he was
skeptic, possibly an atheist, and his infidelism was an issue against him in hi
political life.

Emigrating, with the family, to Ohi
in 1821, he speedily cut loose for himself
a bold, independent boy, roaming the country as a cattle-drover, working as a ditch-digger on the Erie canal, teaching school
studying medicine (unsuccessfully) in Albany, and settling down, at twenty-five
to study law in Ohio. At thirty-one he wa
a partner of the mighty Joshua R. Giddings, idol of the midland Abolitionists.

Laboriously acquiring the knack of speaking to crowds and juries, Wade share
Giddings' fat law practice and followe
him into politics, graduating from count
attorney to State senator and to judge
arriving at the last station in 1847. Giddings' influence led him to become a bul
in the china shop wherein Ohio wa
striving so delicately to keep peace wit
the neighboring slave States. Ruthlessly h
badgered the State into nullifying the law
which made it every Ohioan's duty t
catch all runaway slaves and return the
to their old Kentucky homes.

Single-handed in 1842, he cramme
through the Legislature a bill to found
college, eventually Oberlin, where Negroe
might be educated along with whites
Although the anti-slavery population o
Ohio was in the minority, his popularit
captured even those citizens who looke
upon the Abolition cause with indifference. In the first place, he was relentlessl
honest. When the firm of Giddings & Wad
went bankrupt in the national panic o
1837, both men ignored the refuge of th
bankruptcy laws and paid off their debts
Wade, in particular, seized the fancy of al
the younger men. Budding lawyers worshipped him. He fitted the frontier notio
of a man, scorning good manners as effem

ate, diplomats as liars, gentlemen as
oseurs. Says his biographer, A. G. Riddle:
Young men combed their hair back over
eir heads as he did. Where he was merely
ank and abrupt, they became coarse and
ugh; where he indulged in stronger Eng-
sh, they became profane. In a few years
e bar of Northern Ohio was invaded by
de, swearing caricatures of the strong
agnetic man."

As a judge, Wade seems to have been
le. The upper courts seldom reversed
m. Once when they did so, he reheard
e case, decided it as before, and sent it
ck with the remark, "I'll give them
other chance to get it right." They did.

When small cases appeared on his docket
er and over without settlement, he would
p the amount at issue on the bar, say-
g, "Here, I'll pay the damn thing my-
lf!"

Immensely scornful of women, as of all
ings of grace, Ben was suddenly bowled
er, in his forty-first year, by the face of
girl rapturously upturned in a political
owd that listened to him in Ashtabula.
married her, but, so far as anyone
ted, Caroline Rosekrans did not soften
m toward life. He loved to sit of eve-
ngs and listen to her read, but on the
eet he was the same old Ben Wade,
nging into offices, barging past barriers,
tting what he wanted.

This was the man who came to the
ited States Senate in 1851 and charac-
istically made a thunderous début with
abrupt "You're a liar!" Never a re-
ecter of tradition, he smashed precedents
ht and left. He became that rarest of
nators, a leader in his first term. He
mbed his nose at all claims of seniority,
ntility and polity. With Sumner, he be-
n poking into the tenderest parts of the
very issue, which all the party leaders
nted hushed in order that the dividing
tion might heal its sores under the salve
the recent compromises. While Sumner
ailed the slave-holders with lofty right-
usness, Wade began pushing them around,
ating them rough, flouting them.

Nor was it only on Southerners that he loosed his caustic tongue. Stephen A. Douglas, kowtowing to slavery, found him most unpleasant. Once, when the Little Giant remarked on the floor that "the gentleman from Ohio entertains a different code of morals from myself," Wade snorted, "Morals? My God, I hope so!" At another time, when the Senate had been listening to Douglas tearing his heart over some evil or other for hours, Wade suddenly spoke up with, "Well, what are you going to do about it?" Douglas turned red and sat down.

It was another jolt from Wade that so critical an observer as Judge Jeremiah Black thought "the most effective single blow ever dealt a man, a cause or an argument in the history of Congress." Senator George E. Badger of North Carolina was up this day, singing what, seventy-five years later, would be called a mammy song. Piteously he bemoaned the fact that brutal Northerners would forbid Southerners to take their slaves with them into the free territories of Kansas and Nebraska. What an outrage it was, he said, that he, who longed to emigrate to the West, could not take his dear old black mammy with him—the old mammy who had nursed him, raised him, cared for him like a mother! How could the North tear them apart? All but in tears he was producing a most sentimental effect when Wade broke in with, "We're willing for you to take your old mammy with you, but we're afraid that when you get her there *you'll sell her!*" Badger went down like Douglas.

To Senator Dixon of Kentucky, who ridiculed him for believing a Negro the equal of a white man, Wade snapped, "By the law of God Almighty, *your* slave is *your* equal, as you'll find out at the Day of Judgment, though probably not before—at your rate of progress." Senator Butler of South Carolina was interrupted, in his oration on the Negroes' love for their masters, with, "Yes, they love you so well you have to have a Fugitive Slave Law to bring 'em back!" Senator Clayton of Delaware, wounded by characteristic thrusts, talked of challenging the old judge, but, on hearing that Wade was polishing his squirrel-rifle, gave up the idea.

Nettling, hectoring and rushing the fire-eaters with his interruptions, queries, belittlements, Wade expanded into short, impromptu orations in which he warned the South not to bully the Northern people. There was in his speech, the tread, already, of the midland farmers who would form Grant's and Sherman's legions, they who broke the back of Secession. And as always, behind him in the Middle West were rough supporters who, although not yet quite ready for Abolition, liked to see him blow up the Southern aristocrats. The multiplying anti-slaverites knew him for their own as surely as they knew Charles Sumner, even if Wade was too thrifty to put any money into the underground railroad which helped fugitive slaves to Canada. He was, by nature, economical to say the least, although once, when a Negro boy came to him begging for funds with which to buy his freedom, he growled, "I never give to such causes; but why don't you run away? Here's ten dollars for expenses."

III

As a hero of the frontier people he reached his zenith on May 23, 1856, the day after a tinder-headed South Carolinian, Preston C. Brooks, had beaten Charles Sumner into insensibility at his desk on the Senate floor. The affair was a national issue overnight. War trembled in the balance, with the South crying that Brooks had taught the insolent Yankee to keep his foul tongue off Southern people, and with the North crying that Brooks' assault was typical of the degeneracy of a civilization which talked of honor and yet used the pistol and bludgeon to settle its quarrels.

Vituperation passed back and forth as the Senate met the next day to consider the matter. Robert C. Toombs, of Georgia, wildest and probably ablest of the fire-eaters, certainly their captain at this session, arose and defended Brooks' attack As he sat down, up bolted Ben Wade "When an assassin-like, cowardly attack has been made on an unarmed man," he bellowed, "powerless to defend himsel and almost murdered, and such attacks are approved by Senators, it becomes a question of interest to the minority. . . . If the principle now here announced prevails let us come armed for the contest, and although you are four to one, *I am here to meet you!*"

As he spoke he bent toward Toombs his ugliest stare, and as he took his seat the whole Senate felt that now, at last, he would receive the challenge which he had courted so long. Certainly Toombs, the touchiest of Southerners, must fight him After the session he was asked by Southern men if he would accept when the challenge came. Certainly! What weapons would he name? Rifles at thirty paces. "You fellows," he added, "have broken Sumner's head and we must spunk up or you'll break all our heads. The shortest way is to kill off a few of you and I've picked on old Toombs. He'll have to challenge me. I'll take my old squirrel rifle and, damn me, if I don't bring him down at the first crack."

Again the menace of that squirrel-rifle hung over Washington as Wade sat for two days in his home, waiting for the challenge. On the third day he returned to his desk, felt a hand on his shoulder, and looked up into the face of Toombs. "Wade," said the fire-eater, "what's the use of two men making damned fools of themselves?"

But old Ben did not stop with this temporary victory. With Chandler of Michigan, hard-mouthed Zachariah Chandler, and Simon Cameron of Pennsylvania he swore a pact of death. Whenever a Southern Senator affronted the Northern people the three were to send him challenges. "We will carry the quarrel into the coffin," they swore, and the news of their vow got around. "The tone of Southerners modified at once," said Wade, recalling it later.

Secession, growing ever heavier in the

r, could not come soon enough for him.
o him it was inevitable; all that he wanted
as to make it plain to the seceders that
ere would be a terrific fight. To Senators
ho threatened to leave the Union, he
lopted the policy of extending his hand
d booming, "Good-bye! Don't wait on
y account!" That his attitude hastened
e war cannot be doubted, for always he
rmented the aristocrats. Realistic in the
treme, bald and coarse in his practicality,
would not permit the Dixie romanti-
sts to speak with the floweriness, finesse
d grace which they felt to be so basic a
rt of their lives. He hated such things as
uch as he hated jewelry.

When the break came in 1861 he was
ady for it, wasting no time on reconcilia-
on and, indeed, helping to kill the last-
inute Crittenden Compromise. On the
y of the first battle, Bull Run, outside
ashington, he put his squirrel-rifle into
carriage and drove out to the field. Per-
ps after all, he would get a chance to
oot a Southern gentleman. But it was
s own Northerners that prevented it,
ousands of them sweeping him backward
a rout toward Washington. When the
ad narrowed between impassable forests,
turned his carriage across it, marshaled
s party in a thin line, set his hat down
er his ears and flattened his jaw against
e butt of his rifle.

"Boys, we'll stop this damned run-
ay!" he roared; and stop it he did,
lding the flood until organized troops
lieved him. Fear-crazed fugitives backed
ay from his muzzle, more terrorized by
than by the whole Confederate army,
hich they mistakenly believed to be at
eir heels. On the way back to Washing-
n, he blued the air with curses. So he
came the one hero of Bull Run, the one
rtherner who had done something on
at awful day. How much greater a hero
would have been in Northern history
he had died on the field, ringed 'round
th the bodies of Southern colonels!

No such luck! The days were done when
could stand out like a Charles the Hammer, hurling back the foe. His work of slaughtering fire-eaters was now taken over by the army. To replace his long, lone rifle there appeared a million muskets.

IV

Moreover, he had the misfortune, during the war, to be measured, not against fire-eaters, but against Abraham Lincoln. Himself a defeated aspirant for the Republican presidential nomination in 1860, he was opposed to Lincoln on other scores. The man in the White House was too slow, too gentle with the enemy, put too many Northern Democrats in office, was too backward about freeing the slaves, too weak to confiscate rebel property. Was he pro-slave at heart? Wade wondered.

When Lincoln ignored Congress in making his plans for reconstructing the South Wade called him a tyrant and sneered at Senators who "waited for the royal pleasure" before voting. "Our system of government is a failure," he growled, "Congress and the judiciary are only instruments in the hands of the Executive."

Finally, when Lincoln killed the Radicals' vengeful plan of Reconstruction, Wade broke loose in the most amazing performance in the history of party politics. Uniting with Henry Winter Davis of Maryland, Lincoln's fiercest Republican foe in the lower House, the old Senator issued the famous Wade-Davis Manifesto, which, appearing at the height of the presidential campaign, assailed the head of the ticket as a usurper who, swollen with personal ambition, "strides headlong into anarchy." So thunderous was the blast that it overshot its mark, rallied the voters to Lincoln, and knocked Davis out of his seat in Congress. Wade, standing for reëlection in Ohio, lost his constituents and was reelected by Democratic legislators who evidently thought him a better troublemaker for the administration than any Democrat they might select.

Lincoln, who knew all that Wade knew of retort, but who made his replies with humor, deflated the old judge upon occasion as the judge had deflated the Southerners. Once, when the Radicals' uproar was at its tensest, Wade left his office in the Capitol and stamped the long mile to the White House to abuse Lincoln. Butting his way into the President's study, he announced, "This government is drifting to hell!"

"Yes, Senator," answered Lincoln dryly, "it's only about a mile from there this minute."

As he spoke, he pointed a long forefinger at the window, through which could be seen the Capitol dome against the sky. Wade went back to his office. Whether the story be fact or legend it matters not, for it points a sad truth; the bellower who had deafened the fire-eaters was worsted by a man with a drawl.

Baffled and sore, Wade, dominating powerful committees, harassed Lincoln throughout the war. At the end, when Lincoln adroitly put all the surrendering Southern gentlemen out of Radical reach, he was beside himself. The worst of it was that Lincoln had four more years to serve, years in which, Wade feared, the reviving South would reunite with Northern Copperheads to rule again.

Then came the stroke which must have made even skeptical old Ben Wade believe in the Jehovah of the Rev. Michael Wigglesworth. Lincoln was murdered and Andrew Johnson, bitter enemy of Southern aristocrats, took the helm. Old Ben, seizing the new President's hand, exulted: "By the gods, we'll have no trouble running the government now!" Later he was advising Johnson, "I would hang or exile ten or twelve of those fellows [the Confederate leaders]. I think I could make it thirteen, just a baker's dozen."

Although named an honorary pallbearer at Lincoln's funeral, he did not attend, his friends explaining that he hated the excesses of funeral woe. More likely, the reason lay in his traditional desire "to carry the quarrel into the coffin."

But his joy over Lincoln's death was short. His enemy refused somehow to stay in the tomb. The dead President's gentle scheme for reconstructing the South stole back to capture Johnson, and as Johnson vetoed, one after another, the cruel measures which Congress prepared for "the conquered territories," Wade turned frenzied fanatic. Even those Senators who had forgiven his harshness for the sake of the iron strength he had supplied to Union spirit during the war now thought him only malignant and brutal. Shame left him Once, when the Radicals were massing to override Johnson's veto of their oppressive Civil Rights Bill, delay was asked to permit a sick Johnson-man to arrive in time to vote. Wade objected. "If God Almighty has stricken one member so that he cannot be here to uphold the dictation of a despot," he roared, "I thank Him for His interposition, and I will take advantage of it if I can."

What he, with the other Radicals, was plotting now was the removal of Johnson. And it was Ben Wade himself who was waiting to take the Presidency. As president *pro tem* of the Senate and acting Vice-President of the United States he was next in succession. Let him sit in the White House and the Southern gentlemen might indeed despair!

The impeachment trial came on, and the old judge, now sixty-seven years old, white of hair and eye-brows, sat waiting with a harder light than ever in his cold, black, unwinking eyes. Brazenly he counted himself already in the White House and openly arranged his Cabinet. Unless he won this goal he was through, for Ohio had soured of his venom and elected another man to fill his shoes the coming December. If he could grasp the Presidency there would be time, in the remaining year of the term, to juggle patronage so that he might assure himself of the vice-presidential nomination at least, in the 1868 campaign. But by now he was his own worst enemy. His reptilian hate boomeranged as it had in the days of the Wade-Davis Manifesto. As he had then strength-ed Lincoln, so now he strengthened nson. Many a Republican Senator, vering which way to vote on impeachnt, shuddered to think of vicious old n in the White House. His character lped Johnson. Impeachment failed by e vote.

So Ben Wade missed the Presidency. He a little longer in the Senate which he d bullied for seventeen years. His enies, Lincoln, Johnson and the Southern ntlemen were all down, dead or ruined, t what was he? Only another lame-duck Washington. He was out of it when, at t, Radical Reconstruction descended full ce upon the Southern people. He had to tch the torturing from the chamber or. All he could do was cry the oppress on. He even agreed to stump Ohio for ant, whom he distrusted. Hadn't Grant d, "Let us have peace"? Privately, Wade missed him with a sneer. "Whenever talk politics, he'd talk horses." Still, oublican success would mean a Radical ngress.

n 1870 prissy Schuyler Colfax, the Vicesident, recommended Wade as a lobbyist to Jay Cooke, and it is probable that he did some work for this ill-starred financier. He became, too, attorney for the Northern Pacific Railroad. Hot human issues, however bitter, ceased to dominate him.

Finally, he lent himself to Grant's childish imperialistic dream of annexing Santo Domingo, and headed an investigating committee that visited the island and reported favorably upon the grab. On board ship he was the same testy autocrat as of old, storming at "the crazy buggists" who, as the scientific section of the commission, delayed the homeward voyage while they collected tropical plants.

He simmered slowly down, living until 1878. But just before the end his old spirit flared. Rutherford B. Hayes, stepping into the Presidency, began to loose the chains of Reconstruction. The Radicals had spent their venom. A new day had come. But Ben Wade was still blind. Savagely he lashed out at Hayes for his mercy, denouncing him as he had denounced Lincoln and Johnson, but his words only reëchoed back at him in his own death-chamber.

WHITMAN AS HIS OWN PRESS-AGENT

BY EMORY HOLLOWAY

YEARS ago, in a newspaper, I ran across a casual allusion to Walt Whitman's having been at one time connected with Alexander H. Shephard's Washington *Chronicle*. When recently the opportunity arrived for running the matter down, I found that the writer had his facts somewhat mixed. The *Chronicle* was friendly to Whitman and appears to have printed articles from his pen, anonymously; but it was never owned by Shephard. Yet Shephard was one of the owners of the Washington *Evening Star*, which, about 1870, was a sturdy champion of the poet.

The first editions of "Leaves of Grass" had no publisher except the author, who, to make headway against the prevailing ridicule and indifference, found it advisable to act as his own press-agent. Accordingly, he explained his new verse, not only in a classic preface to the poems themselves, but also through anonymous reviews in various newspapers. Throughout his remaining years he continued to exert an influence on what his friends, at least, should print about him. His guiding or restraining hand in the books by Burroughs, Bucke, and Traubel, for instance, is well known. Though he was pretty well advertised, if not widely read, by 1869, through the sale of the 1860 and 1867 editions, and the laudation of his friends Burroughs and O'Connor, he did not feel satisfied with the headway he was making with American critics. He saw no better way to remedy matters than to keep before the public eye the image of the picturesque personage of whom the book was an expression.

This he did in many indirect ways. Sometimes he would criticize himself, o merely describe himself, in the third person, inserting little harmless phrases o doubt or criticism as a smoke-screen t conceal his authorship; or he would writ something purporting to be an intervie with himself; again, he would quote morsels from friendly European reviews. It i hard to tell just how many of the editorial about him in the *Star* and the *Chronicl* were directly inspired by him or how man were actually written by him, though i one or two cases we have, not only internal evidence as a guide, but the copy i his own manuscript. There is no suc manuscript of the following, so far as know, but it can hardly fail to impress th reader who is intimately acquainted wit his style as coming from his pen. It appeared in the *Chronicle* on Sunday, May 9 1869.

> Walt Whitman, the poet, will complete the fiftieth year of his age the current May 31, 1869, having been born on that date, 1819. His friends in New York, Brooklyn, and elsewhere, will be pleased to learn that, on the verge of becoming half a centenarian, he retains his accustomed health, eats his rations regularly, and keeps his weight well toward 190 pounds.
>
> Of the poetical merits and demerits of the subject of our item, concerning which the contest still rages in literary circles, we desire to say nothing. We will only mention here, for what it is worth, the judgment of a late German critic,[1] (Mr. Whitman's poetry has been translated and published in Germany), who characterizes him as "the most radically *Christian* and *Socratic* poet of any modern writer," inasmuch as he adopts for the chief reliance and ground-plan of individual and public excellence the elements of friendship, personal purity, and disinterestedness, the cultivation of "the inner light," and the like; and also in

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[1] Ferdinand Freiligrath, in the Augsburg *Allg* *meine Zeitung*, May 10, 1868. Freiligrath introduce Whitman to the Germans.

> is treatment of the whole material frame of hings, in its particulars and in its aggregate, as ut the gateway, through death and decay, to piritual existence, the only substantial one, and he purport, according to him, of all material obects and persons, and also the true key to all cience.
>
> We may add that the poems, "Leaves of Grass," riginally published in New York about fourteen ears ago, and since added to, and republished ime and again in various cities, are still considred unfinished by their author. But we undertand that the collection, revised, and including is new verses on religious themes, and forming robably the final digest and edition of the book, vill be printed the ensuing Summer. "Democratic 'istas," a small prose book, will also be pubished during the Summer.

The article then proceeds to a more peral tone:

> Ir. Whitman, at the present date, continues to ccupy a third-class clerkship in the Attorney-eneral's office, where, since the close of the war, e has been employed successively under Attorey-Generals Speed, Stanbery, Bowning, Evarts, nd Hoar. An inveterate pedestrian, and, like a rue Greek, living much in the open air, he has ong become a familiar figure in our city, and amid he varied and picturesque scenery of the District.
>
> In times past, in New York, he frequented the op of the Broadway omnibuses, and became a vell-known pet of the drivers. Here he has to conent himself with the platform of the street-cars, ften riding out to Georgetown, or to the Eastern ranch. On Pennsylvania avenue or Seventh street r Fourteenth street, or perhaps of a Sunday, long the suburban roads toward Rock creek, or cross on Arlington Heights, or up the shores of ne Potomac, you will meet moving along at a rm but moderate pace, a robust figure, six feet igh, costumed in blue or gray, with drab hat, road shirt-collar, gray-white beard, full and urly, face like a red apple, blue eyes, and a look of nimal health more indicative of hunting or boatig than the department office or author's desk. ndeed the subject of our item, in his verse, his ianners, and even his philosophy, evidently raws from, and has reference to, the influences of ne sea and sky and woods and prairies, with their ws, and man in his relation to them; while neiier the conventional parlor nor library has cast s spells upon him.
>
> Possessing singular personal magnetism, and equently beloved at sight, yet Walt Whitman's onchalance, large adhesiveness,[2] and a certain lent defiance both in his poetry and appearance, ave long laid him open to caricature and sarcasc criticism. Then there have been imputations of virulent description, such as ignorance, drunkness, and lust, to which mental aberration and oral obliquity have been strenuously added. ery little, however, do these charges trouble the bject of them.
>
> "In early years," said Mr. Whitman, lately in conversation, "I suffered much at the fate of being misrepresented and misunderstood—at the lies of enemies and still more the complacent fatuity of those I loved. But I see now that it is no detriment to a hardy character, but is perhaps the inevitable price of freedom, and a vigorous training and growth; and that even slanders mean something to every real student of himself, and as it were betray to the commander of the fort where his embankments are openest to the enemy, and most need strengthening and the guard."
>
> There are numerous pictures, frontispieces, photographic, and other pretended likenesses of Walt Whitman, whose great bulky head, wooly beard, carmine cheeks, and open throat attract the artists. Most of these pictures are bad, some of them comically monstrous (as in Hotten's London edition of Walt Whitman's poems). Mr. Gardiner, on Seventh street, however, has a capital photo, taken in 1863. Messrs. Seybold & Tarisse, on the Avenue, below Sixth, have a good head, just taken, very strong in shade and light. William Kurtz, New York, has two or three noble photos. Charles Hine, the artist, same city, has a fine portrait in oil, life size.

II

Since Lowell's publication of Whitman's "Bardic Symbols" in the *Atlantic Monthly* nearly a score of years before, nothing from the latter's pen had found a welcome there, until, in February, 1869, he placed "Proud Music of the Sea Storm" for one hundred dollars. The manuscript was presented to the editor, James T. Fields, not directly, but through Emerson, who, according to Whitman, had offered his services in the matter. The incident has interest as showing both the relation of Whitman and Emerson at the time and the precaution Whitman was taking not to have the poem rejected by the magazine which was more or less the arbiter of literary elegance in America. Nor did he lose any time in capitalizing his success, if we may judge by the comment of the *Star* on January 18, probably before the magazine was on the Washington news-stands:

> The claims of Walt Whitman to the position of a poet are so far recognized by the literary set in Boston, who consider their *dicta* supreme law in matters pertaining to letters, that the *Atlantic* for February contains a long poem from his sturdy pen, and one of the very best, to our notion, that he has yet written. Between *Blackwood* and the *Atlantic* he is now pretty well endorsed on both continents—a circumstance that may be very

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[2] A phrenological term which Whitman was fond of g to designate a personal attraction between men is stronger than ordinary friendship. The "Cala" poems celebrate it.

gratifying to his friends, but which, we suspect, matters very little to him.

During the editorship of Professor Bliss Perry the *Atlantic* printed a number of things about Whitman, but during the last ten years I have had several articles on the poet returned with a courteous announcement that the magazine was closed to all articles about him. Whitman wished the public to believe him as indifferent to criticism, friendly or hostile, as the great poet he had described in his verse—an answerer of the profound questions of life, but not one to notice a critical attack. In the flush of his first inspiration he had boasted, with the boundless hope of youth:

> I exist as I am, that is enough,
> If no other in the world be aware I sit content,
> And if each and all be aware I sit content.
> One world is aware and by far the largest to me,
>   and that is myself,
> And whether I come to my own to-day or in ten
>   thousand or ten million years,
> I can cheerfully take it now, and with equal
>   cheerfulness I can wait.

But if all the references to his indifference concerning fame to be found in the Washington papers were inspired by him, that indifference was rather too vocal and insistent to be convincing. When Bayard Taylor and others travestied his American Institute poem in 1871, the *Evening Star*, using information it could hardly have had except from Whitman or his friends, countered by citing the poet's influence abroad.

> The newspapers still keep up their talk about Walt Whitman. Here now comes the announcement that Roberts Brothers, of Boston, are to publish his late American Institute utterance in small book form. From abroad, we learn that the English poet and critic, Roden Noel, of aristocratic and Lord Byron lineage, has prepared a lengthy review of Whitman for *Dark Blue*, the new Oxonian magazine.
>
> The truth about Whitman, as author not only of this American Institute piece but all else, is that his contempt for the "poets" and "poetry" of the day, his presentation of thoughts and things at first hand instead of second or third hand, his sturdy and old-fashioned earnestness, and his unprecedented novelty, make him a capital target for the smart writers and the verbal fops engaged in manufacturing items and "criticism." Then besides, to be candid, Walt Whitman *is* a pretty hard nut to crack. His involved sentences, always hiding at least half their meaning, his kangaroo leaps as if from one crag to another, his appalling catalogues, (enough to stagger the bravest heart,) his unheard of demand for brains in the reader as well as in the thing read, and then his scornful silence, never explaining anything nor answering any attack, all lay him fairly open to be misunderstood, to slur, burlesque, and sometimes spiteful innuendo; and will probably continue to do so.
>
> Like his own "Kosmos," he can be viewed from many and partial points of view, among the rest, from one or two whence he certainly appears gross, repellent, and dangerous. But his complete and permanent character—and that is the only just method of comprehending him—is nevertheless healthy, free, manly, attractive, and of a purity and strength almost beyond example. The basis of his principal poetry is the intuitional and emotional, actuated by what the phrenologists term self-esteem and adhesiveness. Like all revolutionists and founders, he himself will have to create the growth by which he is to be fully understood and accepted. This will be a slow and long work, but sure.

The reader who is familiar with Whi man's diction, phraseology, psycholog and methods of anonymous self-defens will not be led by the candor of this pa sage hastily to assume that he had nothin to do with its composition. But the *Ev ning Star* took pains to present him in oth lights than that of the misunderstood bar indifferent whether the laurel wreat should grace his good gray brow. Here a little anecdote, from the issue of Januar 18, 1869, which I have never seen r printed:

> A moderate-sized oil painting has been placed in the window of Mohum & Bestor's store, on the Avenue to-day, that calls for special notice from all lovers of perfect art. It is called "The Cavalry Picket," and represents, in the midst of a lonesome Winter scene, probably in Virginia, in a bleak and freezing snow-storm, drifted, the ground white, a cavalry soldier, numbed and dead, fallen from his horse, extended on his back, a thin veil of snow drifted over his face, and the horse (a fine piece of drawing and painting) standing by, and peering over the dead soldier. The picture is by Mr. McLeod, of this city, and is a work that will make its own reputation.
>
> We saw Walt Whitman standing before the window this morning, looking at it long. The tears fell down his cheeks, called forth by many sad reminiscences. "Write something about it," he said, "and tell the painter how profoundly it has affected me. I consider it, in its way, unsurpassed in all technical requirements, from the point of view of art merely. A typical incident of the great war; then mounting above, and spreading wide, it touches the universal human heart, and is as strong as it is manly and tender."

Not long ago a leading dealer in auto- aphs said to me: "American writers rank us—Poe, Whitman, Hawthorne; for col- tors will pay for their manuscripts in at order." He seriously urged using the anuscript prices current as an index of erary merit. The *Evening Star* must have en familiar with this yardstick for the easurement of genius, for, getting its ts from Whitman or his friends, it tried show that Walt Whitman, Unlimited, as a going concern. For example:

> *Valt Whitman on a Gold Basis.*—The ever-increas- ng favor the American poet finds in Europe oddly ontrasts with the treatment he has received in he past in his own country. No less striking a arallel is afforded between the offishness of pub- ishers toward his writings here and the high ecuniary value set upon them by the same class broad. For the group of poems from his pen, ntitled "Whispers of Heavenly Death," which ppeared in the last number of the English *Broad- vay Magazine*, the proprietors paid Mr. Whitman wenty-five dollars a page *in gold*. This amounts to bout seventy-five dollars in currency for the vhole—the composition occupying two[*sic*] pages f the magazine. It is needless to add that no other oet except Tennyson commands such a price in ngland.

When the Philadelphia *Bulletin* asserted at Whitman "never had an income of er $900 a year," the *Evening Star*, joining ttle on the facts, replied:

> h, yes. The Blue Book puts him down: "W. Vhitman, New York. Clerk, Attorney-General's ffice. Salary, $1600."

Though Whitman had been receiving s salary for five years, this information ms to have struck the current journal- ic mind as having news value, for in tember, 1871, the New York *Evening* ran the following:

> Valt Whitman receives a salary of $1600 a year as lerk in the office of the Attorney-General and is aid to be the richest man in Washington, because e never wants what he does not have. His phil- sophy is better than his poetry.

III

t Whitman did want what he did not ve—increasing recognition at home, if for himself at least for his poetry. He ught he was beginning to get it when he was invited to deliver a commencement poem at Dartmouth in 1872; but though he conquered when he came, Professor Bliss Perry has shown that the invitation itself was a student joke at the expense of a rather conservative faculty. Whitman used the occasion not only to send copies to the press but to write an anonymous eulogy of his poem for a newspaper, though we do not know that it saw print. However, the *Evening Star's* leader on the Dartmouth poem is so full of Whitmanisms of thought, expression and even punctuation, as to convince me that either Whitman wrote it or someone so familiar with "Democratic Vistas" as to have caught both the gist of its meaning and its style. Here, in part, is the article:

> Peculiar in literary form, echoing Whitman's fervid patriotism for the whole country, and totally unlike the classic or sentimental reminiscences of such occasions, its key-note seems to be an earnest conviction that the loftiest and most binding union and truest pride and glory of the United States (after the establishment of their material interests, which he thinks already permanently provided for,) are to be sought in new moral, patriotic, national literary development, on a scientific and spiritual basis, and always with a realizing sense of physical health, and finest and handsomest offspring.
>
> For Walt Whitman, as we understand, while he admits the merits of the scientific and journalistic press of the day, avowedly views the whole tribe of poets and novelists with contempt. His notion is that for imaginative purposes the modern time, and the United States especially, can only fitly express and justify their vital and characteristic elements by new and native lyric, artistic, and even religious forms, and that, for present and future use, current poetry, art and ecclesiasticisms, however serviceable for their time in Europe and the past, are impotent for America, and incompatible with her genius.

Similarly, in the preceding year, Whitman had been elated to receive an invitation from the managers of the American Institute to deliver an original poem at the opening of their annual fair in New York. Perhaps he did not know that Horace Greeley, the president of the Institute, was the regular attraction on opening day, but that busy with a presidential bee in his bonnet, the sage of Chappaqua was electioneering in the Middle West. Whitman came to New York and, on September 7, read his poem, "After All, Not to Create Only." Two days later, having found that much of the metropolitan press was disposed to make merry over his only half-inspired effort, he sent his own account of the occasion to the Washington *Chronicle* for publication as an anonymous letter from New York.

> Imagine yourself inside a huge barn-like edifice of a couple of acres, spanned by immense arches, like the ribs of some leviathan ship, (whose skeleton hull inverted the structure might be said to resemble,) & this building, crowded & crammed with incipient displays of goods and machinery—everything that grows & is made—& a thousand men actually engaged at work, in their shirt-sleeves, putting the said goods & machinery in order—all with a noise, movement, & variety as if a good-sized city was in process of being built.
>
> In the middle of this, to an audience of perhaps two or three thousand people, with a fringe on the outside of perhaps five or six hundred partially-hushed workmen, carpenters, machinists, & the like, with saws, wrenches, or hammers in their hands, Walt Whitman, last Thursday, gave his already celebrated poem before the American Institute. His manner was at first sight coldly quiet, but you soon felt a magnetism & felt stirred. His great figure was clothed in gray, with white vest, no necktie, & his beard was as unshorn as ever. His voice is magnificent, & is to be mentioned with Nature's oceans & the music of forests and hills.
>
> His gestures are few, but significant. Sometimes he stands with his hands in his breast pockets; once or twice he walked a few steps to & fro. He did not mind the distant noises & the litter & machinery, but doubtless rather enjoyed them. He was perfectly self-possessed. His apostrophe to the Stars and Stripes which floated above him, describing them in far different scenes in battle, was most impassioned. Also his "Away with War itself!" & his scornful "Away with novels, plots, & plays of foreign courts!"
>
> A few of his allusions were in a playful tone, but the main impression was markedly serious, animated, & earnest. He was applauded as he advanced to read, besides several times throughout, & at the close. He did not respond in the usual way by bowing. All the directors & officers of the Institute crowded around him & heartily thanked him. He extricated himself, regained his old Panama hat & stick, and, without waiting for the rest of the exercises, made a quiet exit by the steps at the back of the stand.
>
> The real audience of this chant of peace, invention, & labor, however, was to follow. Of the New York & Brooklyn evening and morning dailies, twelve out of seventeen published the poem in full the same evening or the next morning.

So much for the picture Whitman wished the public to have of his performance. His own words make clear how careful he was to create a pose and to maintain it, th trademark of the new poetry. He had n doubt supplied copies of the poem to th press in advance, and I have found that good many of them did print it, in whol or in part. But this does not mean tha they all took it seriously. A humorous contrast to Whitman's description appeare in the *World's* report (September 8) captioned "Poetry and Ploughs." The reporte failed to see the thousands to which Whitman refers. (The *Tribune* estimated tha there were 200–300 present.) "The vacanc caused by the absence of Mr. Greeley,' said the *World*, "was regarded with painful emotion." The police were so little abl to quiet the workmen's hubbub, even fo the prayer of invocation, that it was impossible for Whitman's voice to carry mor than fifteen feet. "After prayer the poe was introduced. The managers were al provided with printed proofs, which enabled them to follow the author as he recited his verses and put in the applaus where it was proper to do so. No on among the meeting house benches coul have heard anything the poet said." Th report was accompanied by an editoria entitled "A Whitmaniacal Catalogue.' The editor saw no "playful tone" in th poem, but satirized its prosaic formlessness, which is, of course, its weakest point

> Dropping the hand of the amiable Muse with a rude suddenness, born probably of a recollection of his duties as a compiler of a catalogue, Mr. Whitman returns to his work, and gives in rapid succession a list of everything on exhibition at the fair. Even when fairly in the midst of this prosaic task the painful confusion of his intellect is frequently manifest. He arbitrarily groups coffee-mills, mowing-machines, and anti-malarious pills under the singular heading of "rills of civilization," and boldly prophesies that these strangely composite rills will ultimately become pyramids and obelisks, upon which "powerful matrons" will gaze in admiration. It is true he expressly states that these matrons of the future will be
>
> Vaster than all the old;
>
> but why the vastness of a matron should induce her to regard rills of mowing-machines as identical with obelisks does not appear. Even the famous fat lady of Barnum's former museum, who, if not a matron, was at all events the vastest of modern females, would have repelled with indignation the idea that she could not tell a rill from a pyramid.

Even the Brooklyn *Eagle*, which Whit- an had edited a quarter of a century be- re, though admitting that he had his ints, was disposed to treat him rather as freak, properly exhibited at a fair.

> The most of it [the Institute poem], however, will be pronounced by the average reader hard, commonplace, realistic, prosaic, when it is not simple jargon—word-piling with no obvious purpose. Whether Whitman is to remain on view throughout the exhibition the advertizements do not state. If he is engaged permanently we advise the citizens of Brooklyn to go and see him. He has a special and local, as well as a general and national, reputation.

IV

ut it was the *Tribune* that saw in the oc- sion opportunity for mirth unconfined. yard Taylor, who was the next year to fend American publishers, in the so- lled Buchanan War, against what he rmed the "intellectual convexity" of hitman's ardent sponsors, sat down and mposed parodies of the four poets most the public eye—Bret Harte, John Hay, aquin Miller and Whitman. These the anaging editor connected with a prose rlesque, representing the four poets as ntending for first honors at the fair, each celebrating himself. The tone of the hitman travesty[3] is well represented by e opening lines:

> Who was it sang of the procreant urge, recounted
> sextillions of subjects?
> Who but myself, the Kosmos, yawping abroad,
> concerned not at all about either the effect or
> the answer.

But there were editors to praise Whit- n's poem, including those of the Brook- n *Standard*, the New York *Sun* and the thful Washington *Star*, which blamed e *Tribune's* attitude on the jealousy of its n "kept poet." Altogether Whitman d create a stir, which may have been as ch as he hoped for. Taylor doubtless ver appreciated the full greatness of the n, yet one who has studied the record st appreciate the point he made in 1876 in answer to the charge that there was a literary cabal against Whitman among American publishers and editors:

> The charge of a cabal among any portion of the authors of America, to persecute and suppress Walt Whitman, or anybody else, is an absurdity and an impertinence. Other writers have their contributions returned by magazine editors, and do not whine about it. Hawthorne was ignored during his best years, Emerson abused and ridiculed, and their friends never dreamed of imagining a conspiracy against them. No man in this country has ever been so constantly and skillfully advertised by his disciples as Walt Whitman. They have not only been sleeplessly watchful for attack, but they have resented indifference. They deny, for his sake, the right of a critic to be honest, the right of an editor to select, or the right of a publisher to refuse. Not patient for the final and irreversible decision of time, they angrily claim immediate acceptance of a theory of formlessness in literature which would send the world's great authors to the shade. If their master's new venture should fail, they will be chiefly to blame. He has wisely held himself aloof from their aggressive championship; and we heartily commend the silence and apparent indifference of "the good gray poet" to the imitation of his good green friends.

Whitman did often restrain his impetuous friends, less shrewd than he, and he professed not to have started the Buchanan War, though I cannot find that he was displeased with it. In fact, he made himself often enough the same charges against American publishers that Buchanan made when he opened hostilities. And had Taylor been able to see Whitman's practiced hand behind such articles, for instance, as I have quoted here, I doubt if he would have drawn a line between the good gray poet and his good green friends.

If there was jealousy in the heart of Taylor, there is, on the other hand, room to believe that Whitman found in him a natural rival and enemy. When Taylor was asked to write the poem for the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia in 1876, Whitman was disappointed. He renamed the American Institute piece "Song of the Exposition" and further celebrated the occasion by issuing a Centennial Edition of his poems. Concerning these two occasions when his ambitions crossed those of Taylor, he afterward said to Horace Traubel:

> It rather staggered me at the time to receive the invitation to make this poem: I was everywhere,

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[3] Reprinted, with the others, in Taylor's "The o Club and Other Literary Diversions" and in ry S. Saunders' "Walt Whitman Parodies."

> practically everywhere, disavowed—hated, ridiculed, lampooned, parodied; rejected by the notables everywhere. Then this invitation came. Of course my inviters were criticized for inviting, I was criticized for being invited—for accepting—all kinds of impolite things were said, mostly for my benefit: I even got a few anonymous letters from people who wanted to tell me "the plain truth," as one of them said. But the thing went off—went off all right—yes: was its own kind of success.
>
> I've only had a few such occasions to take care of. William [O'Connor] told Eldridge or somebody that I should have had the poem for the Centennial—that Bayard Taylor was unfit—that no one but Walt Whitman could have proved equal to the exigency: but William found few to take his view of the matter. I do not seem to belong to great show events—I am more like nobody than like somebody,—I was more used to being kicked out than asked in: I always went to the big pow-wows with the crowd, to look on, not with the nabobs, to perform.

Even here Whitman is trying to launc the idea that only prejudice and bad luc prevented him from being a literary lior His unhappiness lay in his effort to be bot journalist and poet, sensationalist an seer. He was an occasional poet, and ou greatest; but the only occasion to which h could fitly respond, as in the case of hi threnody on Lincoln's death, was som sudden and unpredictable eruption of hi own emotions. The calendar had nothin to do with his creative impulses. It is pity that he felt he had to advertise him self or go under; and that, if he must be hi own press-agent, he injudiciously calle attention to his worst poetry as well a his most sublime.

SOMETIMES WE ARE FOOLED

BY ELEANOR ROWLAND WEMBRIDGE

HOSE of us whose duty it is, working
in the courts, to scrutinize humanity
from week to week, as others scan
chandise, machinery or balance sheets,
etimes fall into the error of believing
t we understand the race. There is an
temptation, after handling a certain
ber of taciturn, unstrung, sly, or
canic temperaments, to classify them
types, put them into pigeon-holes,
prophesy with some assurance what
will do next. This is a dangerous
tude of mind. For despite psychiatry,
ld guidance clinics, psychometrics,
cho-analysis, and learning curves,
etimes we get fooled. The case whose
t move we charted with so much con-
nce shows a sudden burst of originality,
flops from its nook in the card cata-
e to one quite different. Or, more
ly, it refuses to be catalogued at all.
v and again, even a moron or a psycho-
declines to act like one, but in a gust
rimeval sagacity conducts his affairs
crisis with the sure instinct of a bee.

is these variants who give spice to our
ng. Then Nature thumbs her nose at
and reminds us that she still holds a
human riddles in reserve. The cases
ch I cite to prove the point (a point
hardly needs proving) are not im-
ant. No great matters hung in the
nce of decision. But the memory of
serves to chasten my opinion when
critical emergencies arise. They are
nders that the astronomer may more
rately predict an eclipse a hundred
from now than a psychologist may
ee what this or that human being will
omorrow.

To begin with the janitor. He was courteous, and industrious, and kept the place in order. As one of his tenants I had exchanged good-morning and good-evening with him for a year. I presumptuously thought that I knew what to expect of him as a worthy member of his calling. One evening, upon coming home earlier than usual, I observed from afar that there were guests in my apartment, one of whom was playing a Hungarian rhapsody. In considerable curiosity as to who my musical visitor might be, and as to how he had gained admittance, I entered—only to find the janitor, his kit of tools, with which he had been mending the radiator, forgotten on the floor, and the hands which I had mistakenly supposed trained only for the furnace and the pipes performing Liszt virtuosities on my piano!

He jumped to his feet with an apology. "Don't stop! Let me listen," I urged in vain. "You must excuse me, for I have work to do," he responded politely. "But I never *could* resist a Steinway."

And, snatching up his wrenches he disappeared, leaving me staring.

Some months later we moved, and in the course of readjusting the postal service, the following note arrived from our former custodian:

> Pray forgive my perhaps unwarranted assurance in detaining your admirable psychological journal for what may seem an extended period. But it was late when it arrived, inadvertently delivered at the old address. Its wrapper, much attenuated, disclosed its character, and I made bold to investigate the contents. I am a subscriber now. Begging you to accept my apologies and thanks, I remain, etc.

Another shock! Having adjusted myself to a view of him as an artist in disguise, I now had to admit that for a year I had been rubbing elbows with a colleague and never knew it. Perhaps he is a member of the Philadelphia Philosophical Society, of the Brookline Association for the Apprehension of Horse Thieves, of the Soviet diplomatic corps, of the Black Hand. I no longer presume to say. I have learned my lesson. Never again shall I be misled into believing that I can, offhand, understand a janitor.

Nor an elevator boy. There were two elevators and two boys, both of the sleek, oiled-hair variety that I have come, from court experience, to look upon darkly. They usually play the saxophone or traps at night. And they can dance. Because of the fascination which they exert over sixteen-year-old sentimentalists, my mouth puckered slightly just to see them.

I had gone up and down many times with one or the other of these shining sheiks, and I did not like their looks. They seemed too anxious to make their lifts stop at the same landing, and to confer in mysterious whispers between their cages. "Up to no good," I reflected. "Plans for a party after the show, and more work for me when their girl partners are rounded up." But one day I stood near enough to overhear their whispers.

"How much did yours gain last week?" hissed one of them through the grating.

"Only two. How much did yours?"

"Six," proudly, as an angry buzzer called him back. "Condensed is no good. Try modified milk," he added, as the elevators slid apart.

I blinked at my slender dude. Modified milk was best. I too had found it so. Neither of us, apparently, during the preceding evening, had been at a show; both had been measuring out skim milk and barley water! Again I had been fooled. If the truth were known, he probably had been equally fooled in me. We were more akin than either of us dreamed. Seducing juveniles, indeed. He was *raising* them!

So much for failure to see virtue in disguise. But what of wolves in sheep's clothing? One Spring I was traveling through Greece with a friend of co
ventional habits. There, by chance,
fell in with a painter of quiet and une
ceptionable manners. He seemed to
alone with time on his hands, and
kindly offered to devote his leisure
showing us sights which he was admirab
fitted to explain. The Acropolis, the M
seum, Lykabettos, Eleusis, and the class
shades of the Academy are illumined in m
memory by the learned and charming
expressed comments of the kindly Yalth
in his quaint accent, helped out by a swi
and accurate pencil. He had but one tryi
habit, and that was to fade away in
Athenian crowd. To our American friend
he was all courtesy. But let a local archæ
logue approach, and Yalthor vanishe
from our elbows, acting as if he tired of o
company. But this explanation of h
erratic disappearances our vanity natural
refused to accept. We laid it to his shynes
and tried to overlook one failing in
admirable man who had so few.

One day he failed entirely to keep h
appointments, but disappeared as sudden
as we had met, leaving no trace behin
Months later, we all but bumped in
him near the Doges' Palace in Venice, l
in tow by an efficient woman, who, aft
being introduced as his wife of two day
dragged him swiftly away. It was as we
that she did, for we could not speak h
tongue nor she ours. They left so quick
that there was no time for explanation
In the look of dumb woe which Yalth
cast at us over his shoulder, he evident
tried to express something to us, his form
playmates—but what? We could n
fathom. Another unfinished story of whi
travel furnishes so large a number.
year later, at a lantern lecture up
classical antiquities, what should
flashed upon the screen but one of Y
thor's paintings! I hastened to the speak
to discover, if possible, some explanati
of his secret.

"Yalthor was *such* a friend of ours,"
gushed.

"A friend of yours? You must be mi

en. The worst rascal in the Levant!"
althor—our Yalthor a rascal? It ap-
red incontestably true. I, with a
rect friend, unusually sensitive to the
iffs of scandal, had been basking
pily under the chaperonage of an
ist indeed, but one so boisterously mis-
aved that he had been ordered out of a
e too scrupulous town, and, in one
effort of exasperated relatives, married
to make him respectable. His tendency
fade away in social groups was plainly
chivalrous attempt not to compromise
his innocent admirers, in a public that
w him all too well. And I, whose pro-
sional nose supposedly should smell out
ne if there is any, had not only de-
ted nothing, but had been contentedly
king tea and watching a Greek moon-
with the worst rake between Mara-
n and Salamis. If one is to be fooled,
s something to be *well* fooled. And so
ightfully entertained in the process.
s, poor Yalthor! When he could
me an absent virtue so charmingly,
y could he not wear it for a garment?
ething tells me that he will not
kept in hand by the wife that his
rdians picked out. But there again—I
be wrong.

II

much for a few misinterpretations of
racters which had been under con-
rable observation, and where no opin-
was required. How much more
nce for error in court judgments, deci-
s made in a moment, quick guesses as
which witness is telling the most lies,
ich eyes glare agony and which hys-
cs, which mouths mean what they say,
which are laughing up their sleeve!
pite the best clinical aid which can be
tered, it does not pay to be too certain.
haps we are braced for trouble if there
been plenty of warning. "Two officers
his case," whispers the bailiff. "Three
rneys," hisses the probation officer.
ll the interpreter," advises the super-
r. "Fourth appearance in court,"
drones the record. "Constitutional psychopathic inferior," chants the report. "No institutional vacancy," snarls the telephone. "Jail under quarantine," reminds the clerk. "Assault with concealed weapons," croaks the affidavit. Then, when we are ready for anything, nothing happens. Everyone agrees with smiles regardless of the dialect, we shake hands, and it is all over, not only without bloodshed, but without much of anything, in less than ten minutes.

On the other hand, a mere triviality of an indictment drags on and on, becoming increasingly tangled until it develops into a *cause célèbre* before our eyes. Such was the case of Mamie. A mere truant. She stayed at home from school and that was all. Nothing to do but send her back. But it was not to be so simple. She simply would not go. Because, it appeared, she had an ankle. In some period of her past she had broken it, it had healed, and everyone supposed that the incident was closed. Far from it. When she faced school, the old injury rapidly increased in virulence, until the court-room began to accumulate neighbors, doctors' certificates, and protests from attendance officers, like a rolling snowball. Every week we thought that we were done with Mamie, and had at last got the school doors closed upon her, only to see her reappear more and more infirm, supported at last at each elbow by groaning relatives and with an attorney, pleading with tears in his voice that amputation seemed inevitable.

Her health was mystifying. For credible witnesses affirmed that Mamie had been seen at a local dance-hall, performing (curiously enough) a new dance called the broken ankle, at which she was expert. But we were assured that this could not be, for her wound had opened, and the whole leg might have to go. Two reputable surgeons signed statements that she was able to attend her classes. But what was their testimony in the face of the obvious fact that she was crippled? Apparently we must submit her to a third specialist to clear ourselves of the charges of deliberate torture which were being hurled at us. But the third surgeon agreed with the other two, and in a burst of grim exasperation Mamie was told to go to school or get locked up.

As soon as I saw her alone she leaned over and whispered, "I knew I'd get my way if I held out long enough."

"Your way?" I gasped with my jaw dropping. "Did you want to go to school all the time?"

"Sure I did. Why not?"

I stared at her dumbly. "Of course all that about my leg was blah," she explained kindly, noticing my expression of more than ordinary blankness. "Naturally my mother wants me home to do the housework. But school is better than that. Why not?"

And she scampered off gaily on her fractured foot, having placated her mother by her spectacular invalidism, consumed the time of every school, court and clinical official, played horse with friend and foe alike, including the sobbing attorney, and had a glorious time. So much for complete understanding by the experts of an ordinary little monkey of a Mamie.

Nor does it pay, I find, to be too sure that one analyzes correctly all romantic episodes. It is a temptation to think that one does, after many furtive courtings have taken their usual course. But there are gay little variations even here to break the sordid monotony of misadventure. The girl in the case had somehow cajoled Alfy into giving her a coat in which she had run away to marry Matt. She was turned over to us because her extreme youth suggested even to a somewhat nearsighted official that she was too young to marry anybody, and I was trying to unravel the knot of her obligations to both boys. To Alfy she owed nothing, she insisted. He was glad to give her a coat.

"To marry Matt?" I reminded her. "I didn't know Matt at the time I got the coat," she admitted, smoothing out her skirt.

"And how long have you known hi now?"

"A coupla days," she giggled, peerin up shyly through her mop of bangs.

"Marrying Matt in Alfy's coat aft knowing him two days?" I summarize

"Yeah. That's about it."

"Are you sure that Matt wants to mar you?"

"Sure? Of course I'm sure. He got t license, didn't he? He's crazy to marry m You can ask him. He's sitting out there.

So Matt, the intrepid lover, the fa worker, the Lochinvar who would not gainsaid, was summoned. He sidled with considerable trepidation, and seat himself rather gingerly next to his brave coated bride. He did not look at her n she at him, the conventional procedu between our court-room Romeos a Juliets. But there was more than the usu disinclination in Matt to get near his gi In fact, if I could read anything in his fac he was afraid of her. If he could have h his way, he would have escaped lo before his two days were up, but evidently did not dare.

"Do you want to marry her?" I aske

At this simple and obvious question, h reticence broke, and he bared his hea

"No, I don't want to marry her, and never did," he began peevishly.

"What about the license then?"

"Well, I was with another guy, and wanted to get a license, and he said didn't like to get one all alone, and didn I want one? And I said, no I didn't wa one, and I didn't have no girl and he sa there was a girl here who knew his gi and while he was getting a license for h girl, why didn't I get one for mine to and I said she wasn't my girl but I suppos I could, and he said, 'What's the diffe ence?' And I guess I was kind of tanked or I wouldn't 'uv. Anyhow I didn't wa one, and I don't want one, and I don't s why I have to have one if I don't mar her, and why should I? I don't even kn her, and I never done anything to her a she ain't nothing to me."

Ie paused for breath.

It doesn't look like a wedding to me.
s it to you?" I interrupted, turning to
girl.

You're right; it don't," she responded
fly with a slight grimace, in which no
ice was expressed, but merely the mild
speration of a bridge player who has
wn a poor hand.

Is there any reason why Matt shouldn't
" I persisted. "He acts as if he wanted
'

He can go for all me," she shrugged
hout even a glance at him, and Matt
t from the door like a mouse from a
).

Vhen he recovers his breath, which he
n't for some time, he can thank his
nty's court for his escape. Clever Alfy
ght his freedom cheaply with a coat.
doubt he is already panting his relief
box-car headed for the open spaces.
the girl was only fifteen. In a few
s, I fear, her victims will not escape so
ly.

III

n they appear worse than they are—
for instance, Mike, who had drifted
n a revolution in Central America and
on his way to an assassination plot in
don. The plan finally confided was that
ntended to use the valuable hints ob-
ed in getting Honduras and Salvador
he ears to fomenting trouble in the col-
s, that should eventually demolish the
ish Crown. The plan seemed as am-
ous as it was deadly. But there was no
bt that Mike was a clever fellow and
ing nothing on earth to lose, and one
e thrill to gain, it was just possible
he might do some mischief. Since the
ian murder in 1914, it hardly seemed
to be too sure that any Mike with
ey behind him and dynamite in his
ket could not start some kind of a war
put his mind to it. And Mike's mind
certainly on nothing else. He only
me of his plans because, as he assured
nothing I could do would stop him, and it amused him to contemplate so doughty a champion of the law, so helpless.

"Tell anyone you like that I am going to do some shooting and smash the Empire. Tell the cops. Tell the President. Tell the King. They won't believe you, and if you keep talking they'll lock you up for a nut!" he jeered.

I had nothing to say to this, for I knew all too well that they would—that, under similar circumstances, I would myself. He was on my conscience for a while. I dreamed of Europe weltering in blood that I had not prevented being shed. But I might have spared my nerves. I lately received a note from India, whither Mike had gone to rebel—and remained to pray. He tells me that in a sackcloth robe he is studying Buddhism and reclaiming drug addicts. I wouldn't have expected it of him, but I daresay he is doing just that. Why not that as well as something else? Apparently the only behavior that it is safe to expect of Mike is what you would not expect.

Another startling reversal of form was in the case of Mrs. Bettlefech. This lady was (and, so far as I know, still is) in the dubious calling of renting rooms to obscure people with no references and no permanent address. Random young men and scatter-brained young women frequent her dwelling, and after a day or two they disappear. No one expected much idealism from Mrs. Bettlefech; she seemed to be perpetually watching for trouble from the corner of a wary eye. In short, she was in a most questionable business when I knew her, and nothing but due process of law had made her a cautious and unwilling witness in the court-room. She was to identify a runaway girl who had passed through her portals, and she sat grim and silent, watchfully waiting for her chance to flee. Until the subject turned on health, and the report showed that the girl was suffering from a peculiarly dangerous infection for which we were trying to administer treatment. Being a flighty young person, she was not interested in our efforts to improve her condition. Instead, she dodged dispensaries and doctors, and with the dreadful levity of her class, insisted that if she wanted to die young, it was her own business. During this dispute Mrs. Bettlefech began to rustle vaguely in her corner. From a wooden image of discretion striving only to be unobserved, she was gradually turning to flesh, until the human nature in her could bear no more.

Without warning, she rose, walked to the desk, and took the floor. Ignoring all of us, she leveled her eyes and her finger on the giddy girl, and launched into the most powerful discourse on the nature of her disease and its certain outcome that it has ever been my fate to listen to. She knew whereof she spoke. "Die young?" she snapped fiercely. "You won't die young. You'll die by inches. Your face is pretty now. Listen girlie, how it's going to look if you don't do like they tell you to."

And she painted an appallingly vivid portrait. She spared us nothing. A haunted nerve in the woman had been roughly hit, and it was jangling its response, no matter what light it threw upon her past. The girl cowered staring in her seat, her doll face flushed with fearful amazement. Mrs. Bettlefech well knew that her weakness was her vanity, and she hammered on it mercilessly, until her writhing victim agreed to everything. None of us would have ventured to drive the lesson home in such a cruel fashion, but Mrs. Bettlefech, for one inspired moment, knew what to say, and said it with the invective of a Cicero against Catiline. The room was full. It listened. When our extraordinary Portia had sat down, there was nothing left for any of us to do but to sign our names in the proper places, thank her for her unexpected assistance, and be grateful that it was over.

I wonder what she would have thought if anyone had told her when she started to court that morning that she was going to burst into public eloquence. She would no doubt have been more incredulous than
we. If it was her first and last masterpie
of fearful oratory, I only wish that eve
young idiot that I know had heard
Her one good deed shines bright in t
naughty world wherein she lurks.

In contrast to Mrs. Bettlefech is an u
known devotee next to whom I sat whi
the band in the plaza played "Nearer, M
God, To Thee." The sun was setting, t
audience was moved, and the seat next
the stranger being empty, I tried to sl
into it with as little disturbance as po
sible. The lady beside me was lost in
pious revery. Her hand was spread ov
her eyes in a very ecstasy of feeling—
much so that I could at first hardly belie
my sensations of being slowly but unmi
takably pushed off my chair. Somethin
and it could be only she, was ramming r
with powerful, insistent impetus into t
aisle.

I gazed at her startled. No one so lo
in piety above could possibly be
determinedly pushing me below. Yet
was clear that (to modify the metapho
if I did not sit my ground, I would soo
be in confusion on the gravel. Having ju
come in, it seemed to me too restless
leave again. Yet unless I did so, I was a
parently to go sprawling before the corn
had sounded the final measure.

I decided to stick it out. If her looks b
lied her actions, so could mine. So, wi
an expression of similar facial calm, I b
gan to push the other way. Like buffa
with locked horns, the silent contest pr
ceeded. Her motive, I daresay, was to sa
the end seat for a friend, and at the sar
time not miss her own vesper prayer
Mine was the less generous one of keepin
a seat once I was in it, without a publ
crash—a catastrophe upon which my d
vout neighbor seemed bent. The wordle
battle went on, she pushing and prayin
I merely pushing. As the final chord w
reached, exhausted by her relentless mu
cles, and grasping the seat ahead to ke
from catapulting sideways, I rose oblique
with what dignity I could muster, and r
treated in utter defeat, never having on

ked my pious adversary in the face. I
e been in many contests of wills since
t afternoon, but never has my opponent
ified herself with an attitude of prayer,
have I wrestled to the soft strains of
earer, My God, To Thee." "Awake,
Soul; Stretch Every Nerve," was rather
inspiration that I needed!

IV

nuch for conscience in the disreputable,
fierce elbows from the devout. As St.
l would express it, time would fail me
tell of many other surprises—for ex-
ole, of the determination of Ann and
zie to tell nothing of their past, which
ned out to be from no fear of revealing
thing incriminating, but because ques-
ing meant a brain test, and a brain test
nt that we would fly at their heads
h a surgical saw. Ann confessed that
had always disliked operations, and
ed to have her skull cut open. Lizzie
fearless as to injury to her brain, but
determined to save her permanent.
hen there was Sara, who sobbed as we
posed for her sweetheart, but who
lly howled that she did not miss him so
h as an Airedale pup. There was, again,
eloping couple equipped for the ad-
ture of housekeeping with nothing but
rge kewpie doll. There was the intent
tleman whose gaze was not fixed upon
discourse, but upon my aura. There was
desperado who defended himself on a
istical basis, calculating that so much
chief must be done, and that it fell to
to do his quota. There was the phi-
lerer who turned out to be an authority
nternational law; the Chinaman who
refused to be orientally passive, but reduced us to helpless laughter with his wit and mimicry; the taxi-driver who in a fit of conscience or of humor drove his youthful passengers past the roadhouse where they wanted to go, and shoved them into the Y. W. C. A., where they emphatically did not; and the mother who after hysterical outcries because her daughter was to be detained two days, calmed down enough to whisper when the daughter got out of earshot, "Better keep her two weeks—but don't tell her I said so!"

All these and many more have declined to fall quietly into the classifications where they belonged. They have insisted upon acting differently from what we expected of them, or they of themselves. Let the psychologist prophesy as he must and will, the fact remains that the probable future of a large majority of human beings is still veiled in the obscurity wherein Nature hides her most fascinating secrets.

It is no doubt indiscreet for one in my calling to admit thus the number of occasions on which clients have not been read at a glance, analyzed by a report, or correctly understood by an interview. But if it be rashness to admit that the sheep and goats are occasionally mixed, it is one step in the search for truth to at least admit it. Far be it from me, the more I see of it, to be too cocksure of anything the human race may do.

The father of one of our pert young minxes leaned back and stared moodily at his capricious offspring.

"Sometimes I can't figger that girl out," he mused aloud.

I would go him one better. Sometimes I can't figger out any of them.

CLINICAL NOTES

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Advertising.—The profession of advertising, which has made such enormous strides in the last decade in the direction of intelligence, good-looking copy and public persuasion, impresses me, for all its noteworthy advancement, as being in certain quarters still somewhat less foxy than it imagines itself. I allude to the indulgence of a number of its professors in the theory of "catching the eye" at all costs and to the trapping of that eye often at the expense of making the advertised article itself elude it.

A devoted reader of advertisements, partly out of curiosity, partly out of the common human impulse to discover something better than that which one is currently given to using, and even more so because present-day advertising is often much more interesting than the literary reading matter in the same journal, I am sometimes struck by the lengths to which the advertising gentlemen go to catch this eye of mine and by the subsequent reflection that this eye of mine is all that they have caught. I have before me, as I write, a half dozen examples culled from various gazettes. I cut them out for the simple reason that, after seeing them in many places many times, it suggested itself to me that, after my eye had been caught, I had actually come away with no idea as to what the catching of my eye was all about, with no inquisitiveness to learn why my eye had been caught, and without the slightest eagerness to learn what the product advertised was.

One of these advertisements is one-third occupied by a lithograph showing two very pretty girls in one-piece bathing suits waving at a small can of corn. The two sweet ones' shapes have attracted me optically a number of times, but what th
have to do with the corn that paid f
the advertising or what the corn's na
is, I did not trouble to learn until it c
curred to me to write this article. Anoth
shows a very toothsome miss reveali
her shapely limbs far above the knees.
have just discovered that, in the sma
type occupying one-fourth of the copy, s
is supposed to advertise a certain brand
cathartic. Another, taking up a full pag
has a beautiful view of Lake Como occ
pying more than half of the page; I ha
often admired it and feasted my eyes up
it; and I have just found out that what
advertised below is a brand of face-powde
Still another, a finely executed piece
copy, has a lithograph showing an episo
in one of the fairy tales; the original pai
ing, nicely reproduced, has often caug
my eye; but I have only now taken t
trouble to read what is below it and
learn that what is advertised is a perfum
And so with the others. That they captu
the passing attention is certain. But tha
having captured it by devious and oft
irrelevant means, they persuade it to re
the advertisement itself is, if my case is
all typical, doubtful.

In other days, the advertising professo
aimed also, of course, at catching the e
but, if memory serves, less with such e
trinsic subjects than with the name of t
advertised product itself. That the tec
nique was successful is established by t
fact that almost the only advertisements
thirty years ago that we adults still r
member today were those that, witho
such fol-de-rol, hit the nail directly up
the head, either with the simple name
the article, with a simple picture of t
package of goods or with a closely alli

ch-phrase. The youngster of thirty years
now grown to manhood recalls vividly,
n in this crowded day of much more
atly advanced and developed advertising
tegy, Carter's Little Liver Pills, the De
g Hook and Eye ("See that hump"),
as. H. Fletcher's Castoria ("Children cry
it"), Sapolio, the Gold Dust Twins,
d's Extract, Dr. Munyon, Electro-Sili-
, Mennen's Talcum Powder, Nestle's
d, Dr. Lyons' Tooth Powder, Dr. Piso's
gh Syrup, Radway's Ready Relief,
man's Pepsin Gum, the Columbia bi-
le, Kleinert's Dress Shields, the Winton
omobile, the Seven Sutherland Sisters'
r Restorer, the Regal shoe, Hood's
saparilla, St. Jacob's Oil, Hires' Root
r, Wilson—That's All, Quaker Oats, the
& G. corset, Heublein's Cocktails, Sen-
, Madame Yale's beauty preparations,
euser-Busch—to say nothing of Pabst's
e Ribbon, the Cremo cigar, the Six
le Tailors, Hyomei, Sweet Caporal cig-
tes, Underwood's Deviled Ham, Smith
thers' cough drops, Burpee's seeds, Soz-
nt, Pearline, Adams's Tutti-Frutti gum,
il Pouch, Navy Plug and Danderine.
ost every one of these, one reflects, was
ertised with a literal directness of copy.
y were presented directly to the public,
r names set forth simply and conspicu-
ly or with a simple picture of the pack-
or article plainly in view at the very
d of the copy. I do not, of course, forget
of the best remembered of them all—
rs' Soap—with the elaborate lithograph
he child who wouldn't be happy until
got it, but even in this case what it was
wouldn't be happy until he got was
hatically announced to the eye. Some
he other products mentioned were also
orially advertised, but the pictures
e those of Beeman, the Seven Suther-
l Sisters, St. Jacob and Regal shoes—
of a Sozodont user's teeth, the Smith
thers' distinguished whiskers or a Wil-
whiskey bottle; they were never those
he Bay of Naples by moonlight, Mack
ett bathing cuties, or the flags of all
ons.

The Colored Brother.—That, with his recent emergence into the limelight, our colored brother has become a public correspondent very nearly as active and intense as the white Christian Scientist, is impressed upon those of us who hazard to follow and comment on his activities. The Christian Scientists, as is well known, long since formed themselves into a kind of letter-writing Ku Klux, ever ready with pen and ink to lash, flay and lynch anyone who dared insinuate that their doctrines might be suspect or that they themselves, like all human beings, might sometimes conceivably be talking through their hats. Much of the touchiness displayed by the Science girls and boys has lately become evident also in the case of the dark brother; his letters of protest against this and that increase daily; and more and more he displays an indiscriminate and often idiotic resentment of criticisms of himself.

Not long ago, I wrote in this place of the hollowness of much of the lugubrious hoopla that has been disgorged recently on the sad estate of the Negro, pointing out from statistics gathered by reputable representatives of the colored race itself that certain of the indignations of the Negro alarmists were without foundation and that the condition of the race generally in the United States showed unmistakable, encouraging and constant signs of improvement. Immediately it was necessary to instal a relief office-boy to handle the mail. Carefully perusing the denunciatory letters, I found all but one to be identical in sense and tone with the kind of thing the Christian Scientists write in. There was no intelligence of argument, no direct or relevant comment on what had been printed, but merely—as with the Science brethren—either hot words or an obvious greasy and futile effort to gain sympathy with childish cozening.

The exception was a colored gentleman named Rienzi B. Lemus, president of the Grand Council, Brotherhood of Dining Car Employees, with headquarters in the Urban League Building, New York. "Dear

Sir," his brief communication read; "The enclosure is clipping of my column from the Boston *Chronicle* with comment on your recent conclusions in respect to the Afric's yelping unduly about his decreasing ills." The clipping read as follows:

> Mr. Nathan, who once wrote that as white as he himself is, Walter White, of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, *is three shades whiter*, takes to task the Afric for weeping too much about his U. S. ills. With typically Nathanesque marshalling of facts (aside from the somewhat superfluous statistical review to show that lynching has not been confined to the Afric) he demonstrates that the race problem blues are sung disproportionately to the ever-decreasing ills of the brother, and calls on symphathetic white folk to save their tears. George Jean is on solid ground. Nevertheless, it seems that he might learn to differentiate between the constructive brethren of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, Urban League, and the Afric hustlerati which live on the race problem—so much so that they would die in three days of the final busting of the color line.

Whatever the literary talents of Mr. Lemus, he impresses me as having very good sense. What he points out hits the tack on the top: this Negro wailing over Negro ills is, with small and honorable exception, largely a professional business on the part of what he aptly calls the Negro hustlerati, that is, Negroes who are capitalizing it to personal and financial end and who are really not half so much interested in the welfare of their people as they are in Old John Henry and the golden lining of his pockets.

On another occasion and in another place, I described our colored friends, during the course of a review of a negligible Negro musical revue, with the terms *Sambo*, *Chocolate* and *Licorice*. Another relief office-boy had to be called in to take care of the protests. The terms, heatedly proclaimed the correspondents, were derogatory, offensive and insulting. *Sambo*, according to the dictionary, is from the Spanish—t word is the same—and means "a person mixed Indian and Negro blood." *Chocola* which seemed equally offensive, figured the title of the revue, "Hot Chocolates given to the show by the Negroes wl wrote it, produced it, staged it and act it. As for *Licorice*, which seemed to arou the greatest ire, it was the name of character played by a Negro, written a Negro and named by a Negro.

Creative Writing.—Of all the definitio mouthed by the critical fraternity, th which has to do with creation in litera fields is the most bogus. It is the persiste theory of the fraternity that the phra *creative writing* must be reserved for nov ists, poets and writers of a kind, howev bad, and that it cannot truthfully be visit upon any others, however good. Criticis according to the definition, does not co under the head of creation and, as a cons quence, such things as Dryden's "Essay Dramatic Poesy" are not creative writi whereas such things as Zane Grey's nove presumably are. Nor does journalism any form meet with the favor of the defi tion, with the result that the late Richa Harding Davis's description of the entran of the German forces into Belgium is co signed to limbo, whereas the same write worst short fiction gains the good graces the critical definition. The whole busine like so much of critical theory, is the pure wham. Frank Harris's journalism has oft been creative writing of a high order. has Shaw's and Wells'. What, too, Addison's, Steele's, Swift's and Lamb And as for critical creative writing, wh of Philip Sidney's, Corneille's, Sam Joh son's, Lessing's, Voltaire's, Schiller Victor Hugo's and Zola's?

THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Storehouse Notwithstanding

VING deplored in these pages last month
e poverty of American high comedy, I
d no sooner O.K.'d the final proofs of
e affecting lamentation than Vincent
wrence came along with an exception-
y good piece of rebuttal. Its name was
mong the Married" and it proved again
at I have in the past observed: that
s Lawrence is the sharpest and most
ted of our comic dramatists and the
y one of the lot whose work, whatever
deficiencies, uniformly reveals a surgical
nd in the operation upon its materials.
at Lawrence writes truer and more bit-
dialogue than any other playwright in
theatre is already pretty widely
nted. But that he also has the most
lerstanding and unsparing conception
the single subject that interests him—
ramifications of the amorous passion—
l remains to be impressed upon those
o believe that that analytical art must
vitably speak with a French accent.

y respect for Lawrence is based not
y upon his talent for perception, his
te comprehension and his dialogic skill,
—even more—upon his absolute and
thright independence in declining to
matize his findings in sympathy with the
-office. It would at times be very easy
him to compromise with popular taste
uch a way that even his critics would be
eived, as many a finer dramatist has
e, but he doesn't seem to be able to
over it in him to do so. With O'Neill,
is the only completely honest play-
ght that we have. His failure, commer-
ly speaking, is the price of his honesty,
it so happens that the themes he selects,
ke certain of those of O'Neill's, are
ntially distasteful to that large majority of the public that, while it may believe in truth, yet prefers to worship it, like God, at a considerable distance.

What keeps Lawrence from being a comic dramatist of real stature is, first, his apparent inability to make his characters refrain from turning actors in the last moments of his plays and, secondly, his occasional invalidation of his otherwise excellent theses with momentary lapses into dubious philosophies. In the former regard, his characters now and then suggest first-rate photographs marred by the circumstance that, just before the camera exposure has been snapped shut, a bug has crossed the lens. In the latter, we find an illuminating example in "Among the Married." Lawrence, following the impulse of many of our writers of polite comedy, as noted here last month, cannot resist the injection into his work of a dash of generalized immoralizing or of what may be called amorous etiology. Just as one is becoming completely persuaded by the successive after-images of his characters' speech and acts, he peremptorily causes one of those characters to stand apart, metamorphose himself Fregoli-like into Vincent Lawrence, and denaturalize the convincing impression of the whole by gravely reciting some titbit that Lawrence has ingested from some sex pundit or other. The titbit in point not only doesn't fit itself to Lawrence's theme but, even if it did, would debilitate it quite as much as the sudden injection of a "Now, listen!" would weaken the effect of, say, the Gettysburg Address.

"Among the Married" treats, with generally rare observation and a faithful ear, of the emotional and physical relations of the more leisurely yoked. With a beautiful craft that mimics naturalness so closely that the dividing line is almost imperceptible, the author penetrates the exteriors of his characters and from under their layers of silk and broadcloth slowly fetches forth the contented unhappiness, the challengeful peace, the deceitful honesty and all the other paradoxical qualities that squirm with a stinging recognizability in their typical innards. The dialogue with which he negotiates this digging for mica is as easy and natural as if it had been caught by a discriminating and humorous dictaphone; only once during the course of the play, when he confounds mere speed with nervous impatience, does the talk become theatrical. As for his characters, they are for the major portion of the evening constantly themselves; their every detail of comportment is that naturally expected of them; they are not, as is so often the case, characters whose actions, whatever their thought and speech, suggest that they are blood relatives of some stage director. Only in their last moments, as remarked, do they slide slightly from complete recognition.

So much for virtues.

The comedy tells a tale fundamentally familiar to the theatre since the day of "Divorçons." Hundreds of distillations have anticked behind the footlights in this or that guise and here is simply still another edition of the sauce-for-the-goose-sauce-for-the-gander theme. Lawrence has removed most of the grease-paint from the theme as it is habitually treated and gives it the feel and quiver of life. It is when he insinuates himself into the play and gives his little lecture that he grieves the judicious. It is not enough for him to let his characters act naturally; he must explain the causes of their natural actions and in the explaining turn a good playwright into a bad theorist. The leaf that Lawrence has on this occasion taken from some one's else treatise on anatomical arson has to do with man's biological necessity for several women as opposed to woman's need for only one. Failing to ponder the borrowed doctrine as closely as he scrutinizes the psychical idiosyncrasies of his ow characters, he rashly visits it upon tho characters, to the ruin of the dramat integrity of at least one of them, his ce tral woman figure. Nor, which is wors does he filter the theory through his ow clear head and detect it to be the buncoml it is.

The day that a woman as scientifical gifted as Havelock Ellis, say, records h conviction that, while man needs a harer woman is content with a solitary Sulta on that day will I put some faith in tl dogma hitherto advanced by males alon In the doctrine as currently promulgate we have man's most sentimental contribu tion to amorous philosophy: "Ave Maria in terms of "Don Giovanni." But this somewhat beside the point. The point that, buncombe or not buncombe, the ten is inapplicable, as already noted, to tl actions of Lawrence's chief character These, the husband and the wife, do nc seek physical satisfaction elsewhere, for a their overly assertive say-so, so much they seek what all such seekers seek, t wit, a kind of sexual Stokowski-ism or, t put it into simpler terms, that gratificatic that is nine-tenths romantic to one-tent physical. It is the adultery that men con mit with their ears when they hear Strauss waltz and that women comm with their eyes when they look at tl director of the orchestra. It is this adulte resolved into actuality, often with physic indifference, that is responsible for tl collapse of many such marriages as Lav rence pictures. Man, being more romant cally and sentimentally minded tha woman, is generally the first offende however much it pains him. It isn't th he is vain and wishes to be a dog wi the ladies, as is generally maintained; it simply that he sees in women the mira of beauty that women, very much mo sagacious, seldom permit themselves see in men. Women's realistic conceptic of men is responsible for their relativel greater continence. They generally tal out their satisfaction in holding to the

ion of an unattainable male or, if occa-
nally they take it otherwise, simply for
: purpose of forgetting that gnawing
ısion for a brief space of time. Men more
en, against the pull of their physical
pulses, promiscuously commit *crim. con.*
th hypothetical female rainbows and
n foolishly leave their umbrellas behind
m.

That, anyway—if Lawrence will condone
presumption—is his play, even if he
not appreciate the fact and write it
o it. The borrowed bogus philosophy
t he has pitched into the play that he
actually written has no place in it; his
n central woman character plainly
sn't believe in it for a moment. Every-
ng she does and the way she does it
ie Lawrence's visitation of the filched
lo upon her. Revenge against her phil-
lering husband is at the bottom of
sexual digression, but not any article
what is called the new morality—most
ainly not the article of sexual equality.
is thus that Lawrence's characters of
e and husband suddenly cease being
racters and turn play-actors at the very
ment of their potentially highest con-
tion. Both were looking simply for a
thrill, and sex was the smallest part
that thrill. Lawrence himself inadver-
tly shows this clearly in the reluctance
he husband—after his to him glamor-
adventure with the Spanish dancer—
enter into physical relationship with
attractive wife of his neighbor. The
ow is looking not for sexual gratifica-
n but for yellow silk, illusion and charm.
is forced into the sex business itself
villingly.

awrence seldom commits such an un-
py psychological error as he has com-
ted in this latest piece of his. The body
is work is more often original and, in
originality, sound. But, whatever his
s and whatever the possible dubiety of
ain of his appropriations from amatory
, he remains the most observant writer
igh comedy that we have on this side
he Atlantic.

II

The Theatre Guild's Tumble

The production of Leonhard Frank's dramatization of his smooth novel, "Karl and Anna," by the Theatre Guild, is a cause for renewed speculation on that organization's recent inexcusably poor judgment in manuscript selection. That its judgment is really as bad as it looks, I doubt; its past record has been too satisfactory to lend convincing color to the present assumption of collapsed perception. The only alternative is to believe that the Guild has begun, for all its pretenses to higher things, to think in terms of the box-office and, in the thinking, as so often happens, to make headway toward the eventual losing of its shirt.

The Guild, if I am wrong, will please forgive me, but I challenge it to put its hand to its heart and say that it honestly believed that such plays as "Man's Estate," "The Camel Through the Needle's Eye" and this "Karl and Anna" were worthy of the notice of an organization of its kind. That the plays were produced simply with an eye to commercial success is the only possible explanation. There was not a trace of quality in any of them; the first was a cheap sex startler, already abandoned on the road by Jed Harris as too trivial for his trademark; the second was a ninth-rate sex paraphrase of the Cinderella hokum written by a negligible Czech; and the third was revealed as merely an Al Woods bedroom version of Pirandello's "Right You Are If You Think You Are." While the Guild has been corrupting its reputation with such stuff it has remained for presumably less "artistic" and more "commercial" producers to put on such plays, some of them rejected by the failure-fearing and mazuma-mad Guild, as "The Commodore Marries," "Harlem," "Among the Married," "Gods of the Lightning," "Revolt," "The Kingdom of God," "Conflict" and "Journey's End"—to say nothing of "Street Scene" and, to be nasty about it, various plays in the Civic Repertory Theatre's programme.

That the Guild's manuscript judgment was poor, but honestly so, in the case of such of its presentations as the miserable British version of "Faust," O'Neill's weak "Dynamo" and the amateurishly confected "Wings Over Europe," one is free not only to admit but somehow to understand and to sympathize with. It is human to make mistakes and these mistakes might conceivably have been made by any sincere person or organization. But, having got the smell of money with the lighter forms of popular entertainment—"Caprice" is an example—the Guild has apparently begun to put its tongue in its cheek with many a manuscript it selects, with the result that it gradually takes on the look of suffering from a bad toothache. And the look, one fears, is rapidly on the way to becoming a fact.

If the Guild answers to this that it is nevertheless, despite appearances, doing the best it can with the manuscripts it finds available, all I can say in reply is that it is not telling the truth. It is *not* doing the best it can, and it knows it. Just as it took it eight or nine years to give O'Neill a hearing, so today it sidesteps worthy dramatists and worthier plays than it is showing in its pursuit of potential popular successes. It now has the road to think of after New York and it wants smash hits peacockily to show Erlanger, the Shuberts and other such Broadway managers just how much more its boys and girls know about the show business than the former know. It is afraid to take chances; it is twice as afraid as William Harris, Jr., who has seldom allowed the thought of financial reward to corrupt his judgment of a manuscript and who has often put on plays, and good ones, that were doomed to failure; it is ten times more cowardly than Arthur Hopkins who will gladly take a chance on any play that appeals strongly to him, whatever its promise of success or failure; it bets on what it believes to be sure things twice as often as Gilbert Miller does; and, in the run of things lately, has done little to challenge the chanc that even the maligned Shuberts ha taken with such plays as Sierra's "Tl Kingdom of God" (the Guild has popular stars even as the Shuberts ha Ethel Barrymore), as Drinkwater's "Bir in Hand," and as Cassello's "Death Tak a Holiday."

III

One Ring Circus

The theatre that aims at amusement alor —which isn't such a bad aim after all— represented pretty well at its best in Rir Lardner's and George S. Kaufman's "Jur Moon," as funny a spiel as has come th way in some time. As a play, the exhib tion is something less than no great shake but as a laugh brewery it tickles the crit cal ribs in a very benign fashion. Base roughly on Lardner's excellent short stor "Some Like Them Cold," it goes after tl spectator's horselaughs with both fists- and does it get them? After a prologue th is flat, it opens fire and it doesn't let u until the last curtain falls.

Lardner is generally praised for his gi of recording the common speech with jocose exactness. But in the praise there often overlooked his even greater talent, wit, the quick stamping of character b means of a discriminating analysis of tl content of such speech as the particul character would think in it and use it. It a talent that even George Ade nev possessed in his slang day, for Ade's cha acters' speech issued from their mout rather than, as in Lardner's case, from the intrinsic natures. There is hardly a cha acter in "June Moon," for instance, th doesn't become immediately recognizab for what he afterwards fully proves hin self to be the moment he opens his lips ar says his first say. In his play as in h stories, Lardner pictures character not much by act as by speech, not so much b physical identification as by verbal. And am not certain, for all the critical el ence often issued to the contrary and all that is written about introspection, ychic development and incisive external cription, that this isn't at times a pretty od method.

'As a man thinketh, so is he in his rt" may be true enough, but as a man wardly speaketh, so is he, also, in his ential nature, even when he happens be something of a fraud and faker. The racter of the man who said "We are er more true to ourselves than when we inconsistent" and "Misfortunes one endure, they come from outside, they accidents; but to suffer for one's faults h! there is the sting of life"—the char- er of such a man is thereby as quickly be appraised as from Sherard's or any er such elaborate study of him. The racter of the poet who on his deathbed l, "Lift me up, Horace, I want to nd-so," flashes back into a composite ure of his earthly mind, attitude and che. We often recognize, know, under- d and remember men from so little as a le typical and illuminating expression. près moi, le déluge!", "My only regret hat I have but one life to give to my ntry," "God is on the side of the ngest artillery," "Was für Plünde- g!", "The public be damned," "Let him o is without sin cast the first stone" "She hit me first" each provides a e eloquent analysis of its spokesman's racter than any ten thousand words of cription that might be written of him. ou know me, Al," is a snapshot of a revelatory of his nature, character very look.

s you hear Lardner's dialogue you mptly recognize and know intimately, with your eyes closed, the men who k it. You can see their faces, their hes, their each future act, their very s. The common notion that Lardner is ply a phonograph is silliness glorified. is a sharp observer and creator of char- r who masks his high proficiency in greatest misgiving and hobgoblin of essorial criticism: low humor.

IV

Spanish Drama

Whenever such a play as the Quinteros' "A Hundred Years Old" ("El Centenario") is produced here and fails to make much of an impression, there is a critical disposition to attribute its failure (*a*) to the local unfamiliarity with and hence disinterest in Spanish provincial types, (*b*) to the placid uneventfulness of its dramaturgy, and (*c*) to the too great calm implicit in its theme. That the failure is due rather and simply to the fact that it is a very bad play does not seem to occur to those who choose to make a difficult problem out of something as plain as the noses on their faces.

The truth about much of present-day Spanish drama is that it is so greatly underwritten that it is hardly drama at all, but merely drama struggling for birth in its own womb. This underwriting is accepted in certain critical quarters as a virtue founded upon deliberate artistic reticence, when what it actually is founded upon is imaginative impotence and dramaturgical ineptitude. A play like "A Hundred Years Old" fails to warm its auditor not because of its unfamiliar personages, its placidity or its supine theme but because its authors do not know how to lay hold of its materials and inject a dramatic life, however moderate, into them.

Martinez Sierra, among modern Spanish playwrights, most closely resembles the Quintero brothers in approach, manner and technique of writing but, though his plays, like theirs, are lacking in what we call action, they nevertheless contain a sufficient measure of theatrical glow to create something of a stir out front. They are not sound plays any more than the Quinteros' are, but the writing in them, unlike the latters', is often—apart from considerations of theatrical drama—lifting on its own account and so from time to time catches the attention of the reader-mind in the audience even when the dramatic-mind in that audience is left unsatisfied. Each critical objection to "A Hundred Years Old" may be lodged with equal exactness against "Cradle Song" or "The Kingdom of God," yet such plays of Sierra, as audiences have proven, exercise an effect that the Quinteros' play does not. The Quinteros are cold writers; their plays, whether good or bad, remain cold. Sierra's is a warmer pen; his plays, whether good or bad in turn, have some degree of heat.

Criticism, as I have hinted, has a way of walking all around the block in such cases in order to get to the house next door. It searches pedantically for reasons that do not figure in the argument and that are brought forth just to make things look a little harder. The shenanigan is always observable when a play from the south of Europe happens along, for there seems to be something about the Latin drama, however negligible, that makes critics believe it calls upon their more punditical faculties and demands of them an unwonted sobriety. Three times out of four it does so no more than the Broadway drama or the Piccadilly drama, yet the critical nonsense persists. Quite as many bad plays are written in Spain and Italy as are written in New York and Chicago, but it will be some years before our theatrical commentators persuade themselves to suck in the news.

The reasons cited by the critics for the failure of the Quintero play are not reasons at all; their hollowness may readily be appreciated by assigning them, with equal relevance, to plays that have succeeded. If, for example, local unfamiliarity with and hence disinterest in certain remote and alien types are responsible for the failure of "El Centenario," a like local unfamiliarity with and theoretical disinterest in Silesian peasants have somehow not caused the plays of Hauptmann to be failures. If, for further example, the failure of the Quinteros' play is to be ascribed to th
placid uneventfulness of its dramaturg
the success of some such play as Davie
"The Mollusc" must be explained par
doxically in the same way. And if, in st
further example, the Spanish play fa
because of the too great calm implicit
its theme, Barrie's "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire
should surely fail on the same grounds.

V

Brief Mention

George Kelly's "Maggie, the Magnificent,
though it contains several well-handle
episodes, reveals in general the portentou
dramatic floorwalker air that has come t
corrupt its author's writings. This Kell
possesses a nice, modest talent for th
theatre which he strives assiduously to pas
off as genius. The result is a botching
plays that, were they written within h
means, might constitute good minor ente
tainment. Frederick Ballard's "Ladies
the Jury" is an amalgam of slapstick an
box-office hokum offered to lovers of dr
matic art by America's Most Intellectu
Actress.

"The Channel Road," by the Messr
Woollcott and Kaufman, is a sweetly sent
mental version of Maupassant's escharot
"Boule de Suif," that plot-pet of innume
able hopeful playwrights. The dramatiz
tion, surprisingly enough in view of Kau
man's skill in such matters, is listless
the point of lethargy. "The Middle Watch
by Messrs. Hay and King-Hall, is the ty
of farce that British audiences laugh u
roariously at and that evokes only Ame
ican yawns. "Jenny," by Margaret Ay
Barnes and Edward Sheldon, is the wor
kind of rubbish. "The Criminal Code," b
Martin Flavin, amounts to little; the cri
ical assessors, many of them, have co
founded its admirable production wit
manuscript excellences.

THE LIBRARY

BY H. L. MENCKEN

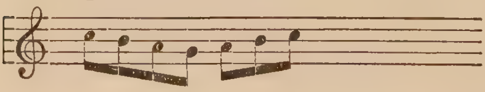
Beethoveniana

ETHOVEN THE CREATOR, by Romain Rolland.
5. 6½ x 9½; 432 pp. New York: *Harper & Brothers.*
ETHOVEN, THE MAN WHO FREED MUSIC, by
obert Haven Schauffler. $10. 9⅜ x 6⅛; 2 vols.; 693
p. Garden City, L. I.: *Doubleday, Doran & Company.*

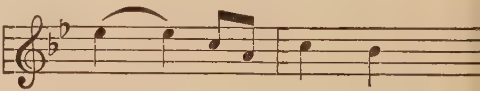
AD a hundred years, old Ludwig still
ips and fevers all men to whom music is
ything more than another kind of noise.
ere are two new works upon him, both
and formidable, running altogether to
ore than a thousand pages and bristling
th musical quotations, documents and
otnotes. This, in itself, is a kind of im-
ortality, for men do not waste so much
per and ink upon the departed who are
lly dead. Nor is the end in sight. M.
lland, after devoting thirty-two pages
an appendix to Beethoven's relations to
celebrated Brunsvik sisters, gives notice
t he has barely skirted the edges of the
ject, and that on some future day, God
ng willing, he plans to devote a whole
lume to it. As for Mr. Schauffler, he goes
ough all of the Beethoven scores with a
-toothed comb, and then, after unearth-
and exhibiting many marvels, has to
mit sadly that the half has not been re-
led, nor indeed the third or the fourth.
M. Rolland, despite the size of his
k, makes no effort to cover Beethoven's
ole career. He begins with the Eroica
ends with the "Fidelio" fiasco, surely
mall enough segment. Indeed, he dis-
ses only three works at any length: the
ica, the Appassionata, and "Fidelio."
last-named he puts far higher than any
er critic that I am aware of. He speaks
it as "the king-oak of the forest," and
lores the fact that Wagner, "encum-
ed with metaphysic," could not grasp
"grand and classical humanity." It is,
says, "the monument of a better Europe
of which, on the threshold of the Nineteenth Century, Goethe and Beethoven had a glimpse, and that a hundred years of subsequent torment have not been able to realize." Following it, there appeared a demoniac element in Beethoven's writing, especially in the Rasoumovsky quartettes, and the "hunges of his soul" began to grate. It may be so, but I must confess that the evidence is not altogether clear to me. I am rather inclined to believe, indeed, that there is quite as much of this demonism in the first movement of the Eroica, and notably in the coda thereof, as you will find in all that comes after, not forgetting even the last quartettes.

Following the French tradition, M. Rolland mingles criticism of the work of art with gossip about the artist. His long discussion of the Brunsvik ladies I have already mentioned. In another appendix he examines the question as to the causes of Beethoven's deafness, and turns for aid to a Dr. Marage, a French otologist, who lately read a paper on the subject before the Académie des Sciences. Dr. Marage, after an exhaustive review of the somewhat scanty evidence, concludes that most of the causes which Beethoven himself suggested were impossible. Deafness coming on in the way that his did could not have been produced by otosclerosis of the middle ear, or by typhus affecting the auditory centers, or by a middle ear otitis following influenza, or by trauma following a fall, or by syphilis. There remains one possibility: that it was caused by a labyrinthitis set up by a long-standing auto-intoxication. But this hypothesis, though it shows an agreeable fancifulness, does not satisfy M. Rolland. He is all for believing that Beethoven was made deaf, not by anything so prosaic as microbes or their toxins, but by the sheer power of his own genius. To support that notion he resorts to the testimony of East Indian mystics who say that they "come out of their spells of Yoga with eyes red and bleeding, as if eaten by ants." Old Ludwig, of course, knew nothing of such spells, but when he sat down to compose music "the hammering of the rhythm" and "the sensuous heat of the orchestral color" worked much the same effect upon him, and so his brain was heavily battered, and his auditory centers began to disintegrate. It is all very lovely, but my duty to my art compels me to add that, with all due respect for M. Rolland, it strikes me as hard to distinguish from damned foolishness.

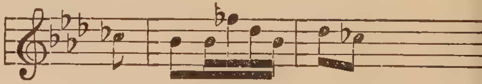
All the critics of Beethoven, alas, seem to be tempted to such highfalutin stuff. Even Mr. Schauffler shows the stigma, though he is naturally a sober fellow, and his account of Beethoven's life is marked by a considerable common sense. It is when he essays to analyze the Master's music that he begins to see things. What he sees chiefly is a long series of recurring patterns. These he calls, at different times, germ-motives or source-motives. That Beethoven actually made use of them is of course familiar to everyone, for a shining example glares at the world from the first two measures of the C minor symphony. But that he was at pains to stick them into everything he wrote, sometimes so stealthily that it is hard to unearth them—this seems to me to be somewhat unlikely. The fact is that, like any other composer, he had a natural weakness for certain idioms, and that their appearance in his scores is often evidence, not that he was trying to out-smart all other composers, but simply that he was taking the easiest way. In many cases those idioms were not his own inventions, but came from the common store of music. Certainly that must be said of one that Mr. Schauffler seems to find most significant, to wit:



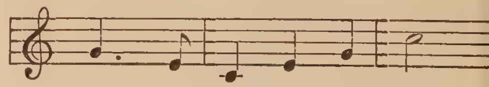
What have we here? Obviously, no mor than a pattern that becomes almost inev table when a composer tries to make a tun or part of a tune out of the diatonic scal He can't go up or down that scale foreve soon or late he must turn back. Well, th moment he turns back he produces wha is substantially this Beethovenish source motive, either as it stands or in inversion The same pattern, indeed, is to be foun in the work of every composer who run to diatonic melody, and probably also i that of all who do not. So with most o the other patterns that Mr. Schauffler discusses with such laudable learning. The simply come from the common stock. Tha Beethoven preferred this one to that on is probably true, and that he used all o them with far greater skill than anyon else is also true, but that he attached an esoteric significance to them is highly improbable. Not infrequently, in order t sustain his case, Mr. Schauffler has to reinforce his observations with a considerable fancy. In one place, for example, h quotes the following phrase from "Adelaide":



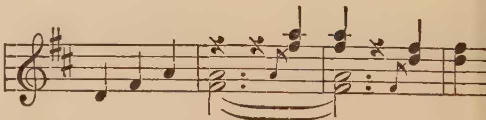
and then says complaisantly that it "reappears" in this from the *adagio* of the Harp quartette:



As a matter of fact, the two phrases are but little more alike than



and



Thus I find it impossible to follow Mr. Schauffler all the way. But his industry is

tainly to be praised, and with it his
uine delight in Beethoven. If his work
omplishes no other good, it may at
st induce other music-lovers to give hard
dy to the scores. They well deserve it,
they are full of gorgeous surprises and
man knows them so well that he may
ely believe he knows them completely.
the end of his book Mr. Schauffler
ws how their study may be carried on
h the aid of phonograph and player-
no records. Both his book and M.
land's are well illustrated.

Stuart P. Sherman

E AND LETTERS OF STUART P. SHERMAN, by
cob Zeitlin and Homer Woodbridge. $10. 9¼ x
¼; 2 vols.; 880 pp. New York: *Farrar & Rinehart.*

SE volumes are so formidable in heft
bulk as to be almost forbidding; never-
less, they are full of rewards for the
ient explorer, for Sherman was a very
resting man, and his writings left a
siderable mark upon the criticism of his
e. Unfortunately, the job of editing his
ains was left to a pair of minor peda-
ues, and so the result shows a great
more diligence and piety than intelli-
ce. Whenever, in the course of their
onicle, the two editors encounter an
vorable notice of a Sherman book, they
nce suspect foul play and seem to be on
point of sending for the college proctor.
s Francis Hackett, for the high crime
tating his honest views in a review, is
sed "not only of unfairness but of very
stionable sincerity," Ernest Boyd is
ed furiously for what becomes in the
ng "a vicious and unscrupulous as-
t," and even the amiable Ludwig
isohn, the mildest man who ever
ed a Christian, is put among the
ked conspirators, apparently because
is "suave and velvety style." It is all
amusing, but I have some doubt that
man himself, come back to life, would
rd it as noticeably sensible.
orse, the two pedagogues seem to be
e unable to grapple rationally with the
one really important question that the career of the man presents—to wit, the question as to the genesis of his singularly complete and dramatic *volte-face*. He began, as everyone knows, as an extraordinarily ardent defender of the tightly academic point of view, and the writings that first got him notice were violent attacks upon every exponent of naturalism. He ended at the other pole, with high praises for some of the very men he had once denounced. What caused this amazing change of front? How did he come to overhaul himself so radically in midstream, and with a big crowd watching from the bank? You will search the present volumes from end to end without encountering any plausible answer. The common theory in New York seems to be that moving to that great city did the business—that Sherman was somehow upset and remade by escaping from the dull, petty, idiotic atmosphere of Urbana, a fifth-rate college town, and getting into the freer and more electric air of Manhattan. But that theory is far too facile to be convincing. So intelligent a man is not easily shaken by such externals. There was, to be sure, a good deal of feeling in him, and on occasion he yielded to it lamentably, but on the whole he was steered by his head, and it was a head that was usually cool. Thus it could not have been the gabble of New York that changed his course; it must have been something that went on inside him, and no doubt it began long before he ever joined the staff of the *Herald Tribune*.

My guess is that it was the gradual discovery that there was a great deal of very dubious stuff mixed into the high-sounding Humanism of his first masters, Professor Irving Babbitt and Dr. Paul Elmer More. At the time Sherman began to write these men were of immense esteem in the more enlightened academic circles, and the arcanum that they preached was hailed as a means of deliverance from all the evils of the time. They represented not only learning, but also a sort of nobility. Disdaining the current cyclones and siroccos of doctrine, they struck back to the lofty serenity of the Renaissance, and even to the olympian exaltation of Periclean Rome. There was something remote and high-toned about them; they appeared to be the heralds of a new aristocracy of the intellect, that would concern itself only with the eternal verities. Compared to them, the common scriveners of the day, rooting obscenely in the muck of the forthright and the obvious, shaken by their discoveries in sordid factories and lowly tenements, and setting forth their reactions (the word was still new then) in plain and often halting English—compared to Babbitt and More, such fellows seemed intolerably vulgar. Like many another young college instructor, sweating for light and leading, Sherman followed the two red glares. In Babbitt he saw a reincarnation of Matthew Arnold, with overtones of Goethe; in More he saw a new and better Plato. So he began to write according to their specifications, earnestly, cocksurely but not without charm, and soon he was being vastly praised by other college instructors, some of them young like himself and others old.

Unfortunately, all book reviews are not written by college instructors, whether old or young. There are also other professors of the art, and not a few of them, at the time Sherman began to be heard of, had already come to the conclusion that Babbitt and More, though unquestionably learned and righteous men, were yet far from trustworthy guides in either literature or life. Some professed to discern a great deal of mere wind in them—a gaudy parade of ideas that, at bottom, were really not ideas at all, but simply attitudes. Others thought they saw something worse: a sneaking nostalgia for the Christian formulæ that they pretended to disdain—in fine, a flash of John Calvin's eye through Plato's whiskers. These skeptics, falling upon Sherman as fitter for combat than such remote and arctic fellows as Babbitt and More themselves, denounced the notions that he got from them with great
ferocity, and presently a somewhat u
seemly battle was in progress, with bo
sides doing a lot of shouting. It is to t
credit of Sherman's skill as a polemist th
he carried on his defense with great per
nacity and ingenuity; it is to the credit
his intelligence that he came to see, finall
that the other side had considerably t
better of the argument. In the realms of t
intellect, of course, men do not chan
sides overnight; it takes time for them
reorganize themselves. Sherman, perhap
would have done it more quickly if t
war had not popped up to rattle him; as
was, he was run amok by its blather as
had been run amok by the far more subt
blather of Babbitt and More, and the pea
had to come before he could return
normalcy. But once he had got back
made short work of his old confidence
the so-called Humanist programme.
brief, he flopped magnificently, and s
even beyond T. S. Eliot, he became t
most brilliant disciple that Babbitt a
More ever lost. When he went they mu
have felt sore and solitary indeed, f
Babbitt shinned down from his Doric po
and began to call names like the forema
of a composing-room, and More applie
himself gloomily to a pious life of Chris
now in high repute among Baptist a
Presbyterian clergymen.

There was always a great deal of boyis
gusto in Sherman, and whatever he had t
say, whether pro or con, he said wit
hearty enthusiasm. Thus, when he too
Dreiser out of his tub of brine and bega
to examine the fellow with a friendly ey
he discovered virtues that even the mo
advanced Dreiserians—fanatics who coul
read even "The 'Genius'" with pleasure-
were unaware of. His praise of "An Amer
can Tragedy," I daresay, shocked a goo
many of them, especially when they put
beside his previous dispraise of "Th
Titan" and "Jennie Gerhardt." The ge
eral view among them, then as now, wa
that the latter were far better works tha
the former. But they did not stay to lab
the point, for on the one hand all of the

l been guilty of far worse excesses them-
ves, and on the other hand they were too
er to welcome Sherman to be raising
barrassing questions. So he came into
np to the tune of hosannas, with only a
derisive snorts from the back ranks.
brought with him an excellent arma-
ntarium, lying easily to his uses. He had
eft hand for clear and orderly exposi-
n; he knew how to argue effectively; he
ote gracefully and well. In everything he
there were signs of hard and conscien-
us labor. He never threw things off idly,
n after he had gone to work for a news-
er; he prepared for the most casual
icle by diligent study. And there was
ind everything he wrote the high
husiasm of a man who genuinely loved
ks—a man who had been soaked in
m from childhood and could not imag-
a world without them. He was thus
rary in the best sense. He did not make
ow of his learning, but he had plenty
t, and it was singularly catholic.

is lamentable performance during the
years, when he tried to raise the mob
inst his opponents by appeals to tin-pot
riotism—this sad aberration is passed
r lightly by the two pedagogues, and
aps it is just as well. They report Carl
Doren's opinion that he was, on
vering from his madness, ashamed of
and they print his own somewhat equiv-
l denial. All we may safely assume is
t if he was not actually ashamed, then
was certainly not proud. But in having
inconvenient ghosts to lay he was
ainly not alone, for scores of other
erican *literati* carried on almost as
rdly. What is more interesting is the
able course of his career if he had
d. My guess is that he would have
wn up his *Herald Tribune* job before
y moons had passed, for it was making
ack of him and he knew it. I suspect
he would have graduated, too, from
Atlantic Monthly, for its pull was
nly against his free development. It
led to make a Samuel McChord Crothers
im, popular with the saucier kinds of
suburban club-women, but as hollow as a jug. His true future, it seems to me, lay in sterner fields. There was behind him a rich and varied experience, and he had shown a remarkable capacity for enlarging his ideas as he increased in years. He had within him potentialities that his published work barely points to. Dead at forty-five, he was barely beginning his work. His death was a catastrophe, not only to his followers but also to his opponents.

The present collection of his literary remains is raw material only. The two pedagogues are not equal to the task of making a coherent biography of it. They write as Sherman himself might have written at the age of eighteen. It is to be hoped that some more competent hand will do a life of him, searching out the secrets of his curiously interesting personality and relating him plausibly to the movement of ideas in his time.

Portrait of a Christian Woman

CARRY NATION, by Herbert Asbury. $3. 8⅛ x 5⅜; 307 pp. New York: *Alfred A. Knopf.*

Carry Nation, though she lived until 1920, already threatens to be forgotten. It is a pity, for of all the wowsers who have trod the soil of these Christian States since the Civil War, she was in many ways the most amusing and the most effective. Mr. Asbury does well to give her a large part of the credit for the triumph of Prohibition. Until she invented her hatchet technique the tide was plainly running against the drys. They had learned how to get laws on the books, but they had not learned how to shut up saloons, and so their hearts were growing faint. But the crash of the first barroom mirror that she smashed showed them a way out, and presently they were belching smoke from every funnel, and Prohibition was on its way. Now, with Carry gone, the pendulum swings back again. Day by day the saloons grow bolder; soon, perhaps, they will flaunt their signs from every street-corner, as they did in

Kansas before she began her crusade. For direct action takes courage—and not many wowsers have the kind that poor, distracted, half-witted Carry had.

Mr. Asbury tells her story politely, and yet with a great deal of pawky humor. He has gone to the pains of searching court records and sniffing through old newspapers, and so a great deal that is unfamiliar is in his chronicle and not a little that is commonly believed is missing. There seems to be little doubt that Carry was *mashuggah*. Insanity ran in her family, and her mother postured as Queen Victoria for many years, and finally died in an asylum. But it took more than mere mental instability to make her the horrific avenger that she was. The thing needed was a great emotional crisis, a devastating and incurable sorrow, and it came in the form of her first husband's death. He died of drink, and from the moment he was laid away Carry was ready for the barricades. For strange as it may seem, she loved him passionately. Strange as it may seem, such appalling caricatures of the human female, fierce, frowsy, broad-bottomed and revolting—such sad victims of Yahweh's evil humors have hearts too, and necks that crave necking, and so on and so on. Thus the story of Prohibition in the United States is partly, at least, a love story! In dealing with such things Mr. Asbury is at his best. His saga of Carry, I think, is even better than his saga of his immortal great-uncle, Bishop Asbury.

The Chinese As They Really Are

MODERN CHINESE CIVILIZATION, by A. F. Legendre. $2.75. 7⅞ x 5¼; 295 pp. New York: *Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith.*

Dr. Legendre, a French physician who has lived in China for years, mainly away from the coast, has a very low opinion of the Chinese. Most of the pretty things that one hears about them, he says, are false. They are far less honest than they are said to be, their cleverness is confined to a small minority and even so is largely illusory, and their so-called learning is
almost wholly buncombe. Dr. Legend
says that they are ignorant beyond co
pare, and filthy almost beyond beli
Their daily routine of life is more like th
of hogs than like that of men, and th
show very little desire to improve it. Th
live contentedly as they have lived for en
less centuries—stupid, slavish and sodde
Save in a few seaports the civilization
the West has made no more impressi
upon them than it has made upon the Ba
tists of backwoods Arkansas. To call the
barbarians is almost flattery. In large par
they are still Paleolithic.

This is somewhat surprising stuff, b
Dr. Legendre seems to know what he
talking about. He describes at length t
life of a typical Chinese town, and it is
town that he has lived in for years. Not
ing so foul is to be encountered in t
Southern cotton-mill belt or in the Pen
sylvania mining region. The people simp
wallow in filth. Their houses are cold a
stinking, they are clad in rotting rags, a
they eat such victuals as most dogs wou
turn from. Dr. Legendre believes that a
thought of reforming their country fro
within must be abandoned. The young i
tellectuals who undertake the business,
says, are mainly frauds, and as soon as the
get any power into their hands they set
as military dictators and begin oppressi
the common people. He holds that the on
way to rescue the latter is by *force majeu*
applied from without. In brief, he is
favor of the Powers taking charge
China, and urges that it be done at onc
before the current uproars make a bad ca
quite hopeless. If they do not, he says, t
country will go to pieces, and large se
tions of it will fall to the enterprising Ja

All this, as I say, is somewhat surprisin
for the Chinese usually get good pre
notices. The very fact makes it the mo
worth pondering. For Dr. Legendre, wha
ever his prejudices, at least knows what
is talking about. His conclusions may
challenged, but it would be hard to cavil
his facts. He has made a very interesti
and instructive book.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

ames M. Cain's *sketch in this issue will*
n part of a book, "Our Government," to be
lished next month. He is a New York news-
er man.

rlington B. Conway *is an officer in the*
adian Army.

. L. Davis *is a native of Oregon but now*
s in the State of Washington. He has worked
printer's devil, sheep-herder, harvest hand,
uty sheriff and country editor. A group of his
ms was awarded the Levison prize in 1919.

illiam Feather *is a former newspaper*
n, now engaged in the printing business in
veland, O. He is the publisher of the William
ther Magazine, *a house organ of unusual*
lity.

rances M. Frost *lives in South Burling-*
, Vt. Her first book of poems, "Hemlock
ll," will be published in the Spring.

mory Holloway *is the subject of an*
itorial Note in this issue.

loyd Lewis *was born in a Quaker commu-*
near Pendleton, Ind., and educated at
rthmore. Until 1921 he worked for various
ladelphia and Chicago newspapers. Since
he has been in the advertising business, with
p-ranching as a sideline. He is the author
"Myths After Lincoln" and, with Henry
in Smith, of "Chicago: the History of a
utation."

Bernard Mayo *was born at Lewiston, Maine, and educated at the University of Maine and the American and George Washington Universities. He is now professor of history at the National University, Washington. He is a contributor to the Dictionary of American Biography, and is at work on a life of Henry Clay.*

George Milburn *is now a junior in the University of Oklahoma. He has in preparation a book of hobo ballads, to be published next Spring, and is also at work upon a novel.*

Oland D. Russell *was born in Hemple, Mo., and educated at the neighborhood public schools and the University of Missouri. He has worked on various newspapers in the South and the Middle West, and is now assistant telegraph editor of the New York* World. *He was formerly news editor of the* Japan Advertiser, *Tokyo. He is the author of "Achi Kochi," a series of sketches of foreign life in Japan, published in Tokyo in 1928.*

Ruth Suckow's *latest book is "Cora." She is also the author of "Iowa Interiors," "Country People," "The Odyssey of a Nice Girl," and "The Bonney Family."*

Maurice S. Sullivan *was born in Connecticut, but now lives in California. He is a newspaper man.*

Eleanor Rowland Wembridge, Ph.D. (Radcliffe), *is referee of the Juvenile Court of Cuyahoga county, Ohio. She is the author of "Other People's Daughters."*

Owen P. White *is the subject of an Editorial Note in this issue.*

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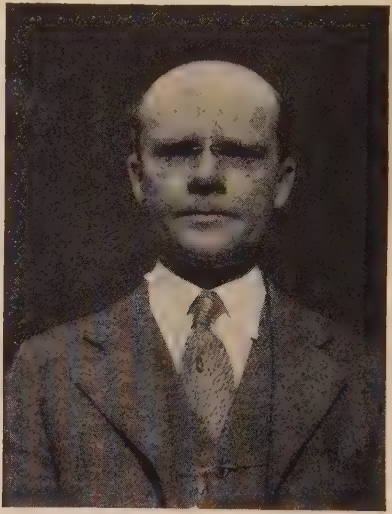
Editorial NOTES



Emory Holloway

Emory Holloway, author of "Whitm
as His Own Press-Agent," is perhaps
greatest authority on Whitman in
United States today. In 1927 he v
awarded the Pulitzer prize for his "Wh
man: An Interpretation in Narrative."
is the author of the Whitman articles
the Cambridge History of American Lite
ture and the Encyclopedia Britannica.
has edited many of the poet's books, a
written extensively about him for
reviews. His previous articles for T
American Mercury have been the follo
ing: "More Light on Whitman," Feb
ary, 1924; "A Whitman Manuscrip
December, 1924; and "Some New Wh
man Letters," February, 1929.

Mr. Holloway was born in Missouri
1885, but has lived in several sections
the United States, North and South.

Continued on page lxii

nion Pacific

TO SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

TRAINS FAMOUS FOR THEIR COMFORT ON "THE SMOOTHEST ROADBED IN AMERICA"

Foremost among fine trains to this realm of eternal sunshine is the Los Angeles Limited—known and accepted among discerning travelers for its atmosphere of refinement and luxury, for its service, courtesy and cuisine—for that indefinable something which has made it the natural choice of famous people.

A de luxe all-Pullman 63 hour, no extra fare train with all the extra fare features—barber, bath, maid and manicure. Leaves Chicago 8:10 P. M.

Other famous Union Pacific trains to California include the new 58 hour, extra fare Overland Limited; the 63 hour no extra fare San Francisco Limited; the Gold Coast Limited; Pacific Limited and Continental Limited from Chicago—the Pacific Coast Limited from St. Louis and Kansas City.

Make your next California journey even more enjoyable than the last—aboard the Los Angeles Limited or one of its fine companion trains.

C. J. Collins, General Passenger Agent, Dept. 378
Union Pacific System, Omaha, Neb.
Please send me complete information and booklets on
California ☐ Hawaii ☐
Death Valley—(*California's unique winter resort*) ☐

Name ____________________

Street ____________________

City ____________ State ____________

coupon to-
r California
ets which
explain the
nd Route's
s fleet of
ains

Union Pacific

THE OVERLAND ROUTE

It's vital... this Danger Line

THE MOST susceptible part of your mouth to dental disease is The Danger Line, the delicate margin of tissue where the gums join the teeth. Pyorrhea always starts here . . . much of tooth decay too.

Here and in the minute pits and crevices of the teeth, food particles lodge, ferment and generate dangerous acids, causing destruction of the enamel and irritation of the gums.

The tooth-brush bristles cannot reach these places. But Squibb's Dental Cream does; it protects as it cleans. Squibb's Dental Cream contains over 50% Milk of Magnesia, the safest, most effective antacid for oral use. Every time you brush your teeth with Squibb's, tiny particles of Milk of Magnesia are forced into all the mouth crevices, neutralize acids and protect The Danger Line.

You'll like the refreshing flavor of Squibb's. A large tube costs only 40c at any drug store.

E. R. Squibb & Sons, New York. *Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical Profession since* 1858.

© 1929 by E. R. Squibb & Sons

SQUIBB'S DENTAL CREAM

The Priceless Ingredient of every Product is the Honor and Integrity of Its Maker.

Editorial NOTES

Continued from page lx

was educated at Hendrix College, the U versity of Texas, and Columbia. For t past fifteen years he has been professor English at Adelphi College. During t war he was overseas for a year, doi transport, hut and educational work, a teaching in the A. E. F. University.

Owen P. White

OWEN P. WHITE, who wrote "Five Paso Worthies" in this issue, contribut frequently to the reviews, and is the auth of four books. His previous articles f THE AMERICAN MERCURY have been: " Paso," August, 1924; "A Glance at t Mexicans," February, 1925; "Shafter August, 1925; "Diatribe on a Man Theme," May, 1926; "Reminiscences Texas Divines," September, 1926; "Buc ets of Blood," March, 1929; and "T Art of Drink on the Border," July, 1929.

He was born fifty years ago in a one-roo adobe hut about five hundred miles fro the nearest railroad, and at almost t exact geographical center of what is no

Continued on page lxvi

The NEW FRONTIER *of* INDUSTRY

FOR three centuries America marched west. As the frontier advanced, industries born of and nurtured by the farms and trade of new settled lands clustered in fast growing cities. In moving westward, Americans moved cityward also. Industry tended to concentrate because, among other reasons, an adequate power supply was to be had only in limited areas.

The westward and cityward movements left great gaps of scantily developed country. Thousands of small communities dot such districts. They have been mere market places—built upon the general store, not the factory. Now that the frontier no longer moves west, a new frontier is discovered in the "open spaces." Industry is steadily advancing upon the new frontier, filling in the areas between the populous centers formed during the westward sweep of settlers and railroads.

This new trail for the factory has been blazed by electric power.

Just as concentrated power distorted the distribution of industry, drawing it from the small town and countryside into the crowded cities, so diffused power is releasing industry from its metropolitan confinement. The electrified small community can accommodate the industries which look to America's new frontier for economical and logical location. And the modern motor highway and railroad have made wider markets easily accessible to the small-town factory.

The movement of electric power to the new industrial frontier is chief of the elements on which the small towns of America have built their present-day progress and prosperity.

▼ ▼ ▼ ▼

Provision of power supply to small communities on a scale equivalent to the service available in the great metropolitan centers is the achievement and responsibility of the Middle West Utilities System, a group of electric companies furnishing service to more than four thousand communities located in twenty-nine states.

The strategic position of the small town in American industrial development is fully discussed in the booklet, "America's New Frontier," which the Middle West Utilities Company (20 North Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois) will send upon request.

MIDDLE WEST UTILITIES COMPANY

Pocket Cap
& Clip FREE *with*
Every Desk Pen…
Giving Two Pens
in one. Convertible
Duofold is Parker's
Greeting & Surprise
this Christmas

$18.00—Chromium Cigarette Lighter and Convertible

Streamline Duofold Jr. Pen in base of Inlaid Enamel.

"Spirit of Aviation" base of green onyx, $250.00

For Christmas

Streamline Pens and Pencils

NEW MEMBERS

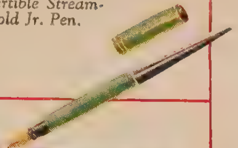
of the Parker Duofold

FAMILY

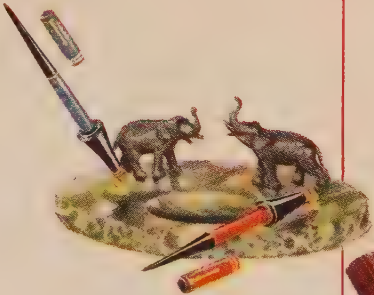
$8.00—Chromium Plated Base with Inlaid Enamel top in Green, Blue or Lavender, with Convertible Moiré Pen to match, including Free Pocket Cap, in Traveling Case.

Obtainable only in Parker Pens and Pencils is this beautiful, symmetrical

$10.00—Black Metal Base, places for scratch pad and clips. Convertible Streamline Duofold Jr. Pen.



$37.50 – Green Onyx Base, with two Convertible Duofold Jr. Pens, including Free Pocket Caps and Clips.



$57.50—Onyx Base, Bronze Finished Elephants, two Convertible Streamline Duofold Jr. Pens.

give a Pocket Duofold, too; and those who give Parker Pocket Pens alone [without desk bases] will be giving also half of a Desk Set. To have a desk set later their loved ones will not have to buy an extra pen. A base will be enough.

No other pens and pencils set so low or look so neat in the pocket as Parker's new *Streamline* Duofold with a clip that starts — not halfway down the cap — but at the *tip!*

Pressureless Point, jewel-color Permanite Barrel [28% lighter than rubber, yet non-breakable], 24% greater ink capacity than average, size for size, and guaranteed forever against all defects.

Good dealers everywhere are ready with Parker's new Streamline shapes for Christmas.

The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin.

Desk Lamp and Writing Accessories

$100.00—*Base of Bronzed metal with compartments for clips, pins, erasers, etc., with two Convertible Duofold Sr. Black and Pearl Pens, including Free Pocket Caps and Clips. A De Luxe Christmas Gift for the Business Executive.*

$5.00

$5.00

$10.00

Your baggage may never be lost or damaged-

BUT—it costs so little to have the peace of mind which a North America Personal Effects policy gives you! Maximum protection — minimum cost. Ask your insurance agent or broker.

North America agents are listed in the Insurance sections of Bell classified telephone directories under "INSURANCE CO. OF NORTH AMERICA."

Insurance Company of North America
PHILADELPHIA

"The Oldest American Fire and Marine Insurance Company"

Founded 1792

Or mail this coupon—

Insurance Company of North America
1600 Arch Street
Philadelphia, Pa. Dept. AM-12

Name ....
Street ....
City .... *State* ....
wants information on Personal Effects Insurance

Editorial NOTES

Continued from page lxii

the city of El Paso. "My father a
mother," he says,

> were both highly educated and broad-minded people. Therefore as I grew up I enjoyed the advantages of a cultured home, while outside of it I had the privilege of living in an environment that ranked, even in those days, as the most colorful, wicked and explosive of any on the Southwestern frontier. Under the circumstances I couldn't help absorbing impressions in both directions. On the one hand, I early acquired a taste for good reading, and on the other, at an equally early age, I began to acquire a first-hand knowledge of sin. I also attended the local public school—which didn't help much in the way of educating me—, and after graduating at the age of sixteen enrolled in the University of Texas. My stay there, however, was very brief. My father died at the end of four months, and I was compelled to go to work for a living.
>
> Since 1897 I have made one in various and sundry ways. I worked in a bank; I was a realtor; I was a rancher; I was a farmer; I practised law; I ran political campaigns in the turbulent State of New Mexico; I was a soldier in the late war to make the world safe for the Republicans; I sold horse feed; I played poker; I drank whiskey; and finally, about five and a half years ago, I yielded to the persuasion of a friend and wrote a history of the city of El Paso. The last hundred pages of it were devoted to biographies of the leading citizens of the town, and each of them paid $75 a page to get in. It was thus a financial success. It also brought me good luck. I sold a piece on El Paso to THE AMERICAN MERCURY, and at the solicitation of the New York *Times* came to New York to work for it. My newspaper career, however, was even shorter than my college one. At the end of three months in New York I published a second book, "Them Was the Days," and immediately thereafter I went to work for *Collier's*. In 1926 I got out a third book, "Trigger Fingers." A fourth one, "A Frontier Mother," has just been published. For the past five years I have made my living with my typewriter, and as I had lived on the border, in Mexico and in various parts of the Southwest, for forty-five years, my stock in trade, in the beginning, was naturally confined to articles and stories dealing with gun-men, gamblers, bartenders, horse thieves, painted ladies and Apache Indians. But lately I have branched out and devoted a good deal of my time to investigation and the writing of articles on politics, Prohibition, and religion.

ang Your Wish on a Tropical Night
Cunard-Anchor West Indies Cruises
lude New Year's Eve in Havana . . .

Old Year pelted out with tropical flowers . . . with
nish Music . . . Parisian verve holding carnival on
y lilting tropic sea . . . A new way of wishing . . .
w way of feeling . . . Sidewalk cafés on the Prado
dropping into the Sevilla Biltmore . . . dancing and
ing at the Marianao Playa . . . the dawn coming
n a singing burst of saffron . . . Isn't that a fair
ange for the same old whistles . . . the same old
. . . the same old hanging out of the same old
ghty window . . . ? Other and just as provocative
es of 9, 12, 16, 18 and 26 days...all exemplifying
Cruise perfection identified with Cunard . . . luxury
comfort in appointments and equipment...stewards
valet you . . . restaurants with the Cunard flair for
urean surprises . . . Cheaper than staying at home.

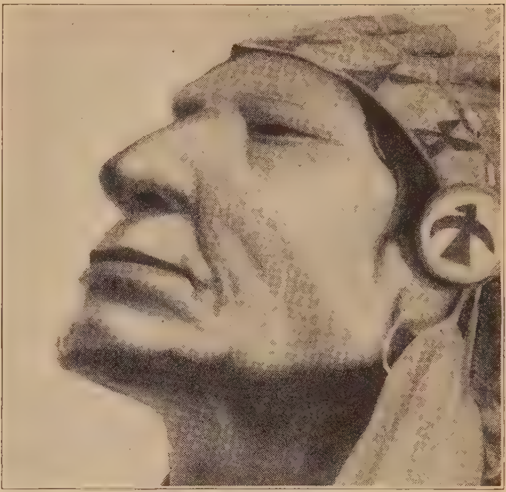
ARIED ITINERARIES INCLUDING

uan, Santiago, Santo Domingo, Port-au-Prince, St. Pierre,
le France, Barbados, Trinidad, La Guayra, Curacao, Colon,
ton, Havana, Nassau, Bermuda.

ng Date from New York	Steamer	Duration of Voyage	Minimum Rates
ec. 3, 1929	s. s. Franconia	16 days	$200
ec. 18, 1929	s. s. Carinthia	16 days	200
ec. 21, 1929	s. s. Franconia	16 days	200
ec. 26, 1929	s. s. Caronia	8 days	175
ec. 27, 1929	s. s. Carmania	9 days	175
n. 6, 1930	s. s. Carinthia	16 days	200
n. 16, 1930	s. s. Caledonia	26 days	275
b. 15, 1930	s. s. Caledonia	26 days	275
ar. 15, 1930	s. s. Caledonia	18 days	200
or. 12, 1930	s. s. Samaria	12 days	175

See Your Local Agent

UNARD-ANCHOR
EST INDIES CRUISES



the
Chief
is still chief
fastest
and only extra fare train to Southern California

The California Limited and the Grand Canyon Limited are exclusively first class trains without extra fare. Then the Navajo, Scout and Missionary. Fred Harvey dining service is another distinctive feature of this distinctive railway.

The Indian-detour Grand Canyon Line

Santa Fe

mail this coupon

W. J Black, Pass. Traf. Mgr., Santa Fe Sys. Lines
1201 Railway Exchange, Chicago
Am interested in winter trip to________________
Please send me detailed information and descriptive folders.
Name____________________________
Address__________________________

THE INVESTOR

"EARNINGS" ARE IN SEASON

By Rudolph L. Weissman

Already preliminary estimates of this year's earnings of leading corporations are appearing. Stockholders and creditors will be puzzled by the inconsistency between business reports and actual conditions as disclosed by financial policies. Sometimes, bewilderment turns into pleasure, but more often into mortification. A surfeit of illustrations is called to mind. Each has an explanation, but it is not from a casual reading of the annual report that is submitted that one finds the answers to the perplexing queries, What are earnings? What has become of them?

Within two months following the receipt of the pamphlet report describing the profitable operations during 1926, stockholders of many leading oil corporations waited in vain for the usual quarterly dividend check; and a large Cuban sugar enterprise "earned" in a single fiscal year 10% on its 7% preferred stock, yet made no reference to the resumption of dividend payments. On the other hand, "deficits" in the income account of a copper producer have been known to go hand in hand with increases in cash and liquid assets; and the manufacturer of an inexpensive food product with a stable market, whose "earnings" deviated from the average of a three-year period by less than 15%, suddenly increases his annual earnings from $11,000,000 to approximately $23,000,000. A new management took hold of the Kansas City Southern Railroad Company in 1905. The books showed "earnings" of about 4% on the preferred stock. Engineers found 25% of the engines in bad order, and 65% of the freight equipment unfit for use; embankments were not of proper width, cuts were too narrow, and the bridges dangerously weak. More than $7,000,000 was needed to place the road in proper condition.

At best, the income account is not a simple document. Except, possibly, in the last instance cited, no intention to deceive could be imputed to those responsible for the statements. Added to the inherent difficulties of proper interpretation are the lack of uniformity in accounting practice, the disinclination of corporations to furnish full, frank reports, and the habit of examining the income account without its complement, the statement of assets and liabilities. An income account is prepared to show the record of an enterprise for the period that it covers. If it is prepared to inform, not to furnish a riddle, it will contain the net sales, the expenses of operation, the source of income other than from the principal function of the business, the sums deducted for depreciation, and all legitimate adjustments. A corporation whose capital investment is in wasting assets will show the annual depletion charges; should the chief asset be a patent, a lease, or a formula, amortization allowances will be provided. Further details are desirable. At present, even vital items are omitted.

It will be observed that the record covers more than actual income and outgo. Other than actual out-of-pocket payments are deducted from gross income. Because such charge-offs are estimates, differences of opinion exist—honest and convenient—and these are the easiest figures to manipulate for the purpose of padding or understating genuine earnings. Regardless of the expenditures for repairs and upkeep, to make no mention of obsolescence, most assets must be replaced in the course of

Continued on page lxx

No. 9 of a series of Advertisements of American Water Works and Electric Company, Incorporated

. . . "29,000 rooms—and baths—please!"

"A ROOM and bath"—the first request of the traveling public when it arrives at its destination.

Subsidiaries of the American Water Works and Electric Company supply annually more than 650,000,000 gallons of water to more than 29,000 hotel rooms.

. . . a service ever in demand and one that never fails . . .

By providing not only water, but electricity, gas, or transportation to hundreds of thousands of customers in seventeen states, the subsidiaries of this Company earn a steady flow of revenue that assures the payment of interest and dividends to the holders of their own securities as well as to those of the American Water Works and Electric Company.

An Industry That Never Shuts Down

AMERICAN WATER WORKS AND ELECTRIC COMPANY
INCORPORATED
50 Broad Street, New York

[Information about this Company, or any of its subsidiaries, will be furnished on request. Write for Booklet K-1.]

© 1929

Chicago

wishes the world a Very Merry Christmas. Reviving ancient customs, she greets her holiday-season visitors with cheerfully lighted outdoor Christmas trees. *Edison Service,* with magic tapers, illuminates these colorful tokens of good-will to man. Insignificant as the tiny electric bulbs seem in the vast electric service of this metropolis, they contribute, nevertheless, to the ever-increasing use of electricity.

Commonwealth Edison Company
The Central Station Serving Chicago

Commonwealth Edison Company has paid 160 consecutive dividends to its stockholders. Send for 1929 Year Book. Stock is listed on The Chicago Stock Exchange.

THE LUXURY CRUISE
MEDITERRANEAN

PALESTINE - EGYPT
71 DAYS OF DELIGHT
Sail away on the famous cruising steame
ROTTERDAM
From N. Y. FEB. 6th 1930

Enjoy real comfort, entertainment, strictly first class service and unsurpassed cuisine.

Visiting 18 fascinating Mediterranean Ports

under Holland-America Line management

American Express Co. in charge of shore excursions.

The Rotterdam will be entirely reconditioned for this coming cruise. Real beds instead of berths, hot and cold running water, a delightful tile swimming pool and modern gymnasium are among the many other new improvements.

Write now for illustrated booklet "X"

HOLLAND - AMERICA LINE
21-24 STATE STREET, NEW YORK
Branch Offices and Agents in all principal Cities.

The INVESTOR

Continued from page lxviii

years. The class of property determines th proper annual allowance for eventual replacement. Whatever the sum, it is as muc part of the cost of doing business as th pay-roll or the advertising bill.

Two laundries operate delivery truck that were bought at the same time at cost of $900,000. One deducts $180,00 yearly as part of the operating expenses since 20% of the original cost is accepte as a reasonable rate for the depreciation o this asset. The second, which is about t invite the public to furnish the funds fo expansion, has deducted only $90,000 annually, thus increasing "net income" b the difference. Is the latter business wealthier? Not unless one can lift oneself by one' bootstraps. The setting up of a reserve doe not lessen cash; it merely reduces the sun at which net assets are carried on the books and consequently, the surplus. Assumin that the second corporation uses its greate apparent earnings for the payment of dividends, the unsuspecting stockholders wil find, in time, that the delivery system wil have to be replaced when it is still carrie on the books at a high figure in relatio to original cost. Conversely, real earning may be hidden by lavish allowances far i excess of accruing depreciation, or by outlays for additions to fixed assets that ar charged against current earnings.

"Inventory profits" were the bane o business enterprises in the last inflationar period. When inventories are marked u from cost to market during price advances "profits" will appear on unsold merchandise, to disappear as soon as prices retur to more normal levels. The evil effects ar intensified, since the favorable "earnings" are customarily used as the basis for libera dividend disbursements and expansion. A large leather tanner and manufacturer ha a smaller quantity of sides on hand at th end of 1919 than in 1916. The dollar valu

Continued on page lxxii

OTIS & CO.

Established 1899

MEMBERS
New York Stock Exchange
Cleveland Stock Exchange
Chicago Stock Exchange
Philadelphia Stock Exchange
Detroit Stock Exchange
Cincinnati Stock Exchange
New York Cotton Exchange
Chicago Board of Trade
New York Curb Exchange

CLEVELAND

New York
Philadelphia
Kansas City
Toledo
Akron
Canton
Denver
Boston
St. Louis

Chicago
Detroit
Cincinnati
Columbus
Louisville
Massillon
Colorado Springs
Milwaukee
Davenport

Selecting Investments

With the steady growth of industry, there has come, through public financing, a plethora of security offerings, so numerous and varied that the investor's problem becomes one of careful selection.

In this situation, it is logical to consult and rely upon experienced financial institutions.

We can recommend specific issues or relieve the investor of the perplexing problem of selection through the recommendation of issues of sound investment trust companies whose chief function, in arranging a portfolio is to discriminate between the great number of securities now available to the investor.

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

When you have been getting on so nicely in the dark and somebody switches on the light . . . *be nonchalant* . . . LIGHT A MURAD.

illard
1760

IMPORTED FROM EUROPE
WITH ORIGINAL FLAVOURS
THAT CAN'T BE COPIED
Just the ingredients you need for holiday cocktails, punches, mixed drinks, etc.

HOLLOWAY'S
LONDON DRY
Especially Distilled for the American Market. Direct from London.

GRENADINE
NUYENS
Made in France Since 1808. A Delicious Flavouring Syrup for Manifold Uses.

CALORIC
PUNCH
From Stockholm
A Luscious Flavour Similar to Bacardi. A Good Mixer.

If your grocer cannot supply you, write us. Send for illustrated recpie booklet AM.

B. B. DORF & CO.
350 West 31st Street, N. Y.

The
Ambassador
"MONARCH OF THE BOARDWALK"
ATLANTIC CITY

Glorious December!
An Outdoor Month Down Here

There's golf . . . horseback riding on the Beach . . . Boardwalk diversions . . . every form of sport and recreation—with invigorating health from the sea.

Make The AMBASSADOR your headquarters for supreme enjoyment of the Christmas season.

European Plan Daily Rate
$5 to $14 Single — $8 to $16 Double
685 Rooms — 685 Baths

The INVESTOR

Continued from page lxx

had jumped some $25,000,000. But in 192
21 it dropped $30,000,000, and thus wip
out a surplus built up from 1912 to 191
The International Harvester Compan
whose business also requires it to keep
readiness large stocks, avoided both se
sational earnings and drastic deflation.
basic inventory, representing a norm
quantity of raw materials, work in proces
and finished products, was valued at t
actual 1916 cost. The "excess" inventor
or the quantity in excess of normal, w
valued at cost or market, whichever w
lower.

The income account is a story, the ba
ance sheet a picture. The flow of incon
and expenses does not reveal the cond
tion of the business. This is the function
the balance sheet, in the preparation
which it is assumed that the business un
is static for an instant. Here are listed t
assets, the debts and the net worth. T
effects of the operations set forth in t
income account are discernible in the ba
ance sheet. By comparing successive stat
ments one may learn of the changes in t
business relationships—the sources of fun
absorbed by the business, and the destin
tion of the funds acquired—whether ear
ings have become congealed in the form
plant capacity or of merchandise that m
be unsaleable,—and whether, despite su
stantial earnings, current obligations a
growing, and net working capital shrin
ing.

President Storey of the Santa Fé e
pressed a truism when he said that no ra
road is ever completely finished. Railroa
electric light and power, and gas corpor
tions are not expected to furnish from ear
ings the biggest source of growth. The ur
and good sense to lay a little aside fro
earnings is felt both by the owner of t
gasoline station and by the executives
the billion dollar business. Surplus ear

Continued on page lxxiv

Useppa Inn stands on beautiful Useppa Island which is off the West Coast of Florida.

HERE will you go? When the air is bitter it is most unpleasant foot, where will you

ppa Inn and cottages open on Wednesday, ry 1st. This delightful group of buildings tropical island basks in the warm sun- waiting—waiting with relaxation and tion.

Useppa you can play golf on one of the est courses in the South. The holes are rapped and the splendidly conditioned ys roll from tee to green twixt rows of and beautiful stretches of water. And —Useppa Island is right in the heart of ost famous fishing waters on the West All year round many varieties of fish are ul. Late in the winter and in early spring, the giant tarpon puts in his appearance. If you play tennis, courts of championship standard await you in a tropic glade by the water's edge. If you swim, the warm Gulf is tonic and Useppa's stretch of fine beach is ideal for "worshippers of the Sun." Guide boats will take you whither your fancy dictates.

At this early date, it is possible to make a selection of reservations. Until December 20th, please address communications to J. F. Vallely, Florida Gulf Coast Hotels, 220 West 42nd St., New York. After December 20th, write to Useppa Inn, Useppa Island, Lee County, Florida.

You will enjoy luxurious comfort at The Drake, food unexcelled anywhere, and this unusual *added* advantage: you will be out of the noise and confusion of down-town Chicago, yet within easy walking distance of its shops and theatres. Rates as low as five dollars a day single room with bath, six double. Special discounts for extended stays. Write for Illustrated Booklet, Edition 11.

Under the Blackstone management known the world over

The DRAKE HOTEL Chicago

WHITAKER & Co. INC.

TAILORS

681 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

AND AT 43 CONDUIT STREET LONDON W.

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ARTS

Founded in 1884 by Franklin H. Sargent

The foremost institution for Dramatic and Expressional Training. The instruction of the Academy furnishes the essential preparation for Directing and Teaching as well as for Acting.

The training is educative and practical, developing Poise, Personality and Expressional Power, of value to those in professional life and to the layman.

WINTER TERM BEGINS JAN. 15th

Catalog describing all Courses from the Secretary
Room 255-L CARNEGIE HALL, New York

The INVESTOR

Continued from page lxxii

ings cannot be retained wholly in cas but when a manufacturing or trading bus ness makes no addition, year after year, t its net current assets, exclusive of inve tories, it is a suspicious sign. If net ear ings seem small, but without borrowing offering of additional stock, cash and i vestments in securities continue to moun it is safe to assume that proper care given to deferred maintenance and upkee Badly managed businesses are not ofte rich in treasury resources.

Consideration of the financial ratios th aid in the interpretation of income accoun and balance sheets is beyond the scope this article. Extrinsic factors, such general business conditions and the sta of the business cycle, should be read in all financial statements. To paraphrase famous remark, what the country needs a financial statement that does not assu the reader to be accountant-economis lawyer and conjurer to boot.

New Financial Books

THE NEW PLACE OF THE STOCKHOLDER.
By John H. Sears *Harper & Broth*
$4 8¾ x 6; 260 pp. *New Yo*

Although less trenchant than Professor Riple study of the stockholder's position, this work equally frank in condemning the apathy of the stoc holder and the more reprehensible attitude of c poration executives. Since Mr. Sears is the attorn for the Corporation Trust Company of New Yor and represents many corporations, he cannot be cused of favoring the interests of the small sha holder. He remarks: "The typical corporation see to say, 'Oh, what's the use?' How does it happen th the typical American stockholder takes the rumb seat in his own car without protest and seeming without a murmur? This situation as a whole, in opinion, is the most critical in our corporation situ tion today." He discusses the law and economics business enterprise very skilfully, and the concre illustrations from actual cases show from what vari sources he has gathered his material. A book that w jolt the average owner of stocks, and provide the te for many a tart letter to managements. There is appendix with information that will appeal to t careful student, and also an index.

Continued on page lxxvi

HOTEL CHARLOTTE HARBOR WILL OPEN JANUARY 1ST

HE first of the year will bring the opening of the season at Hotel rlotte Harbor, and a number of detful interior refinements will be ed by the vanguard of our clientele. n year it has been the pleasure of management to announce the adon of new facilities and equipment gned to heighten the enjoyment of guest at the Charlotte Harbor. season the magnificent swimming l, the yacht basin and the vita glass rium were the prominent new feas. This coming season the reeled and redecorated interiors will e their bow, preliminary to their ing life at the Charlotte Harbor e gracious than ever.

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The INVESTOR

Continued from page lxxiv

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By Ralph H. Young
The National Industrial Conference Boar
$5 9¼ x 6¼; 271 pp. *New Yor*

Under the supervision of the Staff Economic Cou
cil of the National Industrial Conference Board M
Ralph H. Young prepared a detailed analysis of th
problems created by the position of the United Stat
in world finance. There are excellent historical sum
maries of the international financial relations of th
country when it was a debtor nation, and of the tra
sition following the World War. Other chapters su
vey recent capital movements and the internation
influences on Federal Reserve policies. In conclusio
Mr. Young says that the United States has not bee
placing "larger and larger amounts of its availab
liquid capital supplies abroad, but has been main
accumulating foreign securities by reinvesting interes
dividends and capital repayment sums received ea
year." An eventual excess of merchandise imports
predicted, so that a wider breach between bankers a
industrialists may be expected. Neither this phase
the situation, nor the place of the tariff is considere
The book is replete with valuable statistical tabl
and charts; the absence of an index is regrettabl

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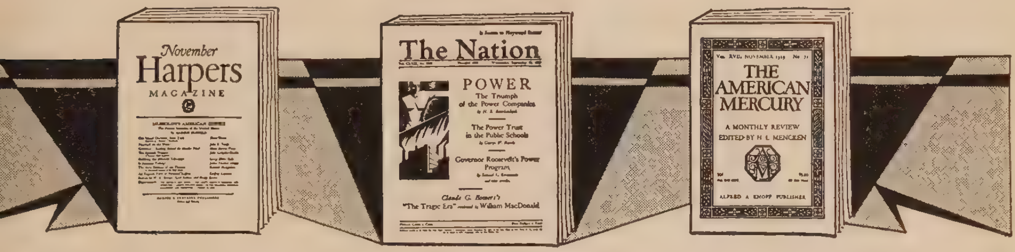
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The Triumph of the Power Companies
The Power Trust in the Public Schools
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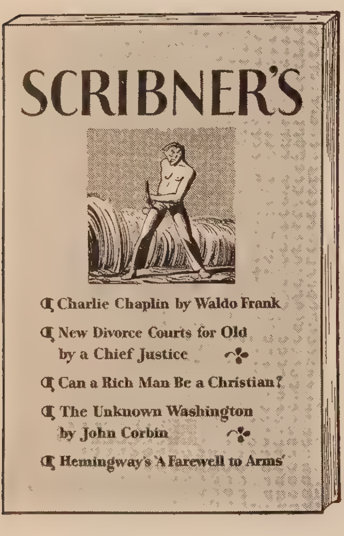

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